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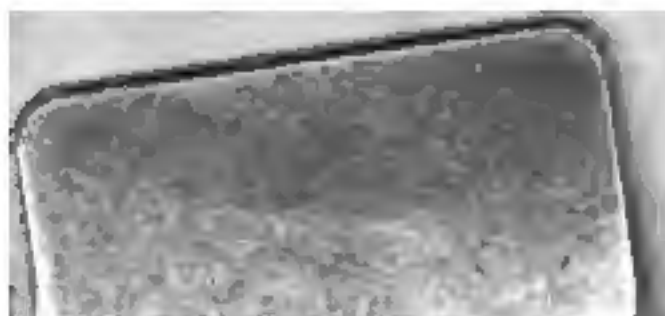
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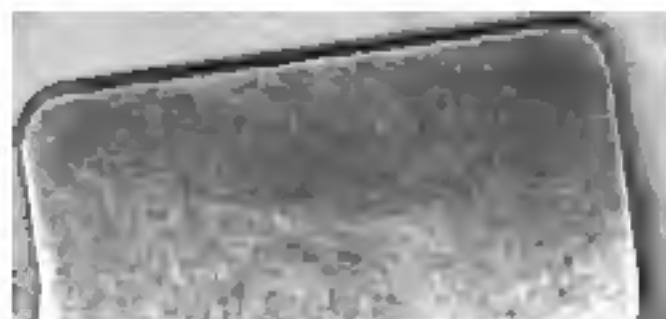
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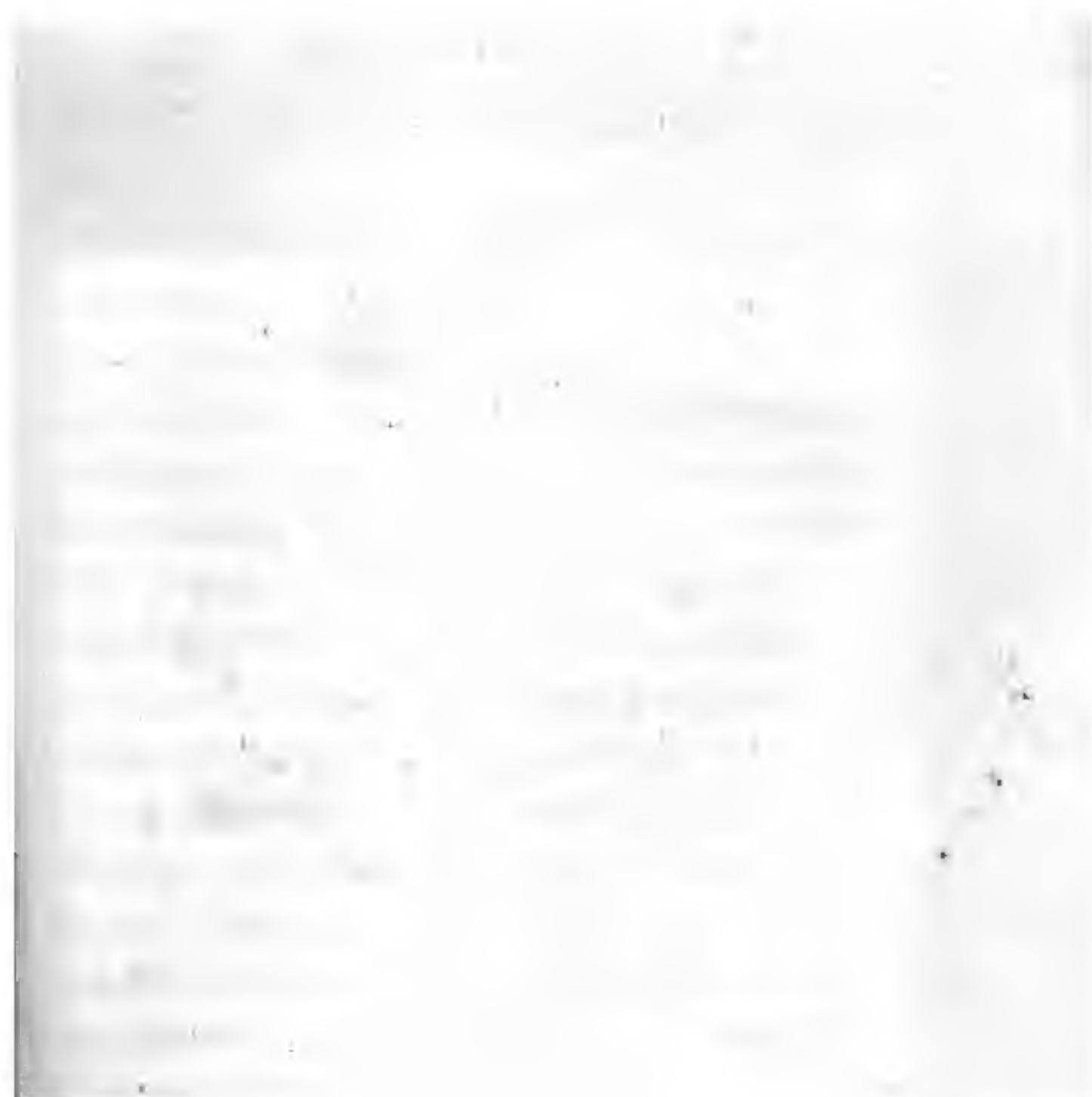
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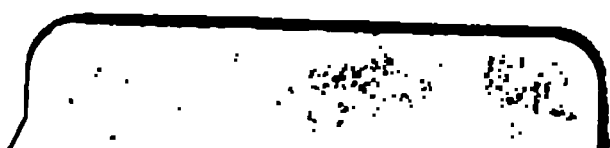
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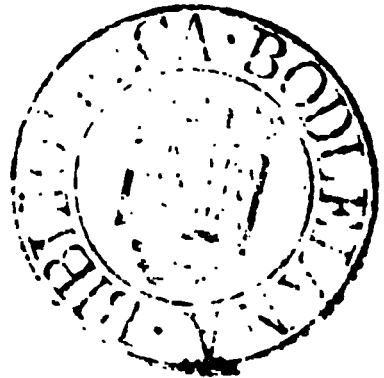
THE RECTOR OF AUBURN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ALL THAT I CAN SAY FOR MYSELF IS A DESIRE OF DOING GOOD, WHICH IF IT WERE AS FERVENT IN RICHER HEARTS, THE CHURCH, WHICH NOW WE SEE COMELY, WOULD THEN BE GLORIOUS. THIS HONEST AMBITION HATH CARRIED ME TO NEGLECT THE FEAR OF SEEMING PRODIGAL OF MY LITTLE; AND WHILE I SEE OTHERS' TALENTS RUSTING IN THE EARTH, HATH DRAWN ME TO TRAFFIC WITH MINE IN PUBLIC.

BISHOP HALL.

VOL. I.

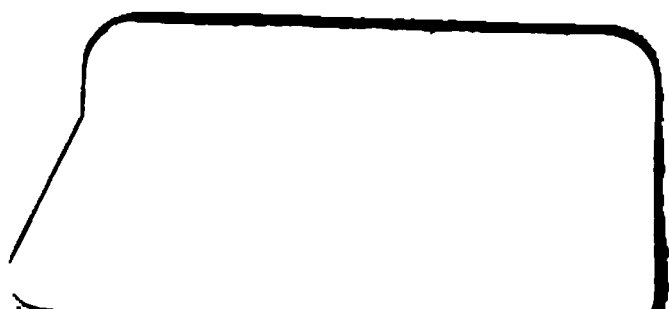


LONDON:
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL. STATIONERS' COURT;
R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE, FLEET STREET;
AND J. MITCHELL, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.
MDCCCXXXVII.

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TO
THE VENERABLE GEORGE WILKINS, D.D.
ARCHDEACON OF NOTTINGHAM,
WHO,
IN THE FAITHFUL DISCHARGE OF HIS ONEROUS DUTIES,
HAS PROVED HIMSELF
THE STAUNCH AND ZEALOUS SUPPORTER
OF THE CHURCH WHICH HE ADORNS ;
THE ORTHODOX DEFENDER OF HER RIGHTS
AND PRIVILEGES ,
AND THE UNREMITTING GUARDIAN OF HER ALTARS ;
THESE VOLUMES,
DESIGNED TO PROPAGATE THE TENETS OF CHRISTIANITY,
ARE,
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBEDIENT AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It is a sad truism, and though of everyday occurrence, not the less to be deplored, that men, who suffer themselves to be absorbed in the busy affairs of life, seldom discover the inclination, or, as they aver, can spare the time, to devote to the perusal of Scripture that decided attention, which is obligatory upon all, who would ascertain its precise drift and import. Others again, who hang more loose upon the world, are wont to plead in excuse for their neglect of the Bible, that it is a dry and repulsive study.

The Author of the following pages can certify from his own experience, that few employments have produced more heartfelt satisfaction, than what he has inwardly felt whilst grounding himself in the evidences

of his religion ; a duty which no individual should omit fulfilling, if, when the waters of baptism have initiated him into the visible Church of Christ, he would be a follower of our Lord and Saviour, and enabled, when called upon, to give a reason for the faith and the hope which is in him.

But since the disinclination to search the Scriptures, from whatever cause it may arise, is not directly to be overcome by argument ; any innocent means may fairly be adopted to undermine the barrier, which stands in the way of men acquiring a knowledge of divine inspiration ; as an able officer will sometimes gain his end by turning the enemies' flank, when an open demonstration would be sure to fail.

In a similar spirit the Author ventures to put forth the following work ; where the reader, attracted by a fireside picture, not altogether, it is hoped, without interest, may be perchance beguiled to learn and to reverence the pure and unexceptionable doctrines of the Church of England.

It need not be denied, nor in this inquisitive age could it be concealed, that the clergy are far from being unanimous in their interpretation of divers passages of Scripture;—a consideration which the Author hopes will occur to the candid reader, 'ere he reproach him for any apparent deviation from orthodoxy, which peradventure a microscopic eye may here and there discover in certain parts of the work.

At the same time, to prevent misapprehension, it should be observed, that the Author is not conscious that he differs, in any material respect, from the opinions entertained by the highest authorities of the church. It is to be regretted that any diversity of sentiment should be found amongst an order of men, whose holy credentials are in common, and who have the same object at heart. But this can scarcely be made a matter of surprise, still less of scandal. Infinite are the original varieties of human character, and as infinite the modifications induced by education and cir-

cumstances. It is not then without good grounds that he indulges in the hope, that, despite those lesser differences, the clergy are actuated by the same sublime motives, and alike moved by the living flame from God's altar, in preaching fully to sinners their redemption by Jesus Christ, and thereby promoting largely, and in common, the glory of the Almighty.

In recording opinions touching the ecclesiastical polity of England, imbibed in his early days and matured by time, the Author has endeavoured to acquire the tone, and to deliver himself in the spirit of true Christianity.

It has been his sole aim to advance and substantiate those doctrines, which he conscientiously believes, from much study and after fervent prayer, to be in accordance with the uniform tenor of Scripture.

His expositions may indeed prove a stumbling-block to many of his readers ; still he is inclined to rely upon receiving that indulgence, which he, who casts upon the

waters a book of this nature, would seem almost entitled to claim.

He must, however, be permitted to prefer one request, which is, that neither the casual nor critical reader. will pronounce upon the merits or demerits of his slight performance upon imperfect warranty, such as the perusal of *a part*; and that judgment may not be passed until *the whole* has been examined.

In conclusion, the Author would impress upon his readers, that the following pages are not written in the spirit of controversy, or designed to be offensive to those who conscientiously may hold different opinions. They have been composed with the view of inducing others to follow his example, and search the Scriptures for themselves, and in the hope of staying, according to his humble means, the torrent, which, charged with all the colluvies of infidelity, is rolling its foul waters over everything that is sacred, and should be kept unsullied from every unholy stain.

If this little work succeed in the objects which the Author has at heart, the candid reader will, he trusts, profit by his research ; but should he fail, the consciousness of having attempted to contribute to his aid, feeble though it be, in such a cause, will impart that inward satisfaction, of which nothing earthly can ever deprive him.

London, March 25, 1837.

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THE HERO.

B

THE HERO.

DR. TRUMAN was educated in the school of severe discipline. His parents, unfortunately, were led to exercise over his youthful mind an authority, whose strictness did not arise from any deficiency in that perfectly unselfish affection, proper to their endearing relationship, but from an over fondness and an anxiety which only defeated its own purpose, and would almost at times make themselves miserable. Dr. Truman, when a boy, possessed a mind which few children could boast of, and a heart generous as it was kind. The restraint which was put upon his actions at an early age, not only tended to curb, but endangered breaking his high and manly spirit. The sunshine of

the bosom was overcast, the first vintage of his newly acquired senses of perception and imagination was in a manner laid waste. And how often do we find this to be the case! How many children at that epoch, which should be the happiest of human existence, when the mind is beginning to expand, are thwarted and thrust aside from their innocent desires by the caprice of their chartered elders? How many are punished and galled with the iron yoke of despotism, when advice and quiet reasoning would have been sufficient? How many noble natures blighted in their bud by the over-zealous parent or the cruel schoolmaster? Alas! we fear too many. Whoever has inquired diligently into the annals of childhood, knows well, that at that immature period of life, there are more unheeded offerings of a broken heart before the dark shrine of death, than occur after dear bought experience has convinced the majority of mankind of the futility and hollowness of this empty world. Although the mind of our hero received many a rude shock from his natural guardians, and although it bent almost

to breaking, beneath the hand of the preceptor, to whose care he was consigned, still did it rise above all these disadvantages. It never succumbed in any humiliation. It never shrunk to tyranny. It proved itself equal to all inflictions. *Il peut prendre son parti.* Dismayed, trampled on, curbed, he yet nerved himself to endurance ; with a pale smile after every rebuff, would he recover his self-complacency ; and after having been struck to the heart, his spirit would rebound with an elasticity, almost indiscribable. Notwithstanding this treatment, for many years in the dawn of life, which would seem to have inferred the ruin of his intellectual energies, our noble hero grew up to manhood, gradually fulfilling in the gaze of an admiring world the rich promise of his boyhood. Among all classes was he beloved. The master spirits of the age acknowledged his superior attainments, confessed his talents and erudition, and were proud to associate with him on a system of equality. By the haughty and overbearing he was held in awe and apprehension, whilst his natural benevolence and kind feelings ever

prompted his charitable offices in behalf of the poor man ; to him he proved himself a sincere friend, and a christian advocate. But we will not dwell longer upon his virtues, suffice it to say, that as far as human nature permitted, he was among the few faithful, and if not absolutely faultless, at least his errors were only like specks, that chequer the surface of some splendid luminary, and are lost in the brilliancy of its light.

After passing through the necessary routine of education, and serving a village curacy, Dr. Truman came into possession of a living in a very populous town ; to this post he was of course competent, and particularly qualified to discharge its duties, as well from his proficiency as a scholar, as from his resolute, though mild disposition. To fill a situation of this kind requires more nerve and zeal than fall to the lot of the generality of men. Mere learning without resolution must inevitably sink under the task ; and again the greatest zeal, however supported by physical strength, must fail in doing good, unless directed by a judicious and cultivated mind. In order to become

a valuable and active minister in a populous district, scholastic intelligence and zeal must be under the guidance of sound discretion, backed and supported by that undaunted spirit and address, which no object could divert and no machinations of the wicked depress or humble. Dr. Truman had to contend against heresy and schism, and the constant attacks of the thoughtless and wicked, but fortunately he possessed sufficient learning to refute the one, and resolution and courage to withstand the other : so that whatever opposition he met with in performing his duty, did not produce anxiety of mind, or tend to relax his spirit. His energies enabled him to surmount every difficulty, and in most instances to overcome his most violent opponents. Dr. Truman, like other clergy in large towns, had his enemies ; and though such were, for the most part, far beneath him in mental endowments, still did he make it his study to try, in the mildest manner, to convince them of their fault, or remove their prejudice. If he failed in his endeavour, he pursued that line of conduct, which would necessarily terminate in a happy

issue. By these means he had often the pleasure to convert the bitterest enemies of the church.

Besides having the trust of a large parish, Dr. Truman, as the father of a numerous family, had his domestic duties to attend to. He had thus under his care two most responsible charges; the one without, of a serious and arduous nature, and the other within, equally binding and onerous. The care of a large parish, even to the idle priest, is one that requires no ordinary powers to rightly manage, but Dr. Truman was very far from being a drone in his office. He considered his parishioners as his own children. Sooner would he have sacrificed for ever his individual happiness, than have omitted one single duty which he owed to them. He was indeed a father to them all. Often by the side of the poor man's bed, as well as the rich, was he found in genuflection, offering up prayers, and invoking blessings from the Most High, to be poured down upon the sick sufferer. Often would he pass the threshold of death and temporary despair, when indeed that house was a house of woe, and administer those heavenly

comforts, which he derived from the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Often did he, like his Master before him, raise the feeble hands, and wipe away the moist tear, and cheer the desolate widow, who was left in a harsh world, solitary and forlorn. Often would he take under his pure parental wing some virgin orphan, who just entering life may have experienced the two greatest losses which can befall a female, that of a mother's tenderness, and that of a father's protection; and who treading this dismaying wilderness alone, amid the snares and scoffs of human kind, meets with no other smile of sympathy to cheer her, no human voice perhaps, save his, to bless.

Indeed Dr. Truman not only took all occasions of mercy which offered themselves, but went abroad, in search of the reprobate who, would not, and he in chains, who could not, come to him. Often would he seek the forlorn captive, amidst the dismal complicated horrors of his prison-house, (the abode of every corruption which poverty and wretchedness generate between them,) and pour the balm of consolation into an almost despairing heart,

snatching him from that abyss of crime, which, after swallowing up his temporal felicity, yawned for his immortal soul.

In the self-approving consciousness of virtue, would Dr. Truman dare at times the pestiferous atmosphere of impurity. He would pierce the central darkness of the brothel, and take the drooping cyprian by the hand, by the magic touch of sympathy melting the frozen heart of infamy itself. He would wander, like an angel of benevolence, in the unquiet haunts of wretchedness and gloom, would solace the melancholy ritual of a sick bed, would press the sinner to his bosom, (there was no contamination in the contact, no defilement of the body, no pollution of the mind,) would reveal to him the law written on his heart, the privilege and the indulgence of his nature. Would wring at last, by the mellifluous accents of charity, the tear of contrition from the sunken eye of the fallen sufferer, stimulating the reluctant sob of sensibility just quivering on his lip. Then would he discover to him the vista of hope, and in the prospect of futurity, point to "another and a better world." He would breathe com-

miseration in the ear of agony—infuse faith into the bosom of despair—change the deep and deadly curse of profligacy to the pious aspiration of prayer. Yes ; his constant practice was, even where he was ill requited, to go about doing good ; and though his income was far from adequate, still did he relieve the urgent wants of those who needed pecuniary assistance, and chase away the misery and beggary which are too often to be found in the hut of the poor man. By thus uniformly illustrating in his own person, the character of the Christian pastor, he soon gained the respect of his parishioners, and even the inveterate enemies of the church were necessitated to admit that Dr. Truman was indeed an example of piety and virtue. Though he would often essay to convert their ways, still did they grant that he had no other end in view, than to make his brethren happy, and to promote, to the utmost of his ability, the glory of his Maker.

Besides the time and attention which Dr. Truman bestowed upon his parishioners, he was very far from omitting the duties, owing to his family. To say that he was a good

parent, were small praise. He was kind and indulgent, though not to excess. He hit the right medium. With all his kindness he could correct, and his indulgence was not of that pernicious kind which was incompatible with a due regard to the morals and education of his children, whom he instructed in language, adapted to their young apprehensions, and in that tone of parental tenderness, to which God has opened every fountain of the infant heart. When at play he could, as a child, join in their pastimes ; and when the time for study arrived, with equal facility would he throw off the child, and assume the office of preceptor. He brought them up in “ the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” and never allowed them to forget that upon rising from, and going to their beds, there was a duty owing to the Almighty, which he claimed from his creatures as his universal right. Every morning and evening he would assemble his family, from the lowest menial, around him, to return thanks to God for the dispensation of his blessings, and to pray through his Son for “ a new heart and a right spirit,” and a continuance of the same.

Thus was our hero's time wholly taken up in the service of his Maker. Oh! what undertaking can be more honourable and delightful than this! to stand as a representative to the Almighty, to proclaim the message of salvation to lost sinners—to bring comfort to those who are “weary and heavy laden”—to bring home to the flock the long lost prodigals—to infuse into the soul that peace “which passeth all understanding”—to administer the body and blood of Christ to sincere penitents—and, at last, to receive that crown of glory which fadeth not away, and which is as eternal as the heavens. Can any calling be more worthy of our attention? Others may be the means of accumulating greater stores upon earth, “of heaping up silver as the dust,” and thus ascertain their worldly interests, which have a more powerful sway upon the minds of the great bulk of mankind, than things spiritual, but none can afford better opportunity of laying up stores in heaven, where are joys incorruptible, “where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.” But while on the

one hand the opportunity is great and advantageous, the abuse of the privilege is awful. With what sorrow and remorse must the idle priest descend to the grave, after a life spent negligently in the service of the Lord. The punishment of the wicked is tremendous, but what should be the apprehensions of that man, who having sworn before God to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, has committed violation against the most binding of all oaths—has suffered the sheep to wander, without stretching an arm to save them—has permitted sinners to go down to the grave, without having held out the hope of salvation, by proclaiming the mercy of a crucified Saviour. Dr. Truman avoided all remorse, consequent upon a life led in the like manner, by devoting his time, and strength, and power, to his undertaking: and how happily did he succeed! He was not one of those who enter into the holy office of the ministry with merely secular views of preferment. His soul could not be taken by surprise; he was prepared to surrender it whenever it should be required of him, and lay himself down with the soothing

consciousness of having done his duty to his God, his neighbour and himself.

The congregation of Dr. Truman consisted of the most respectable class of people, and one of his great objects in preaching, was to adapt his style of language and delivery to the meanest capacity ; so that there might not be one amongst his hearers who did not thoroughly understand the purport of his discourse. While on the one hand, he accommodated his turn of thought and diction to the level of the most obtuse understanding ; he was mindful on the other, to exhibit such talent and learning, as assured him of the respectful attention of the more literate part of his congregation. The sermons of the venerable pastor were not what the world now calls *dry* and *moral*, but were purely scriptural in every sense of the word. They exhibited the perverse nature of the creature, and the benign love of the creator. They displayed man fallen in Adam, showed how he was redeemed in Christ, and clearly demonstrated how the Holy Spirit operates in *preventing* or *assisting* in his arduous struggle

between life and death: and then did they conclude in a strain of eloquence which carried away all hearts, arousing and alarming the most supine, and bending down the unwilling mind to conviction.

Nor did the Rector ever omit to inculcate into the hearts of his hearers, the necessity of fulfilling those moral obligations, due to God and man. He considered them binding. He argued, that unless these were duly and religiously performed, that is, performed as springing from a desire to obey the will of God, and out of love to him, religion was all a pretence, a mere pharisaical covering to im-mask iniquity, and an outward display of godliness, while inwardly, all was mockery and delusion. With these tenets it will not be a matter of surprise, that the congregations were exceedingly large. Every individual was seen to hang upon the preacher's lips; and the closest attention and great eagerness, lest a single word should escape, were visible in all. Besides the eloquence and learning so conspicuous in the sermons we refer to, they were delivered with all that energy and fer-

vour, natural to the mind of Dr. Truman, so that they invariably made the desired impression on his congregation. The glad tidings flowed electrically from the uttering to the listening heart, so that it was almost impossible to do otherwise than to derive benefit from the cheering announcement of the gospel. He was an herald who proclaimed it, with no feeble powers; the whole blaze of Christian light shone upon those people whom he had to address. Christianity spread through every heart, yielding those fruits which are requisite for us to bear, before we can receive the imperishable crown. Virtue was not hid, but stood out on the pure brow of the believer. Religion, the most prominent feature of his hearers, was indeed the vital religion of the soul, all the holy passions and graces were brought into action, and resulting therefrom, the greatest good was effected. And how could it be otherwise, when the example of Dr. Truman in simplicity and loving-kindness was in beautiful accordance with all he uttered? The omniscient sun looks not down in all his round upon a more glorious specta-

cle, than that of such a benefactor expounding the word of God to a circle of grateful hearers. But, after all, there is no sermon on Christianity so eloquent as the silent appeal of a Christian's life. It will cling and grapple unto conviction, and though light as air, will be strong as links of iron. It was here that Dr. Truman was irresistible. Those who knew him, the great majority of his congregation, could trace him in his sermons. But although the majority of Dr. Truman's parishioners was grateful for his services, and benefitted by his unremitting exertions, still were there many who lived without God in the world, and who on a sabbath day kept aloof from his holy sanctuary. These were beyond the Rector's power to retrieve; but never did he lose an opportunity which presented itself of bringing the lost sheep to the fold, of encouraging the wanderer with hopes of pardon, and of animating him with the prospect of a blissful eternity. By this means many were found constant attendants at divine worship, who, before Dr. Truman's time, had never entered a church; these he, by gentle

means, had induced to attend regularly the preaching of the gospel. There were indeed a few on whom all argument was thrown away, and who were deaf to the whisperings of their heart, and the pleadings of Dr. Truman. Others again there were, who being Dissenters upon principle, would have deemed it a heinous offence to relinquish their peculiar modes of worship. The parish which was blessed by the superintendence of Dr. Truman, contained many of this description of people, who, although not adverse to the Rector personally, were inimical to the forms, discipline, and doctrine of the Establishment, and not a few felt so hostile to it, as to aim at its subversion ; whenever Dr. Truman, by accident, encountered any of this denomination of people, he always made a custom, as will be hereafter shown, of communing with them, upon those points wherein they differed. Dr. Truman was assisted in his labours by two active and zealous curates, not that he at all relaxed from his work in consequence of these auxiliaries, for they all stood equally in the duty ; forty funerals per week was the average num-

ber, and every thing in the same proportion. Every Sunday, from nine o'clock in the morning, until nine o'clock at night, were the clergymen occupied with little intermission. The Sunday School was the first thing which invited their attention in the morning; and though in this department they might reckon upon the assistance of the ladies, still was the management of the whole under their control, and only their presence would necessarily ensure in the school the decorum and good behaviour requisite.

It is the custom, more particularly among the poor, to defer any work they may have for the parson until the Sunday, consequently, the duty on that day is exceedingly heavy. Marriages, christenings, churchings, funerals, were numberless. Often before the afternoon service, forty or fifty mothers would be sitting in the vestry, with the infant flock of Christ ready to be brought to the font, and the infantile chorus, as may be supposed, sounded far from harmonious on the ear, but the sight of so many little children born in sin, brought at the same time to be reconciled to God, was

truly gratifying to the thoughtful and pious spectator. There were seen the ministers of the gospel receiving the infants in their arms, and praying the Father mercifully to look upon them, to wash them, and sanctify them with the Holy Ghost, and to receive them into the ark of Christ's church. While the God-fathers and Godmothers, in the name of these little ones, were to be heard, renouncing the Devil and all his works, and promising obediently to keep God's holy will and commandments. Oh ! this is a sight of all others which must be truly consolatory to the Christian heart, recognising in the helpless little ones, not the children of the dust alone, but the heirs of immortality.

The labours which Dr. Truman underwent in his parish, both mental and bodily, were arduous in the extreme ; still it would have been a much greater task for an active mind like his, to have had no exercise or employment. The scenes which he continually met with in his charge, were often trying to his mild disposition, but he was always possessed of sufficient courage to encounter

any opposition, and strength to overcome every difficulty. All his actions were guided by Christianity, and the Bible was to him the rule and pattern of his life; thus was he like a great light set upon a hill, amidst a densely populated district, to which every body looked up, and which shed forth those heavenly rays upon the hearts of all who came under its influence. Such was our hero, and such will he approve himself in the following pages.

TITHES.

TITHES.

THE emolument which Dr. Truman derived from the church over which he was Rector, was in tithes, and, as is often the case, he only received a tenth part of what was his due, but he chose rather to submit to this, than to live otherwise than in peace with his parishioners.

As he was sitting one morning in his study, preparing for the following Sunday, Mr. David Schoolbred was announced. Now David was one of those rich farmers in the neighbourhood, with whom the payment of Tithes could be of very little consideration. Still he made it one of great moment, because he objected to them. It was his usual custom to pay them into the Rector's bankers, but upon this occasion he brought them himself. David Schoolbred was

a very respectable farmer, naturally possessed of good sound sense ; he had the advantage of a good education ; in appearance he would not be taken for a person of this description. He was dressed in the habit of his country, being a blue frock which entirely covered his under dress ; though this, for a man in his situation, was considered a shabby dress, still there was something in his gait and manner, which evinced respectability, and even bespoke the gentleman. As soon as he was admitted into the presence of the Doctor, and the usual compliments and observations on the weather had been interchanged, he took from his pocket his leathern purse, out of which he drew a few notes due to the Rector, and placed them upon the table. ‘There,’ said he, ‘that is what I believe you consider your right, it is at all events what the law compels me to pay.’

‘I have long wished,’ replied the Rector, ‘for the opportunity of submitting a few observations to you upon this subject, because I never knew you backward, however averse to the payment of tithes, and I was the more surprised at this, when I considered the quali-

fications which you naturally possessed, and also those which you have acquired by your own industry.'

'Believe me, Dr. Truman,' said Mr. Schoolbred, 'that I never should be backward in the payment of that which I considered to be founded upon a just and fair principle. And with respect to tithes, I am sure you will forgive me, when I tell you, that the opinion I always have entertained of them is, that they are injurious and oppressive. Injurious to the community at large, and oppressive to the farmer.'

'Were you,' continued the Rector, 'one of those who considered all religion as mummary, and all priests impostors, my task of relieving your mind from the impression under which it labours, would be difficult,—but you are not. You, I believe, are not in the habit of assenting to any thing, till you are convinced of the truth of it, and from the education which you have had, it is the more astonishing to me, that you never could reconcile the payment of tithes to your conscience. How you consider tithes to be injurious to the community at large, I am

at a loss to conceive, and how they can be oppressive to the farmer, I am the further abroad.'

'I consider them,' replied Mr. Schoolbred, 'injurious, because they are the main cause of all those envies, hatreds, and jealousies, which often subsist between a clergyman and his parishioners, and which, when they do, must greatly tend to subvert that kind feeling which should cement them together in each other's affections, that the word of God may have its due and proper effect.'

'If this be the only fault,' said Dr. Truman, 'you have to find with tithes, the evil rests with yourselves, not with us, for you cannot for a moment suppose, that I should hold any animosity against you, or any other tithe-payer, simply because I was the receiver of that, which is considered my lawful right. And with respect to the oppression which the farmer undergoes in having to pay his tithes, I must observe, that for a moment, granting it be oppressive, that oppression would be nearly twenty times greater, were there no tithes at all; for in that case the owner of the land

would raise his rent, not in proportion to what is now paid in tithe, in the first instance by the tenant, but which in reality falls upon the landlord, but in proportion to the absolute value of the estate, and thus would the farmer, as fast as his landlord could renew his agreement with him, be obliged to pay in addition to his rent, twenty times as much as his tithe now comes to, presuming a farm to continue to let at a just and fair valuation.'

'It is not,' interrupted Mr. Schoolbred, 'the pounds, shillings, and pence to which I feel repugnant, but to the system of tithes, because I consider their operation fatal in preventing the cultivation of poor soils, and diminishing the outlay upon others. Moreover, I could never discover under what pretext clergymen claimed tithes as their lawful right; still less can I conceive upon what grounds they can object to the state appropriating to herself that revenue, which upon all fair principles, as it seems to me, she has a right to demand.'

'I am glad,' replied Dr. Truman, 'to hear you speak out so boldly, this is at once coming

to the point, and I doubt not, but that I shall enlighten your mind upon the subject of tithes. The observation which you have just made involves two things: the one is *the title* to tithes preferred by the church, and the other, is the claim which the state seems inclined to set up, to deprive her of them. Now the simple truth is, that the state has nothing whatever to do with them, and might with equal justice remove your landmark, or purloin your crop, as debar my receiving what you have just paid me.'

'Indeed !' rejoined Mr. Schoolbred, 'since the state in the first instance invested the church with power by endowing her with a tithe of the produce of the land, she retains the right to reclaim the same, or to apply it to other purposes.'

'That is a principle,' said the Rector, 'the fallacy of which, a child at school would instantly recognise. For one boy to make a gift to his play-fellow, and afterwards require the toy to be restored to him, under the plea that he had not alienated his right, would be a species of procedure which in a school of

English lads, would quickly receive its meet recompense: but in fact the state never did give tithes to the clergy, and therefore they have no pretensions whatever to alienate, much less to convert them from their sacred purposes. Tithes are as much the property of the church, as your estate is yours; nay, and I hesitate not to affirm, that a better title can be made out to them, than to any landed property in the kingdom. You must be aware that in the primitive ages of Christianity, there were no parochial divisions. But long before the invasion of the Conqueror brought our church into closer connection with Rome, the great Saxon landowners, whose extensive domains were so many independent territories, recognizing the policy of having their vassals trained in a faith which inculcated obedience, industry, patience, and contentment, and perhaps feeling a natural desire to retain always at hand what spiritual aid they could command, built churches upon their estates, and endowed them for the maintenance of a resident priest.

Thus originated the wise and admirable institution of tithes, whereby a tenth portion

of the produce of all parishes, which in those days were usually co-extensive with the estates of the patron, were rescued to the end of time, from the ordinary course of descent, the great lord merely retaining to himself, his heirs and assigns, the perpetual right of presentation to the benefices, whenever they became vacant. This they had a right to do ; and thus the annual payment of tithes became as much the property of the appointed clergyman, as the ordinary rent of a farm paid by the occupier is the property of the landlord. Thus, again, you perceive that tithes were lawfully devoted to the support of the church, from the earliest establishment of Christianity in the country ; and that from age to age, in the conveyance of landed property, there has been transferred from father to son, and from buyer and seller, not the whole produce of the soil, but *nine-tenths* of the produce, while the original gift remained entire, or has been commuted for a quantity of land equivalent to it. Hence no titles to property are older or better established : hence again, the dishonesty of those who wish to deprive the church of what I con-

ceive to be her inherent and undoubted property.'

'I can,' Mr. Schoolbred, after a pause, hesitatingly made answer, 'I can reconcile this to my mind under the Jewish dispensation; but it appears to me that in these days, tithes, like types and ceremonies, ought to be abolished.'

'And where,' asked Dr. Truman, 'do you find a command to that effect in Scripture? I know none. On the contrary, our Saviour would seem to have sanctioned the payment of tithes, when he said, "*Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees! for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.*"'

'But, did not St. Paul,' demanded Mr. Schoolbred, 'preach without any remuneration to the Corinthians and Thessalonians?'

'That is rather in favour of tithes than otherwise,' replied the Rector, 'for the apostle expressly insists upon his *'right to have been burdensome,* as an apostle of Christ,' and

declares, '*I have robbed other churches, taking wages of them to do your service,*' but there can be no dispute about the labourer being worthy of his hire, for common justice concurs with Scripture to assure us of it.

' Again, how can the enforcement of the payment of tithes infer the least injustice or oppression, seeing that every person who succeeds to an estate, whether by inheritance or purchase, can only hold it on the implied condition, that the tithes be paid to the church. And whether it be lawful or otherwise for the church to receive tithes, at all events there can be no oppression in the proceeding, none in the world, because the purchaser of an estate will find a certain diminution in the price, in consequence of there being a tithe upon it. And the tenant will take care to adjust his rent accordingly; in truth, it is well known that those estates which are tithe-free, are let at considerably more in consequence, and had there been a tithe, it would not have made up the difference. And of course, Mr. Schoolbred, you are conscious, that the purchase-money which you paid for your property

in this neighbourhood, would have been much greater, had the land been tithe-free, and that by several hundreds of pounds; so that in point of fact, you may congratulate yourself on being every year several pounds in pocket, in consequence of the tithe, for which you have to thank my not enforcing by a twentieth part that which is my right.'

Mr. Schoolbred seemed somewhat struck, but presently again objected. 'The term benefice, in the feudal language, not merely signifies an emolument, but comprehends a duty, and I would ask, whether it was not the custom for the incumbent to support the poor, as well as uphold the church?'

'Undoubtedly it may have been,' replied the Rector, 'at the time when the minister of the parish received the full amount that was due to him, but now, as I have observed, he can count upon scarcely a twentieth part. The church has been plundered of its property to such an extent, and which property has never been restored, that the clergy in these latter days can scarce support themselves. Give us back that which, under divers pre-

tences, has been taken from us, and we will readily engage to relieve all from the burden of rates, whether for the poor or for the church. Instead of the clergy resorting to modes of oppression, in the exaction of their tithes, they themselves are the oppressed party, being not only vilified by the ignorant, and the necessitous poor who have nothing to lose, but have their motives impugned, and their legal rights invaded, by those, whose station in life, and opportunity of acquiring information, leave their conduct without any extenuation. Take, as a single instance to exemplify what we are discussing; the income of my rectory, which is scarcely £600. per annum, and out of which I have to assign an annual stipend of £100. to each of my curates, how could I, I ask you, support the poor and keep the church in proper repair, when already my indispensable outlay exceeds by hundreds of pounds my allotted means; nor is mine a solitary instance: the value of any Rectory or Vicarage in the land, would now-a-days be very inadequate to effect those charitable offices, and fulfil the purposes to which, when it was

entire, it was fully proportioned. But suppose tithe were to be done away with, the farmers would themselves be no gainers by the abolition; on the contrary, they would be eventually considered losers, for so soon as their existing leases were ended, the landlords would make a point of raising their rents, and thus saddle the cultivator with the payment of a sum, larger than that the parson was content with. You perhaps may have heard the answer made by the Devonshire farmer, upon its being intimated to him, that were tithes taken from the parsons, they would be given to the landlord, *Then, said he, I would rather they should bide as they be, for I can always deal better with the parson than I can with the landlord.'*

‘That,’ said Mr. Schoolbred, ‘cannot be gainsaid.’

‘But the question is narrowed to this solitary issue,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘whether a church, so unexceptionable in its articles, so immaculate in its order, and so lovely in its rites, is to be upheld or not. If not, then by all means do away with tithes, and

take all emoluments, which appertain to the Establishment, for the not less insane than impious purpose of supporting Atheism, and Deism, and Socinianism, and all kinds of ism, but if on the other hand, the message of salvation, and the joyful tidings are to be proclaimed to the apostate sons of Adam ; if the heart-cheering announcement is to be made known to all nations, and if we are to derive comfort and consolation from the vital truths with which the gospel teems, not only as respects this brief visionary scene, but those which centre in the brighter realities of eternity, then in God's name keep sacred the emoluments of the clergy, count it sacrilege to touch them, and be content and grateful that the Almighty has appointed so easy a way in which sinners can be directed to heaven.'

' Mistake me not for a moment,' said Mr. Schoolbred, ' I am not one of those who would with sacrilegious hand tear down our venerable churches to repair the roads, nor could I patiently endure that the religion in which I was born and bred, should be driven from the land ; on the contrary, I would give

my whole heart and soul to avert the danger. I would lay down my life to assist, even in a small degree, in extending the knowledge of the Lord. Gracious heaven ! should the time ever come when the future shall be disburthened of its fear, and mankind, deeming religion mummary, turn from their God like the Israelites of old, then, indeed, would the law be broken, and lose its force, sin drop its heinousness, and heaven and earth be set adrift from one another : conscience would be flung from her moorings, and life (if indeed existence it could be called) would go on just the same as if God had overlaid it with no rule, and required of it no account. Then would darkness overspread this lost earth ; then would follow unmitigated sorrow, blighted hope, absent consolation, absolute misery, and utter despair.

‘ Feeling these truths so deeply as I do, believe me, at the peril of my life, I would uphold religion ; and make every sacrifice to defend the clergy against the world, and, were it necessary, the last drop of blood in my veins should be spent, before I would permit aught

but respect and honour to wait upon the most respectable and the best educated of men. To speak plainly, I love my Saviour, my Bible, and my Church, but I entertain well-founded objections to the mode in which the generality of the clergy are remunerated. And really, if the dissenters have one advantage over us, it is in their superior regulations in this regard. I am quite satisfied, from what you, Dr. Truman, have adduced, that tithes belong by right to the clergy, but I can never allow, but that there is much room for reform on that head.'

'The latter part of what you have just observed,' returned the Doctor, 'I can very readily assent to. Tithes are assuredly a mode of collection peculiarly calculated to generate ill will, and therefore one which the church is at least as anxious to get rid of, as any body else. If tithe-payers would give up a quantity of land upon a fair valuation, in lieu of tithe, the result would be most advantageous to both parties, angry feelings would be allayed on all sides, and thus would clergymen be enabled to effect more good. But to your assertion, that the dissenters have the advantage of us

in the mode of paying their ministers, I must be allowed to demur. If the clergy, one and all, were simultaneously to surrender the tithe of which you so disapprove, and depend upon their congregations for, as it would prove, supplying the necessities of a bare subsistence, only those towns and villages would benefit by the preaching of the gospel, which could maintain a minister; the churches elsewhere would fall to decay, no educated man being miserable enough to accept the cure. Thus innumerable villages and hamlets would be left without any instruction at all. The lower classes, for the most part, would be ignorant of the essentials of religion. The opinions of all would be perilously shaken and unsettled; and deprived of their old teachers, generations would grow up in a state of doubt, and fall from doubt into disbelief. Thus would thousands upon thousands descend into eternity as they had lived, like beasts that perish, and that simply, because they were unable to accede to the terms of the minister. And it would be a natural consequence, that the living waters of life would be doled out in proportion to the

pay. Would not this furnish no light inducement for the most able preachers to direct their labors, not where the gospel was wanted the most, but where the harvest, in a pecuniary point of view, promised the greatest results. Again, the doctrines which the hired ministers would be obligated to promulgate, must necessarily be accommodated to the tastes and fancies of that part of their congregations which were the best payers. From hence would spring up behind the ceded barriers of the Establishment, a vile spawn of sectaries, who, distorting the texts, and warping the tenets of holy writ, would accommodate God's word to the crude, conceited, and even blasphemous opinions of certain of their congregations.

‘ The minister,—pastor no longer—would be under a strong temptation, looking to the wants of his family, to eclipse the rays of truth, and please, not his master, “ which is in heaven,” but his fellow creatures, upon whom he would feel himself entirely dependant. This humiliating remembrance would inevitably militate against his discharging his religious

duty with that freeness and fearlessness with which the gospel of Jesus Christ should ever be proclaimed. And the messenger of God, commissioned to call sinners to repentance, speaking no longer as one conscious of his high credentials, with authority and power, would find his ministry, to all the intents of vital religion, as ineffectual as it would be temporizing and heartless.

But this further evil would ensue. How many speculators would qualify themselves for orders, starting from behind their counters, and erecting buildings from the profits of their shops, for the purpose of distinguishing themselves, in the richest towns in the kingdom ; and these tabernacles (consecrated or not as might happen) could not be supplied by the most judicious candidates, but by such as could make the speculation answer the best. Thus would the church of Christ be infested with a parcel of *money makers*, and the system reduced to one of pounds, shillings, and pence. We retain in our church, according to the opinions of many wise and devout men, somewhat too much of Catholic observances ; but

at least, the arched roof, the cathedral state, the human voice, and all the powers of evangelic harmony, as yet combine to give a soul to duty, and sway the senses to salvation. But what plea can be urged in favour of an exhibition, which would be only the straining of every nerve to secure the dross of this world, not the treasures of the next. Religion would be made a cloak for avarice, and in effect be rendered odious, and all pretence to piety would soon be suspected. Recourse would be had to every species of excitement, in order to attract a congregation, and thus to obtain contributions. See how the system fails among the dissenters; the scanty stipend they dole out, I admit frequently to unqualified incumbents, must operate greatly to the decay of learning. Many of those whose high literary acquirements have been the result of years of application at considerable cost, find their services estimated at a lower rate than those of a menial domestic. I could name ministers, connected, by their talents and character, with the higher classes of society, who, owing to the meanness of those for whom they labour,

‘waste’ their lives ‘by slow degrees,’ in seclusion from the world, on a miserable pittance. I know of others unto whom the temptation has proved too strong, and who, by keeping pace in expence with their friends and associates more happily circumstanced, have prepared for themselves a load of trouble and anxiety, and many such have gradually sunk under the weight into an untimely grave. It is clear that this illiberality, so prevalent amongst those who volunteered to maintain their own pastors, is highly derogatory to their character ; and if persevered in will indubitably tend to the degradation of the dissenters as a body, to the disparagement of learning and knowledge, and consequently inflict a serious injury on the cause of truth itself. And let me ask, what think you would be the issue, if this sort of optional largess *were* to become the universal and only system in the land. Would it not indeed be in the words of Tacitus — ‘eventu tristia?’

‘My opinion,’ replied Mr. Schoolbred, ‘is, that we cannot form an accurate judgment on the principle, until it be universally tried.’

‘But why,’ rejoined the Rector, ‘incur the risk of abolishing one system which answers so well, in order to establish another which might bear in its train irremediable vices? You must admit, that there would be a chance of voluntary contribution not proving so successful as they who recommend its adoption sanguinely anticipate; and let me ask, is religion so light a matter as to be left subject to chance? Are we to do away an unobjectionable system, through a vague *hope* that another may turn out more profitable, and perhaps give greater satisfaction, although the probability is of its engendering extreme disgust and discontent? Is religion a trivial thing, that it may be reduced to a mere speculation? Are we to incur the risk of losing souls for the sake of essaying a new fangled scheme, which however has been tried, and is tried every day, and in nine cases out of ten, is inoperative. Oh! no, Mr. Schoolbred, if any improvement could have been effected, or were any reform needful as respects the emoluments of the clergy, be assured the fact would not have escaped the vigilance of so many centuries; but men, for-

sooth, are wiser than of yore, and what our ancestors would have shrunk from desecrating by a touch, thousands in these latter days would not scruple to overthrow.'

'What you have just advanced,' said Mr. Schoolbred, 'has I confess a great effect upon my mind, and is certainly worthy of further consideration, but there remains yet one argument on my side, the force of which you can scarcely evade. I allude to the system of paying ministers voluntarily, advancing learning, and inducing industry on their parts, an incentive which would be wanting, were they secure of remuneration from a regular source, and at certain periods.'

'I hope,' interrupted the Rector, 'you do not mean to insinuate that there is any lack of energy and exertion in our ministers, because they receive their emoluments from appointed funds, for I am persuaded that there exists not a race of men more active and more strongly influenced by the desire of doing good, than the clergy of the Established Church. But my dear Sir, were ministers to use energy and activity, only for the sake of voluntary contri-

butions, these men would be unworthy of the name of Christian Divines, and it would be *“better for them that a mill-stone were hanged about their necks, and that they were drowned in the depths of the sea.”* Excuse me speaking so pointedly, but believe me I speak feelingly.’

‘You greatly misapprehend me,’ replied Mr. Schoolbred, ‘I meant not to infer that energy and exertion should arise solely from a desire of augmenting the amount of the voluntary subscription, but that this being *one* of the objects in view, more systematic energy and exertion would be excited than a stipulated payment, flowing from some established fund, would be likely to occasion.’

‘That but little modifies your former observation,’ returned the doctor, ‘you have only substituted a part for the whole. You place voluntary donations as one of the objects, which the minister proposes to himself, when he calls into requisition his best energies. Now I will maintain that the zealous preacher of the Gospel can have no other end in view than the salvation of souls. And he whose energy and

exertion spring only from a love of lucre or of popularity, is as unfit for a minister of Jesus Christ, as a child to lead a large army to victory. I will grant you, and that readily, that any extraordinary zeal of the minister in discharging the duties of his holy office, tends to draw a large congregation, but unless the motive which impels his exertion and energy be the glory of God, they can never produce their desired effect. It takes little to excite the generality of people; and when men are once excited, where will they not go to have their ears tickled, while their hearts are far from being touched. Many attractions may cause a full church, but unless people attend the preaching of the Gospel with a proper feeling, how can they expect to derive spiritual consolation, and ensure the presence of the Saviour, who has promised “*to be amongst those who meet together in his name?*”

‘I cannot controvert your argument,’ said Mr. Schoolbred, ‘the attempt would be idle to impugn it, nevertheless, as I promised you, I will give the subject my best consideration.’

‘ God grant,’ replied the Rector, ‘ that it may have a happy result.’

Here Mr. Schoolbred took his leave, in a more thoughtful mood than on his entrance, and betook himself to the ordinary occupation of his farm.

THE ORPHANS.

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THE ORPHANS.

AMONGST the many virtues which distinguished Dr. Truman, that of charity, as we have already intimated, was not the least remarkable. He felt that the habitually interesting himself in the welfare of his fellow-creatures was the highest possible command promulged by infinite power, and the highest imaginable interest held out by infinite wisdom. On this conviction he acted. To the utmost of his ability he cherished worth wherever he found it, thus augmenting the great mass of individual happiness, and by condolence and sympathy he would alleviate the burden of individual wretchedness ; and, to the extent of his means, considered it his bounden duty to relieve the indigence of his parishioners. His

purse was always open to their urgent wants, and at the head of every list of subscribers for the relief of sufferers was his name to be found. To the different hospitals and infirmaries did he lend his pecuniary aid, and he possessed such a method of exercising his charity, that his right hand hardly knew what his left hand did. His benevolence proceeded not from any principle of ostentatious display, but from a truly Christian spirit. As a proof of kind feeling, when at College he had formed an acquaintance with a man, almost if possible the counterpart of himself, this gentleman held a living but a few miles from Dr. Truman, consequently the same friendship and intimacy was observed between them as constituted much of their happiness when at the university. Mr. Blaclock had an only daughter, who long before she could estimate the real value of her loss, was deprived of her parents, by an infectious disease which carried them both off in the same week. Dr. Truman, out of respect for the memory of his friend, took the child into his own house, and she was indeed unto him as a daughter. The first words which she prat-

led out were papa and mamma, and never were those endearing appellations more applicable, than to Dr. and Mrs. Truman from the mouth of Julia. They made no distinction between her and the rest of the children—the same masters directed her studies—the same colored cloths adorned her person, and the same kind hand was ever over her, as shielded those whom she was wont to style her sisters and brothers.

The personal and mental advantages which Julia Blaclock possessed were truly great. She was one of those dark beauties which arrest the attention of every beholder. And while her large dark eyes flashed with a kind of fire expressive of her heart, they bespoke mildness and amiability, her predominant characteristics. Her whole form and gait were eminently elegant, and she appeared altogether, as if more than ordinary care had been bestowed upon her by the Maker of us all, that she might surpass in beauty and loveliness the rest of her sex. The outward advantages which Julia possessed were not to be compared with those which she, with the assistance of

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nature, had acquired from a close application to the different branches of female education. As a bud, when brought into a warm temperature, opens and displays the beauties of nature, exhaling those perfumes and fragrances which cause so much delight, so did the mind of Julia under the fostering care of Dr. and Mrs. Truman expand and develop those virtues and qualifications, which endeared her to all with whom she was connected. Naturally she was kind, generous, and feeling; quick in perception, and clever at every thing she undertook. In short she was one of those who seem born to excel, and often to surpass expectation. After accompanying the Miss Truman's in their morning visits to the poor, she would employ her time with music, drawing, and the other fine arts, accomplishments which render women such desirable and cheerful companions to soothe the cares and troubles to which men are naturally exposed. She indeed grew up the admiration of all who knew her, not only on account of her great beauty, but her mild and amiable disposition.

While the ladies were seated after their

breakfast, over their work, the conversation turned upon the different accomplishments which adorn the female character. Some considered the acquirement of one art to be superior to another while others differed in their opinion. Julia, who was a proficient both in music and drawing, gave the preference to the latter, while Miss Truman contended that music bore the palm.

‘Is not music,’ said Miss Truman, ‘the charm of the soul? does it not cheer us in those hours of listlessness, when we need some kind of excitement to save us from the insidious encroachments of what, since the English language can furnish no word equally expressive, I must e’en call *ennui*. Oh! what power is there in music, it not only affects the ear, but it touches the heart, it braces the nerves and puts spirit through the whole frame. Drawing does none of these, drawing pleases the eye and that is all. But you must remember Moore’s beautiful lines upon music.

‘ When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we us’d to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear ;

Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes, that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flow'rs,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death :
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music ! oh ! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly sooth, and not betray !

‘ But I am surprised, dear Julia, to hear that you give the preference to drawing, enjoying, music, so much as you do.’

‘ I love music,’ replied Julia, ‘ it is indeed as you say, the charm of the soul, but without limiting its powers, I must contend that drawing is the more useful and gratifying accomplishment. By the art of drawing, the most

beautiful landscape can be brought before us in a small compass ; by the art of drawing, our long-lost friends breathe again, and are ever before us, and when the artist is no more, the performer lives in the performance, just like a sculptor who chips and hews the rude marble, till the cold stone grows animate beneath his promethean touch : not so I think in music, when the musician is gone, those tones which were admired for their sweetness or their beautiful touch,—those tones, which erst would waken a responsive chord on that sympathetic instrument, the human heart, which would stimulate the starting tear, and urge the plaintive sigh, vibrate no longer on the ear.'

'Nay,' rejoined Miss Truman, 'if he be a composer, does he not survive in his composition?'

'Only so long,' answered Julia, 'as fashion shall keep him alive ; but a picture, the older it becomes, the more is its value enhanced. Situated as I am, I may be prejudiced in favour of drawing. For, alas ! do I not owe to art all that I have ever seen of the dear authors of my being ? Can you not conceive

then how invaluable those two portraits must be to me? Music indeed affects the feelings, but believe me, they,—Oh! they come home to the inmost soul of sensibility. Nor,' subjoined the excited girl, after a pause, 'Nor do I apprehend that I am a solitary instance; Oh!

'Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it.'

as Cowper says.'

Here the feelings of the susceptible orphan were so overcome, that Miss Truman deemed it necessary to change their current, and proposed a walk to visit some of the neighbouring poor. In the parish which makes the *locale* of our story, were established, what are every day becoming more prevalent, Ladies' Visiting Societies: each set of ladies were confined to their respective district, within which they would take it by turns to administer relief to those who stood most in need of assistance. Thus, after the clergyman had applied that healing balm to the lacerated soul, which it were vain to seek from any other source, save

the consolations of religion, the ladies would step in, and supply these craving wants which press so hardly upon our fellow-creatures, who, sunk in the abject depths of penury, and wasted by disease, too often have not wherewith to procure sufficient, to save them from perishing through very inanition. The visitors of these societies made it a point never to countenance idleness. They knew that it is one of the mysterious ordinations of a kind providence, that every human being should derive his own subsistence by the sweat of his own brow, and therefore they limited the objects of relief to those poor creatures, whose activities, from age, or from disease, or, in short, from any disabling infirmities, have been destroyed. Especially would they have an eye to those worn-out and decrepid beings, who, in the last stage of human debility, hover on the verge of the grave, and whose sense of suffering can alone, in reality, be alleviated by the prospect of death, and of the life to come. Whether the tide of public prosperity ebb or flow, these poor wretches remain alike forlorn and stationary, and obscure. The swelling

waves of human vicissitude roll on unmarked over their heads, and agitate with no perceptible ruffle the stagnant abyss of their humble lives, like the sea-weed, still vital and afloat, though fixed and withering on the rock, in the profoundest depths of ocean, far, far beneath the influence of sunshine, or the desolation of storm, too low to sink, too fast to be ejected, till the hand of time plucks them by the roots, and casts them on the shore of eternity. To such like ministering angels would they lend their ear, hearkening to all their complaints, and endeavouring to soothe and satisfy them by encouragements, as well as by pecuniary aid. And who so well fitted for such an occupation as woman,—whose heart so soon to be melted into compassion as woman's! whose hand so ready and anxious to banish misery and hunger, from the cold hut of cheerless poverty, as that of woman's. Ah, she, the most feeling, the most sensible, the most amiable, and the greatest possessor of all virtues which adorn humanity, was indeed the last, but assuredly the best of nature's gifts.

Shortly after the ladies had left the Rectory,

a gentleman of the name of Harry Seymour waited upon Dr. Truman; the object of whose visit proved to be one of interest. Mr. Seymour was a man, who, at an early age, had succeeded to his father's large fortune. At the period we introduce him to the reader, he was six and twenty, and during the five years since he had been put into possession of his property, he had by his improvidence and prodigality greatly diminished it. While Harry was under the control of his parents, he was receiving a good education; but soon after their decease, he laid aside his studies, and abandoned himself to every description of folly and extravagance. For one year he sojourned at Oxford, but soon becoming tired and disgusted with the exacting discipline of his college, he quitted that seat of learning, to take up his abode where he might give full license to his passions, and partake, "*without circumscription and confine,*" of the unhallowed illusions of the world. Harry Seymour had long lived, as the phrase goeth, "*on the town,*" he had no fixed abode in London, his club-house was the place whither his letters

were addressed, but the gaming-house was the haunt where he was most likely to be found. In short, there were few localities noted for folly and vice in the metropolis, which did not *prate of his whereabouts*. It may excite surprise, that with all these disadvantages, Harry should be admitted into the best society. This was partly owing to the world remaining in ignorance of his manner of living, or at least as to the extent of his dissipation. Being respectably connected, and possessed of a large fortune, which however he had considerably lessened, boasting no ordinary personal advantages, he was commonly esteemed a promising and very fine young man. The ladies looked upon him with interest, the only feeling which he inspired in their bosoms, being that of pity. ‘What a pity it is,’ they would remark, ‘that a man, endued with such agreeable qualities, should be so wild, and at the same time so delicate.’ Little did they think, that the pallid countenance, the sunken eye, the care-worn brow, and the emaciated figure, were caused by debauch upon debauch of the lowest descrip-

tion. But even with fate stamped upon his physiognomy, he was an imposing personage, standing full six feet high, a physical pre-eminence, which the sex is extremely apt to overrate. He was well proportioned, and his handsome and manful look yet shone through the haggardness which he had fixed upon his countenance, by his own foolish courses. Besides the advantages which nature, with a liberal hand had lavished upon his person, he had acquired that elegant prevailing mien, that *maniere d'être*, by the means of which he knew how to insinuate himself into any one's favour, who was not aware of the extent of his delinquencies. Many an anxious mother looked up to Harry in the fond hope that she was about to receive the proposal for her daughter's hand. Never would they patiently hear of his follies, averring that it was through jealousy that he was so traduced. They would indeed allow, that he might have his lapses like other young men in his '*unhoused free condition*;' but, said they, it would all be remedied when the *placens uxor* should sustain his better purposes, by the softening

sense and silken trammels of a virtuous home. How miserably did they deceive themselves! How could they surmise, how many were the victims whom he had seduced and brought to wretchedness, but maternal solicitude, kindled by hope, kept alive in them the earnest desire that Harry's first proposal of sincerity might be to them. No mean or ordinary person would do for Harry Seymour, he had fixed his affections upon one, the most beautiful of her sex, the most amiable, the most replete with fascination that nature, in her utmost prodigality, ever produced. Julia Blaclock, was the object of his love. But her fine and delicate mind could not reciprocate his attachment. Though on the one hand, she could appreciate his elegant manners, and esteem the few virtues which he still retained; on the other, she could not but abominate those follies and vices which were so conspicuous to those, who had sufficient moral taste to discern them. Moreover their characters presented a striking contrast. Julia was quiet and domesticated—Harry gay and rakish, so that possessing such opposite qualities, they would seem very ill-

suited for each other's society. It was not for her qualifications and acquirements that Harry admired Miss Blaclock, but on account of her excessive beauty. He could not sufficiently restrain his ardour, to persuade himself that that must fade, but whenever the visible fascinations of any lady recommended her to the eyes of Harry, that moment his reason would leave him, and passion prevail over his discretion. Julia was no stranger to Harry Seymour. From children they had known each other, and the circumstances of their often meeting at parties in the neighbourhood, afforded him favourable opportunities of whispering into the ear of Julia, the secret desire of his soul; but upon our sensible and amiable heroine, all his blandishments were thrown away. She allowed that he might be a very agreeable companion for an evening, but she knew, that the companion for life required very different qualifications. She therefore gave him no encouragement, but constantly repelled his advances, telling him, that his addresses and pretty speeches in that quarter, were to no purpose, since he never should

prevail. Harry, ill satisfied with finding himself so thwarted, was determined to take the earliest opportunity of making proposals to her foster parent in due form, an expedient which he reckoned the most likely to accelerate an object, so dear to his heart. But he met with no better success with Dr. Truman, than he had done with Julia herself. Dr. Truman candidly declared to him, that a man who turned debauchery into a science, and centered all his regards upon ministering to a base passion, exclusive of every virtuous consideration, was very unfit to have consigned to his legal protection, a being, whom instead of making happy, he would indubitably render miserable. In vain did Harry implore and beseech, as often did the worthy rector refuse, and at last he assured Harry that he would sooner give his life into his hands, than sacrifice her, whom he had brought up with so much care and attention. Harry finding himself thus baffled on all sides, knew not whether to betake himself, or what to do; in vain did he try to smother his desires, but, like fire, they would only burst out the fiercer, which made him at

almost mad. One day he would resolve to continue every thing on his part, which on occasion offence, and on the next would return to his old courses, and suffer his old passions to enchain him anew, so that in fact his struggles only riveted his thralldom. This was for some time, until he brought himself to the brink of despair. In this state was he seen, more like a lunatic who had broken from some asylum with sufficient cunning to conceal himself from view, than one, who was in the enjoyment of his unrestrained liberty. He felt the bitterness of his reflections. There was a time, when Harry Seymour might have stepped up with confidence to the hand of Julia, but now, all hope of that happiness had fled, for himself, by his own misguided and heedless conduct, had chased it away. To what a state of wretchedness had he arrived! The most holy passion, that of constituting his happiness, was a curse upon his days. Instead of love yielding pure joys and real comforts, which are to be derived from it, if well and judiciously pursued, it only engendered misery and discontent. But he, in point of fact, knew nothing

of the tender passion, his mind was too degraded by his unhallowed pursuits, to allow any thing of the kind making an impression on him. He could feel indeed that there was a craving void in his heart, which required satisfying. The base and filthy lust, which he dignified by the name of love, differed as much from that pure and vestal fire, as the burning of a fever from the glow and heat of vitality. The unfortunate object, upon whom he might fix his attention, would very soon find herself desolate and degraded. Alas ! Harry was one of those remorseless and unprincipled slaves, who, tainted with the jail distemper of contagious sensuality, corrupted themselves, and corrupting all about them, throughout all their history, seem only to leave the trail of the serpent whereby to track their footsteps, who ministering to their headlong passions, or, worse yet, their inordinate vanity, are their own pioneers through all that beautiful panorama of humanity, they help to darken and make desolate. They pass forward, like Sin preceding the shadow of Death, shedding her poisons, and distilling her influence, and preparing the

er she touches for mortality ; the piercing spect of which ruin, it is almost piety to ve, will constitute their adequate and or punishment. Such was Harry Sey- ; and it was very difficult for the gene- of the sex, to guard against this gay iver. But Julia was not framed in an ary mould. She was conscious that if his affection was sincere, and his ot honourable, she could never find in y, a man, like unto him, whose mental bodily presence she had often conjured up or refined imagination. She felt for his tion, nay, she could sympathise with rings her perfections had caused, and t more could be expected ? The object of happiness, she often affirmed, would be ined, if she could only devote her time attention upon those revered benefactors n old, who had bestowed such love and tion upon her,—if she could only repay in all degree the kindness, which had been rered upon her to any branch of Dr. man's family, the fondest hope of her life ld be realised to the fullest extent. When-

ever the subject of matrimony was mentioned to Julia, she invariably declared that she would never give herself up to it, until she had discharged that debt to her foster-parents, which nothing but the consecration of her whole life to their service, would enable her to do.

‘ Why should I,’ she would say, ‘ change my situation, which is at present one of satisfaction and delight, for a state of things, which might bring with it the very opposite to these. Why should I entail upon myself possible miseries, in the place of substantial comforts, or change my bed of roses for one of thorns and briars. Oh, no, happy is the girl who, zoned in purity and peace, walks the green sod of earth with clear spirit and elastic step, looking for no greater luxuries than those which a bounteous providence hath already dispensed, and more happy she who is contented with them. A mind contented is always at rest, and by the alchemy of its own natural piety, can convert whatever happens, whether of weal or woe, into real and joyous satisfaction, but a discontented and troublesome spirit, who can bear it ?’

With such thoughts as these ever uppermost in the mind of Julia, it was not in the nature of things for her to be otherwise than happy. She was one of those finely tempered beings who make happiness their study, and if any thing occurred which threatened to impede it, she knew from whence it came, and perceived that it was only a bitter to mix with the sweet, that the draught might be the more palatable. She believed with the Bard of Hope, that 'Fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy,' and could feel that God, who was the distributor of all good gifts, would often also send darkness, despair, and trouble, in order to try his creatures in the night of adversity, so that after triumphing with a serene joy, they might be the more grateful for his genial rays, when the sun of prosperity again bursts from his pavilion of gathered waters, and divideth the dense clouds of the morning. Such was the philosophy of Julia, but she was young, and her temperament was sanguine, and those strokes which sometimes stun us by their sudden infliction, had not yet assailed her. But never was being more finely framed to daff aside those arrows of outrageous fortune, which

sooner or later are the heritage of humanity. Religion was unto her a panoply of defence. The pious mind will ever discern in the blows of adversity, how acute soever their momentary agony, if not a prominent, at least a covert blessing, and where it sometimes fails to reconcile the mysterious dispensations of heaven, it will turn an eye of faith on those chastisements which may seem unmerited, remembering that the object of our merciful Father in taking from the Christian the world, is to give him himself, and that his ways concern the trappings and baubles of time, no farther than these might work out, in joy or sorrow, our everlasting happiness. In the words of Massillon, *La Religion est la fin de tous les desseins de Dieu sur la terre.*

Nevertheless, however inexperienced in the ways of this wrong world, Julia had formed a pretty correct estimate of the sinfulness and vanity of human repinings in the vast majority of cases. They are sinful, thought she, because they arraign the wisdom and goodness of an infinitely wise and good Being; and they are vain, because half the misfortunes which happen to men are of their own causing, and half

their miseries exist only in their own imagination, or are of their own creating.

Discontent brings with it a whole train of disorders, and thus the mind having lost its *point d'appui*, with nothing to hope, shrinks back upon itself, and becomes dissatisfied with every thing around it, and consequently miserable. The dark soil of hypochondriasis wherein bad passions germinate, is peculiarly unfavourable to that *στομαδικαίον* which even the humane heathen (Plutarch) esteemed essential to piety. On the other hand, the rationally cheerful man bears a charmed temperament, which is, or ought to be, not only the teeming parent of every virtue, but as a celebrated writer (Lord Shaftesbury) expresseth it, 'the best foundation for piety and true religion.' He mistakes the means for the end, who is disappointed because he cannot attain perfect felicity on this side of heaven. It is an attribute of the Creator, as incommunicable as perfect power, omniscience, or eternity. But a nearer approach may be made to that heavenly joy, which in its perfection, constitutes the necessity of an angel's

being, than is commonly supposed. Employment, and a rational occupation, with a grateful mind, are the grand secrets of temporal happiness. He who gave our nature, gave it to be perfected in this state of being. He willed at the same time the means of its perfection—active virtue. The mind being occupied has no opportunity to wander too far from itself, its attention is riveted to its pursuit, and thus by diligent application to its object, it experiences that delightful peace and equanimity which makes the whole creature glow with inward satisfaction at every variety of fortune. To this serenity had Julia brought her mind ; she had discovered that the deepest and truest philosophy consisted in contentment, and that contentment, if not happiness, was the nearest approach to it permitted to man in this probationary state.

The position in which Julia was placed in relation to Harry Seymour, she felt to be truly distressing to her natural sensibility. To be beloved by a man must ever be a matter of grateful pride to any female, but the consciousness of not being able to return his passion,

however honourable, cannot but prove the source of sorrow to the sensitive heart of woman. Still Miss Blaclock could never weakly yield. Her disposition might have allowed her to have sacrificed herself, at some future period, had she thought she could have made Harry happy, but she knew too well, that were she at last to consent, ruin would be her lot, and eternal perdition his portion. She had sufficient sense to see through the illusions of first love, and penetrate the misery then only in the far perspective, with a light and painted veil thrown over its countenance. She felt that the removal of that veil would present to her hardships scarcely to be encountered, and woes hardly to be endured ; with this persuasion she took her stand, resisting every effort and entreaty so urgently made by Harry, who outwardly assumed the character of her constant and devoted lover. Not to be daunted by refusals, he had fixed his basilisk eye upon his victim, and was determined to persevere in his base and villainous designs, even were death itself held out as the result and meet reward of the deed he meditated.

OCCASIONAL SERVICES.

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UPON Dr. Truman looking at his watch after one of his constitutional walks into the country, he found he had an hour to spare before his attendance was required at the church, to inter the body of a young female, who had met with a premature death under very distressing circumstances. Having so much time on his hands, he resolved to call upon Lady Smith, a fashionable personage with a large family, who resided not very far from the Rectory.

‘ Ah, Doctor,’ said Lady Smith upon his entrance, ‘ I am happy to see you, it is a long time since I have had that pleasure.’

‘ I believe my Lady,’ observed the Doctor, with a scarcely perceptible coldness of tone, ‘ that I was at my post but yesterday.’ ‘ Ah,

Doctor,' returned Lady Smith, ' you're too severe, but fashion is an exacting taskmaster, and often takes us from our duty. Nay, I am positive you shall not scold me upon that head, come, come, here are my daughters, don't look so serious, or you will frighten them. You cannot imagine how vastly they are improved in all their studies.' Here three beautiful children, with all that glow and grace so characteristic of the immature experience, but high mental culture of young females among the higher classes in England, like steps one above another, so many miniatures of their mamma, entered the room, ' Allow me to introduce my children to you, Doctor' said Lady Smith. ' This is Mary, though only sixteen years old, she is a perfect proficient on the piano-forte ; her beautiful touch is the astonishment of us all, and every body allows that her songs are sung with exquisite taste. As for Christina, her execution upon the harp is wonderful. And little Nelly, (heads up my love !) succeeds so well in her drawings, that I anticipate great things from her : she too displays a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. In

dancing and waltzing, their master himself owned only the other day, he could take them no further. And it is not only in those accomplishments which you know are indispensable to young ladies of their fashion, that they excel ; I assure you that they are also thoroughly well-informed. ; Yes, Sir, the cultivation of their minds has not been neglected. In a very short space of time, they will be mistresses of all the living, as well as the dead languages, some of which they speak, if possible, with more fluency than English. Spanish, Latin, Greek, are the objects of their studies ; German they can read with ease, and pronounce French so well, you might mistake them for Frenchwomen. I have the very best masters for them, and hope soon that they will be such proficient, that should they travel in the different countries, they will be scarcely discovered as being foreigners.

‘ Don’t you think,’ asked the Rector, with a faint smile, ‘ that it is desirable for young people to be well grounded in one branch of study before they begin another. You will pardon me, but I often find young

ladies of the present day with a smattering of divers foreign languages, although they are far from speaking their own with correctness.'

'That may happen in other families,' replied Lady Smith, with some formality, 'but not amongst my daughters, believe me, they have long been very good grammarians. And their governess informs me that the different languages are so connected with one another, that they readily, as it were, suggest each other, so that only the same time is required to learn them all.'

'The Italian and the Spanish,' resumed the Doctor, 'bear a certain analogy to the French and Latin, but I can perceive no affinity between the others you have named. And even were it so, I cannot conceive, how it should only require the same diligence to attain to the perfection of a native in so many foreign languages, as to acquire a certain fluency in one; and I am wholly unable to comprehend how any young Lady, how great soever her talents, can attend to all at one and the same time.'

'It is according to the last new method,'

said Lady Smith, 'so is female education regulated nowadays, and it really seems to me an improvement upon the jogtrot system in vogue when we were children.'

'Upon my word,' replied the Rector, 'we seniors ought to go to school every year, did we care to keep pace with the novel theories attempted of late to be reduced to practice.'

The Doctor paused, but presently subjoined, 'How is it, Lady Smith, if I may be allowed to ask the question, that these young ladies have not sent in their names as candidates for Confirmation, the time is drawing near when the Bishop will visit us for the purpose.'

Lady Smith coloured, but almost immediately made answer, 'Oh! my girls have never yet been christened, I, having disapproved of Infant Baptism, intend when they come of age, that they should be regularly baptized in the literal meaning of the word, you understand me, not merely sprinkled, but dipped, immersed overhead.'

'May I be permitted to ask,' said the Doctor, 'upon what grounds you disapprove of Infant Baptism?'

‘Because,’ replied Lady Smith, ‘I am inclined to believe that it is unscriptural, and being so, you cannot wonder at my not allowing my children to be baptized, since to conform herein were to do violence to my conscience.’

‘Excuse me, my Lady,’ replied the Rector, ‘it is so far from being unscriptural, that it is according to the meaning and tenor of holy writ. If you will allow me the use of that beautiful bound book, which I presume is a Bible, I will endeavour to set you right upon the point wherein we differ. I will first read the 12th and 13th verses of the 17th chapter of Genesis, and you will there learn that it was as an express command of God for children to be circumcised, and we know that circumcision was a type of baptism. “And he that is eight days old shall be circumcised among you, every male child in your generations; he that is born in the house, or bought with money of any stranger, which is not of thy seed. He that is born in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money must needs be circumcised; and my covenant shall be in your flesh for an ever-

lasting covenant." Since then God commanded infants to be circumcised, which rite was a type of baptism, the inference in favour of infant baptism is not to be evaded.'

'If you can shew me,' said Lady Smith, 'that circumcision was a type of baptism, I must admit your argument would be allowable enough.'

'It was indeed a type of baptism,' replied the Rector. 'It was given to confirm the promise of a temporal blessing to the family of Abraham, whilst it served as a solemn pledge of those spiritual benefits which form the most essential part of the Abrahamic covenant. The mention of it, in the Old Testament, is associated with spiritual blessings: as, when it is said, "Circumcise the fore-skin of your heart." In the New Testament we find the unequivocal assertion of St. Paul, that circumcision was a sign and seal of the righteousness of faith, Abraham had while uncircumcised.—(Romans iv. 11.) This was the original design of the institution; and as such it served an important purpose during this primeval economy, for the encouragement of those who were

living in expectation of the coming Messiah. To them, and to all the faithful in subsequent periods of the church, during which it was in force, it was indeed an important type. It was a sign, it was a seal, and it was a sacrament of initiation into the covenant of promise.¹

‘ Again, the Jews not only circumcised, but also baptized proselytes of the Gentiles, that were converted to their religion. And if they had male children, they were both circumcised and baptized ; if females, they were only baptized. That this custom prevailed is notorious. And if it had been faulty, our Saviour would have at once forbidden it, but on the contrary, he said, “ Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Thus it appears that God is willing to receive infants into his favour, and hath by Jesus Christ declared them capable of that grace and glory which, on God’s part, are promised in this baptismal covenant ; whereby the sureties need not fear to make the stipulation on their part, since

¹ Wilson on Types.

y have God's own word, that there is no impediment in children to make them incapable of receiving that which he hath promised, and surely perform.'¹ And again, our Saviour commanded his Apostles to "go and baptize *all* nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." We also find that whole households were baptized. In the 15th verse of the xvth chapter of the Acts, it is said, "And when she was baptized, and her *household*." Again, in the 12th verse of the same chapter, "And he took him in the same hour of the night, and washed his stripes, and was baptized, he and *all* his, next day." Now it is very unlikely that these households were without children. Again, read in the 14th verse of the xviith chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, thus: "These were your children unclean, but now they are holy." And to *make holy* was a common expression among the Jews for baptizing. Besides all this evidence, we have the testimony of the ecclesiastical writers of the next succeeding ages of the apostles.

¹ Wheatly on Common Prayer.

‘Justin Martyn, who lived forty years after St. John distinctly affirms baptism is in the room of circumcision.’ Ireneus, nearly forty years subsequent, alludes to infants as ‘by Christ born unto God.’ Origin, fifty years later speaks of infant baptism as a known and undoubted practice. But Tertullian, who is placed about one hundred years after St. John, dissuades from early baptism (thus admitting the custom of it) until the age of reason, provided there be no apprehension of death. Augustin lived three hundred years after St. John, and he says, ‘that he never heard of any Christians who taught any other doctrine than that infants are to be baptized.’ And Gregory Nazianzen stated, ‘that if infants are out of all danger of dying, his own opinion is, that they should be baptized when about three years old.’¹ Thus, you perceive, that we can trace infant baptism as customary under the old dispensation, at the time of our Saviour, and likewise regularly from that epoch until the present day.’

‘But do we not read,’ asked Lady Smith,

¹ Hey’s Lectures, Vol. iv. p. 279.

‘of many adults having been baptized in the time of the Apostles?’

‘Certainly,’ replied the Doctor, ‘but that fact cannot in the least affect my argument. Adults were baptized, and are so now, when the ceremony has been omitted, while they were children. But what we maintain is, that infant baptism is not repugnant to scripture. What a privilege and valuable blessing it is, that God has provided a way in which children born in sin can be reconciled to him, and be made members of Christ, and inheritors of his kingdom.’

‘But, wherefore,’ asked Lady Smith, ‘should we depart from the original custom of complete immersion, and thus nullify the meaning of the word baptise?’

‘We do not,’ replied the doctor, ‘refuse complete immersion whenever the party expresses a wish for it. But we consider the sprinkling to answer the same end. I will grant you that the word baptism implies both dipping and effusion, but baptism is only an external rite, representing an internal and spiritual action, and the divine grace is not

measured by the quantity of water used in the administration of it.'

'But by what authority,' said Lady Smith, 'has the church discontinued what appears to have been the original practice?'

'We have good reason,' replied the Doctor, 'for omitting complete immersion. Great danger to the child might immediately accrue from it, owing to our country being so much colder than the one in which dipping was originally practised. Looking back to original customs, there can be no doubt but that the primitive Christians received baptism by complete immersion, but we find the Jews were indifferent about the matter. And it is not to be supposed when any of them were baptized in haste, that water happened to be close at hand for immersion. When the jailor and his family were baptized by St. Paul, the same hour of the night that they were converted, we have every reason to conclude that the ceremony was performed by effusion only. We also read of prisoners being baptized; now it is very unlikely that there could have been water sufficient in their prisons for per-

forming a religious duty, where the common necessities of life were scarcely provided. Again, when the three thousand persons were converted on the day of Pentecost, it is not to be supposed that they all received baptism by immersion ; and we may reasonably infer, that water was brought into the apartment when Cornelius was baptised. But independent of all this, my Lady, the church is ready to dip the child, when it can well endure it, consequently, when the minister is prepared to perform the ceremony in the manner which the party shall deem obligatory, it is not just that any caviller should urge the not dipping and immersion as a plea for not having their children baptized at all.'

' I must allow,' replied Lady Smith, ' that that objection is entirely removed, if the priests be ready and willing to perform the ceremony whatever way the party should direct, but I cannot conceive what influence the application of the water without, can have upon the child within. From many causes, a grown-up person may be affected, and on that account principally, I am desirous to defer the baptism of my children.'

‘We are taught,’ said the Doctor, ‘in our catechism, that baptism is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and why should not, I ask, spiritual grace descend inwardly to a child, as well as to an adult? Why may not the death unto sin, and the new birth unto righteousness, be sown in the heart of the infant, that they may grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.’

‘But then,’ interrupted Lady Smith, ‘it is required of persons who are baptized, to repent, and to have faith in the promises of God; how can any infant repent, seeing that it has not the faculty of reason.’

‘In that case,’ replied the Doctor, ‘sureties, or what are commonly called godfathers and godmothers, are provided to promise for the child, that when he comes of age, he will perform all those things in his own person, which they have promised for him.

‘Then great must be the responsibility,’ said Lady Smith, ‘of these sureties, if, upon them depends the conduct of the child up to a certain age.’

‘Doubtless,’ continued the Rector, ‘the responsibility is great, but not so great as to exclude the necessity of proper persons coming forward for the occasion, for I consider that if the godfathers and godmothers have every reason to be satisfied that the natural parents are well disposed to perform their duty, they may safely leave it to their discretion; but if any doubt be entertained as to neglect on their parts, the child’s natural guardians, with respect to the spiritual state of his soul, it becomes imperative upon sponsors to interpose.’

‘I cannot,’ said Lady Smith, ‘but coincide in what you have advanced, and as we are upon the subject I should wish to know, if you hold that every child that is baptised goes to heaven, should he die before he becomes responsible for his own actions?’

‘We believe him,’ answered the Rector, ‘to be regenerated or born again, or reconciled to God, and made meet to partake of his grace. We may therefore justly conclude, that God will receive him, should he die when an infant, into his eternal mansions; but if he

live until reason and conscience have dawned within, and religious instruction, which he is capable of comprehending, has been imparted to him, he undoubtedly becomes responsible for the sins which he commits, and no less than a more aged person has need to recover his faith, and to repent before he can be restored to God's favour, and to the privilege of salvation, through the atonement of Jesus Christ.'

'Then do you believe,' again asked Lady Smith, 'that every child who is not baptised, is excluded from heaven?'

'By no means,' replied the Doctor, 'we know that 'God's mercy is from everlasting to everlasting,' and upon that we humbly and charitably rely. I do not apprehend in the instance of the omission of baptism, that the sin of the parent will be visited upon the child.' But there remains another strong argument I have to urge in favour of Infant Baptism. Every one must allow, that children at their birth are affected with original sin, this is believed by almost every sect, whatever extravagant notions they may entertain with regard to other dogmas. In order then to

counteract the effects of the sin in which a child is born, baptism would appear indispensable. That, as the water without, cleanses the child in the first instance from the defilements of the womb, so when we are admitted into the church, we are baptized (whereby the Holy Ghost cleanses us from the pollutions of our sins, and renews us unto God) and become, so to speak, spiritual infants, entering into a new life and state of being, which before we had not. And besides, we should be satisfied, that there is no express command in Scripture to forbid infants being baptized, which there would have been had it not been God's will to have them brought to the font. And it can never be otherwise than a sublime spectacle, to bring a child contaminated with the effects of original sin, into the presence of the great Jehovah, to invoke his blessings upon it, to beseech him mercifully to look upon it, and sanctify it with the Holy Ghost, so that it may be admitted, after being delivered from the impending wrath of God, into the ark of Christ's Church.

‘Then, Doctor,’ inquired Lady Smith, ‘do

you consider that all the effects of original sin are washed away by baptism.

‘ We hold, my Lady,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ that the effects of original sin are so far done away, that at the time of baptism the child is regenerated, or born again, and made meet to partake of grace from on high, so that by being reconciled to God, his wrath is removed, and the child placed in that situation wherein he *may*, (although not necessarily *will*), be saved. But notwithstanding the privilege to which the child is admitted, the original stain, the old hankering after evil, and the liability of falling into temptation, still cling to his human nature, so that it requires the assistance of God’s Holy Spirit, to enable him to work out his own salvation.

After what I have adduced, my Lady, I trust I shall have your two eldest daughters at the ensuing confirmation; they are quite old enough for themselves to understand the nature of baptism, and I hope before long to have the gratifying task of performing it. I doubt not, my lady, but your good sense will excuse the observation I am going to make; in fact the

situation I hold in this parish authorizes my taking that liberty. Provide first your children with spiritual food, and all things which have a minor import shall be added thereunto.'

Upon saying this the Rector rose to depart, and was much pleased to find from Lady Smith's manner that the result of his visit was likely to terminate as could be wished.

Being very nearly the time for the funeral, the Doctor proceeded towards the church, and in the distance he observed the melancholy procession drawing near. He hastened to meet it, and pronounced with an audible voice the sentences which commence the burial service. The most profound attention was apparent, and though there was an assembly of more than five hundred people, exclusive of children, the greatest silence prevailed, and the utmost decorum was observed. After they had taken their respective seats in the church, and the appointed psalm had been read, came the most impressive of all chapters, that is always read upon similar occasions. Many a tear fell from the faces of the congregation; some were affected by the remembrance of their having

attended the funerals of their lately deceased relatives; others by the consciousness that the service must soon be read over them; and others again, by a natural sympathy with the melancholy mourners around them, and the gloom which always prevails at such scenes. But many were most sensibly touched by the service itself, and the solemn manner in which it was performed. Dr. Truman always made a point of taking the greatest pains to give the occasional services their due effect, aware that many attended them who never entered a church for the purpose of hearing a sermon. He considered that by an impressive delivery of the service, he might tempt them to hear his preaching, and avoid a shock to the feelings of those who came for the purpose of burying their relatives. During the ceremony, he noticed a young man apart from the congregation, who seemed much more affected than even the mourners themselves. He sat in a pew by himself, and at times his sobs were so loud as to excite the attention of those around him. When the procession moved with solemn step towards the grave, the same person was

seen in the crowd making his way toward the coffin, as if to take another and last look at the shroud, which held the remains of one who had been the dearest to his heart. When they were on the verge of the grave, the same individual was remarked resting over a tombstone, and shedding those tears of sorrow and regret, which only flow under distressing and trying circumstances. On the conclusion of the service, Dr. Truman returned to the vestry, and was followed by a person, who came to give the correct name of the deceased, and to see that it was properly registered. When this was finished, the stranger turned to Dr. Truman and said, ' I have witnessed many funerals, but I cannot remember having attended one which produced such an effect upon my mind, as that awful ceremony we have just solemnized with our tears. I cannot do otherwise than express my approbation of the whole ritual observance. The service itself—the manner in which it was performed—the silence and decorum that prevailed, must have struck the most careless observer. Before to-day, I always considered the service appointed by

the Church of England to be read over the dead, to be *mummary*, but I must acknowledge this day, I have been staggered. I know not why I should trouble you with this avowal ; I may be detaining you, from some other occupation of more moment.'

' Not so, sir,' replied the Rector, ' I assure you, I am only happy to find that the service has had so good an effect. And if there be any thing in it which you find hard to reconcile, I shall be most willing to talk to you upon the subject.'

' I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir,' answered the stranger, ' this is indeed more than I had any right to expect, however, I will venture to propose one question. Does not the church express a *certainty* that all, over whom the service is read will, indiscriminately go to heaven, when she says '*in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life?*' and again, when she prays that '*we may rest in him, as our hope is, this our brother doth.*' '

' The church,' replied the Rector, ' does not express any certainty whatever of all those ascending to heaven who have her service read

over them—far from it; she entertains a charitable hope, but nothing more; she means not to express a sure and certain hope that the body committed to the earth shall arise and enter heaven without being judged—she only expresses a certainty of the resurrection. And with respect to the sentence, ‘*in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.*’ it is not thence to be inferred that every person over whom the service is read shall have eternal life, else the church would be guilty of holding doctrines contrary to scripture. But if you go through the sentence, ‘In sure and certain hope of the resurrection (not *a* resurrection, observe, but *the* resurrection) *through* our Lord Jesus Christ,’ the meaning plainly is, that all those who have had faith in our Lord Jesus Christ may entertain a certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. That this is the correct construction, we may conclude from the sentence, which immediately follows: “I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead *which die in the Lord,*”—not all the dead, but only those who die in the Lord.’

‘ There appears another objection,’ said the stranger, ‘ that the church, in opposition to the most eminent reformers, still continues to pray for the dead, a practice which has been found so lucrative to the Roman Catholic Church; for in her funeral service she undoubtedly prays that we, together with all those that are departed in the true faith of God’s holy name, may have ‘ our perfect consummation and bliss in eternal and everlasting glory.’ ’

‘ Well,’ said the rector immediately, ‘ this is agreeable to the practice of the Christian church in the earliest times, and surely there can be no impiety in the expression of such sentiments (no where forbidden in the word of God.) It may tend to exalt and purify the hearts of the living, even if the benefit thence arising to the dead be questionable. And if we are commanded by our Lord, to pray that God’s kingdom may come, why should we not pray that the consummation here referred to, may take place? But whatever the effect of this prayer may be, yet do we by it, manifest *that* charity, which we owe to all those who are fellow-servants with us in Christ.’

‘ But are we not left to infer,’ again demanded the stranger, ‘ from the prayer itself, that all those who have it read over them *will* have their perfect consummation and bliss ? ’

‘ No ! ’ replied the Doctor, ‘ We do not, nor can we ensure that the dead, in consequence of the prayer being uttered, *will* have their *perfect consummation and bliss*, but that they *may* have it, that *we with them and they with us*, may be made perfect together, both in body and soul, in God’s eternal kingdom.’

‘ But if the soul after its separation from the body,’ objected the stranger, ‘ goes to bliss or to misery, why need we pray for that which is irrevocable ? ’

‘ A soul,’ replied the Rector, ‘ may be in joy and felicity, but not in such a degree that it cannot be enhanced, and therefore we beseech God that he will vouchsafe it *a full and perfect consummation of bliss both in body and soul*, you mark me, both in body and soul, *in his eternal kingdom of glory*. So that you perceive we pray not only that the soul, but that the soul, together with the body, may be happy ; and why should we not pray for that,

seeing that it will not take place till some future day, so that our prayers are not necessarily in vain, were they only for that purpose.'

'I am perfectly satisfied,' returned the stranger, 'with your explanation, and I shall ever consider myself fortunate in having embraced this opportunity of opening my heart upon the subject; should any further doubts suggest themselves, I am sure I may rely upon your kindness and ability to remove them.'

'At any time,' replied the Rector, 'should you find the clouds of unbelief darken the walk of your soul, you may reckon upon my best counsel and assistance, to pierce, and scatter, and dissolve them, till not a single rack be left to obscure the face of heaven.'

The stranger hereupon made his obeisance, and having left the vestry, the Doctor shortly returned to the rectory, where he joined his family at dinner, and afterwards engaged in the usual occupations and amusements which employed their time during the evening. While he was thus fulfilling the recommendation of Horace, *decipere in loco*, a loud knock at the door, followed by a hasty ring of the

bell, startled their attention. The Doctor apprehended something had happened which required immediate assistance, and he did not err. Dr. Truman was requested to attend the bed-side of an aged gentleman, residing in the town, who, to all appearance, lay at the point of death. The worthy Rector obeyed the summons immediately. On entering the house he was met, we cannot say welcomed, by an aged female, who, bathed in tears, and wringing her hands, seemed to be enduring the greatest possible distress. Near her were two other females, considerably younger, participating in her misery.

And well at that moment might the excess of their grief overwhelm them. There lay the husband and the father writhing in convulsions at the horrible death which impended. On that bed, at the threshold of eternity, whereon '*shadows, clouds, and darkness rest,*' lay extended the hardened sinner, whose almost lifeless trunk seemed to invite the outrage of the worm. There might be discerned, in all their horrors, the workings of a guilty conscience, the gnawings of the worm that dieth not,—there might be heard the deep-drawn

groan, uprising from the heaving breast; there the appalled spectator might perceive haggardness sitting scowling upon the forehead, and recognize the remorse and inward bitterness which were lodged in the furrows of an emaciated and indented countenance. And what did these lineaments betoken? a mind haunted by the horror of a deeply-seared conscience, startled every instant by the involuntary and sudden recollection of deeds basely perpetrated, and crimes foully and cruelly committed. The actions, the thoughts, the omissions and commissions of a life, uprose in all their portentous significance before his imagination, and in the visions of the night, by the alchemy of a distempered conscience, the wretched criminal would live anew the hours long since elapsed, hours replete with horror, and pregnant with remorse. Deeds, which might make the blood curdle but to think of, would the dying man, despite himself, be forced to re-enact. All this and more, and worse, were depicted in the countenance of the stricken dreamer. Most gladly would that aged sinner have compounded for annihilation; most gladly

would he have eased his mind, appeased his apprehension, and applied the assuasive opiate to his conscience, that he was only the child of the dust, and brother of the worm. But no, all endeavours to delude himself were of no avail. Already the dread presentiment of the last day was made manifest to his distracted sight; already he apprehended the appearing before the bar of God, “to give an account of the deeds done in the body.”

As soon as the Rector was introduced to the bed-side of this wretched object, and the glared eye of the dying man rested on the minister of Jesus Christ, he stretched his hand to that which appeared to offer the semblance of hope, as a wrecked and exhausted mariner will snatch at the slightest piece of floating timber, to save him from the gaping waves.

‘Ah, Sir,’ he exclaimed, ‘behold a sinner, the greatest of sinners.’

‘For whom,’ instantly rejoined the Rector, ‘the Saviour lived and died. But what is your complaint? What does the doctor say to you?’

‘Ah, Sir, my complaint lies far beyond the aid of medicine, or skill of surgery, to heal.’

‘ But still,’ replied the Rector, with an impressive voice, ‘ not beyond God’s.’

‘ I have,’ resumed the sick man, ‘ such a load of sin, such a body of guilt, that my burden is more than I can bear. There is not a crime with which I have not been familiar, nor sin under heaven, in which I have not been a partaker. And what has it all come to? What,’ reiterated the wretched sufferer, in an access of mental agony, ‘ has it all come to? Oh, Sir, I am suffering most acutely.’

‘ God grant,’ replied the Rector, ‘ that you may only suffer in this world. Your case is dangerous, but not hopeless.’

Here the eyes of the sick man lighted up, as they met those of the Rector, and an anxious hope evidently flickered in his bosom, which seemed to inspire him with a little confidence.

‘ Do you repose trust in your Saviour?’ asked the Rector.

‘ None,’ replied the old man, ‘ I know nothing of him, and why should he bear me in remembrance. And yet, oh my God, at this my hour of dissolution, I feel from the bottom

of my soul, that I am in want of him, but the thought comes too late, I am lost—lost.

‘You must know your Bible,’ interrogated the Rector.

At this, his whole frame heaved beneath the impulse of the spirit within, which seemed struggling for release; he shook, and his contortions might suggest the idea of some strong *athletes* contending in his bosom; it was as it were, the contest of life and death for mastery. What did these denotements signify? The extreme agony of conscience!

Mr. Soams, for this was his name, had been the author of many wicked, blasphemous publications, which not only denied the Saviour, but even, so to speak, crucified him anew in every possible way. His knowledge of the Bible he had converted into a suicidal sword with which to cut himself off, as he drew his last convulsive breath, from every anticipation of happiness. He had himself conjured up that dark curtain which shrouded the horizon of futurity.

When he had in some measure recovered from the sudden shock produced by the inquiry of the Rector, he made answer—

‘ I am well acquainted with my Bible.’

‘ Therein,’ said the Rector, ‘ you find the words of eternal life. I will read you a few passages, and see if we cannot thence derive some little comfort, which will, I trust, relieve and give you rest.’ The worthy man then read part of the 15th chapter of St. Luke, which contained the history of the prodigal son, who after having wandered far and wide, at length returned, and was welcomed with open arms by a merciful Father. When the Rector had finished reading as far as suited his purpose, he closed the book, and begged the sick man to inform him, whether he could not discern aught there applicable to his situation.

‘ No,’ returned the other, ‘ I dare not even hope for so great a mercy, I am a sinner, and only that terrible truth I know and feel.’

‘ Such ever,’ returned the Rector, ‘ must be the initiation of true repentance, it is the first round on the ladder, it is the stepping-stone to holiness.’

‘ Alas !’ cried the sick man, ‘ how can I be holy, seeing that I am at the point of death.’

‘ You may not,’ answered the Rector, ‘ sur-

vive to be practically holy, nevertheless upon confessing your guilt before God, and praying him to assist you, and to pour down his holy Spirit to enable you to put your trust in the Saviour, you may yet set your soul free from the clinging interests of time, and depart a sincere and contrite Christian into eternity. Remember, king David committed the greatest sins against God, but upon reflection he was struck with remorse and repented of his iniquity, and God graciously accepted his repentance, because he was sincere. St. Peter also, after denying his Lord and Master, went out and wept bitterly, and God was pleased at his tears, and he became a true and devout disciple of his Master. Look again how the Saviour pardoned the thief upon the cross at the last hour, a man stained with every crime, and the greatest of sinners; but he trusted in Christ, he believed in the divinity of the crucified; and our Lord assured him that he should be with him that day in Paradise. But let us recur to what I have just read to you. Put yourself in the situation of a man, who has wandered far and wide from his father's house, that is from

the house of God, for God is meant as the parent represented in the parable. According to your own confession you have sinned against your father, and are no more worthy to be called his son ; arise then and go to him, and say unto him, that you are a sinner, that you are unworthy of his notice, but pray unto him graciously to look upon you, and to have mercy upon you, for his dear son's sake, and then see if he do not, like the Father in the parable, receive his returning son with open arms, forgiving him all that he has done amiss, and, should he live, granting him grace whereby to withstand the temptations and snares of a wicked world. Remember what is impossible with man is not so with God. Remember that "the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost ; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." "If we take the yoke of Christ upon us, we shall find rest unto our souls ; for his yoke is easy, and his burden light." "God hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace ; which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and

stedfast." "God who is rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus?" The Lord will strengthen the believer upon the bed of languishing, he will make all his bed in his sickness." "The Lord is plenteous and rich in mercy; the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." "The mercy of the Lord is everlasting; and his compassions fail not." "The Lord is long-suffering, full of compassion, slow to anger, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

When the Rector had pronounced these texts, he perceived that the old man appeared calmer; so much so, that he had every reason to hope that a considerable change for the

better had taken place. He then affectionately took him by the hand, and asked whether he would like to join with him in prayer, to which application the sick man immediately assented. Hereupon the Rector drew a prayer book from his pocket, and offered up to God one or two of those prayers, which appeared to him most applicable. Then taking the sick man again by the hand, he promised that he would come and see him the following day ; the poor fellow returned the grasp as well as his weakness permitted him, and then burst, in the attempt to say something, in a large flood of tears. When the Rector was satisfied that nothing serious was likely to happen, he left him, after having again promised to repeat his visit.

Dr. Truman, as may be supposed, was greatly affected at what he had just witnessed, nevertheless he was truly gratified to find that he had been the humble instrument in the hands of God, of conveying balm to the bosom of one, who stood in such absolute need of consolation. Such scenes as that which we have detailed above, were of no uncommon

occurrence with the Rector ; often was he called upon by the expiring sinner to impart instant peace, and lull the conscience to serenity ; often did the awakened sinner appeal to him in the time of danger, as if he possessed powers of miraculous efficacy to ensure salvation to the benighted soul ; to this task he was of course incompetent, but he seldom failed to inspire the departing spirit with that consolation and hope, which is only to be sought, and can only be derived, from the gospel of Jesus Christ. At no time was he more strongly impressed with the advantage inseparable from leading a life of holiness, (which expression includes the performance of all things required to make our calling and election sure,) than in the trying moments of the soul and body's separation ; then was the time which told the tale of sorrow and remorse, or of joy and satisfaction.

When Dr. Truman was making his way back to the Rectory, revolving in his mind what had just taken place, his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a person in the church-yard ; it was not dark, for

the moon had just arisen, so that there was sufficient light to convince the Rector that he was not mistaken. Through the church-yard there ran a path which led to the main street, from a very long back lane, which the Doctor had just traversed. As the person whom the Rector descried, loitered remote from the path in question, he concluded that he could not be after any good. The Rector further inferred, that he might be disinterring the corpse which he had buried that day, and therefore he directed his steps towards the individual, with all possible haste. As he approached, he could distinctly catch deep groans and sighs, as if some one was in distress ; whereupon he quickened his pace, until having come within a few yards of the object, he hailed him. ‘ Who are you ? ’ he demanded, ‘ and what are you doing at this late hour ? ’ There was no answer, and as the individual accosted seemed to be gliding away, with a view to conceal himself among the tomb-stones, the Doctor straitway went up to him, and pressed the same questions upon him. It was only at the repeated instances of the worthy Rector, that the unknown made answer.

‘ I am the keeper of the murdered, consequently the child of sorrow ; if you wish to do a fellow-mortal service in this sad hour,’—then abruptly breaking off, he ran wildly to the grave where the young female had been buried, and began to tear up the earth with his hands, as if what he had said had reminded him of all his woe, and made him for the time completely insane.

‘ Tell me,’ he presently exclaimed, ‘ I conjure you, tell me, can this dead body live ? and pause ere you speak, for on your answer depends my future happiness—happiness, alas ! I fear it is too far from me.’

‘ My dear Sir,’ said the Rector, ‘ compose yourself. Let us, at once, retire from this solitary spot. The very being here is sufficient to render you unhappy.’

Hereupon the Rector, with an admirable mixture of force and persuasion, took the young man, and led him, half by force and half by entreaty, from the church-yard. By this time, having a little composed himself, he said, ‘ I perceive, Sir, that you are the clergyman who performed the service upon this late

melancholy occasion. Only satisfy my mind, will that beautiful piece of earth, yet safe from the outrage of the tomb, be ever reanimated. Tell me, can that fine and exquisite frame, which you have this day consigned to the last receptacle of mouldering mortality—can it rise? Can the vital spark ever again resume its ashes? The misery in which you found me has arisen entirely from a disbelief of the resurrection. Oh, could I once persuade myself of the truth of that doctrine, I should, I am sure, be more reconciled to my privation.

‘Do you doubt the possibility of it,’ asked the Rector.

‘I do, I do,’ answered the young man, ‘and therefore the certainty.’

Here again the unknown gave himself up to the most poignant grief, and such was his paroxysm, that it required the nicest management of the Rector to recompose him. Being moonlight, the Doctor proposed a walk, in hopes of administering that consolation which he considered himself able to bestow, and of which the young man stood so much in need. He embraced the Doctor’s proposition with

apparent delight, and proceeded to accompany him on his way.

‘If,’ said the Rector as they walked along, ‘the proving the certainty of the resurrection would be any ease to your mind,—which I can readily believe,—I have no hesitation in saying, that I can do it satisfactorily, provided you are open to conviction, but if stubborn prejudice, and what is harder’—Here the youthful stranger interposed—‘I am ready to grasp at any thing like hope. I know not how, but I have imbibed the horrible idea of there being no resurrection after this brief and feverish life, and you will scarcely wonder that of all men I am the most miserable.’

‘But how came you,’ inquired the Rector, half upbraiding, but in a most soothing tone of voice, ‘how came you to allow yourself to doubt the truth of the resurrection, seeing that it is so explicitly laid down in Scripture, as a part of our faith. You must admit that our rising again involves no impossibility, for it is God who raises, unto whom every thing is possible, otherwise he would not be what we all admit him to be, all-powerful; and if God

could make man in the first instance out of the dust of the earth, a fact wherein the curious sceptic finds no loophole for a doubt, it calls for no uncommon faith to suppose that he can, with like ease, recombine his human elements out of decomposition itself. If he can make the warm summer to necessarily succeed the cold winter, and the cold winter to rise out of the warm summer ; if he can make the clear day the natural sequence of the dark night, and the day to decline again into darkness ; if he can set the glorious luminary to rule by day, and the moon in her lucid softness to rule by night ; if he can put a bound to the mighty ocean, and hold “the winds in his fists,” if he can create a world and *all that it inherits*, and every inanimate and animate thing therein, out of nothing, can we be at any loss to conceive the *possibility* that our bodies, the clay that we carry about with us, after being confined and lowered and scattered peradventure to unknown lands, in separate particles, shall be again collected and remoulded into what they once were,—forms of matter, instinct with vitality and volition. Surely in this you can descry no

impossibility, nor indeed is there any improbability : for if the soul be immortal, the body was created to be a companion for the soul, and it follows that it must rise after death, and fulfil the ultimate object of its Creator. Again, if there be rewards in the next world, it follows that the body must revive, in order to receive its recompense, since in this state of being none is awarded. Our bodies, being capable of good and evil, are consequently amenable to reward and punishment ; we have to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, therefore it would seem indispensable that the body should arise ; but I take it, no stronger proof, exclusive of the unimpeachable testimony of holy writ, can be brought home to a man's mind, of the certainty of a resurrection, than that which his own conscience supplies ;—the disagreeable feeling excited by the committal of a bad action, induces a dread more or less strong, that that action must hereafter be judged. Again, from the course of material and immaterial things, wherever they are known to us, we are left to infer the probability of a resurrection. All analogy is in favour

of it. The animal and the vegetable worlds are in everlasting correspondence. A regenerative principle is carrying on for ever, which makes vegetation support life, and life administer back again to vegetation, extracting from the sepulchral womb of earth its sterile quality, and out of the very corruption of vitality presenting the seeds of renovation, perpetually revivifying the system of creation, and reproducing, from materials continually overworn, the countless generations of mortality. Death itself propagates to succession; in the words of Massillon, '*Les morts et les vivants se succedent et se remplacent continuellement.*' The seed which is buried in the ground, and which in time actually decays, will afterwards, through the very precipitation of mortality, spring up and become alive. The day is buried in night, and gradually rises into morning—the winter is buried in spring, and out of the spring rises the summer—the plants and flowers revive, and grow, and bloom; the buds rise out of the stalk, and from the buds the leaves; and, in short, the whole face of nature presents a continual resurrection, NOT NEW

THINGS UPON IT, BUT NEW THINGS RISING OUT OF THE DECOMPOSITION OF THE OLD. And can we imagine that God will raise all these things to newness of life, and not raise man? Will he restore all things to man, and not man to himself? The case can admit of no *improbability*, and certainly no *impossibility*, and therefore we may conclude that it is absolutely *certain*. But let me turn your attention to several passages in the Old and in the New Testament. Daniel tells us, that “many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.” The words of Job are very expressive: “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.” And if we turn to the New Testament, we shall find many revelations of a resurrection. Our Saviour tells us, that when we make a feast, we should call the poor, and that for so doing, we “shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.” See how Christ refuted the

Sadducees, and confirmed the doctrine of a resurrection. “As touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.” This argument silenced the Sadducees, and astonished the multitude. And St. Paul thus argues, in that most beautiful chapter which you heard read to-day. “If the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised, and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.” And thus does he go on, in the most moving strains of sacred eloquence, not only to shew *the possibility*, but *the certainty* of the resurrection. And whilst upon this subject, I must not forget to remind you, that under the law three persons were actually raised from the dead; and we have three to equal them under the gospel. In the Old Testament, we find that God heard the voice of Elijah for the dead

child of the widow of Sarepta, “ and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived.” We also read of Elisha raising the child of the Shunamite from death. Again, when they were burying a dead man “ they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha, and when the dead man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood on his feet.” In the New Testament we read, that when the daughter of Jairus was dead, Christ said unto her, “ ‘ Talitha cumi,’ damsel arise, and her spirit came again, and straightway the damsel arose.” Again, when he drew nigh to the gate of Nain, there was a dead man carried out, and he came nigh and touched the bier, and said, “ Young man, I say unto thee arise, and he that was dead, sat up, and began to speak.” Again, when Lazarus had been dead four days, Jesus cried with a loud voice, “ ‘ Lazarus, come forth,’ and he that was dead came forth.”

But whatever presumption, almost amounting to certainty, the above instances afford of a resurrection, they contain neither the only nor the greatest scriptural proof of that stupen-

dous truth. Christ the Saviour died, and Christ the Saviour rose, he emerged from the dark tomb, spoiled death of his sceptre, and carried the keys of his prison-house in triumph to heaven. His resurrection is an earnest of our own. He has assured us that "because he lives, we shall live also." He is the *head*, believers are his *members*, and therefore shall have communion with him in his life. But we have yet another Scriptural proof of the resurrection. We are told that at the time of our Lord's death, many of the saints arose and appeared unto many. Oh, how great must have been the awe and amazement of the spectators, when they saw the graves open, and bodies emerge from them. Here, perhaps, was to be seen the venerable figure of some aged patriarch, or the antique visage of some antediluvian, gradually lighting up into existence, and throwing off the folds and wrappings of the embalmer. Here, perhaps, was recognized the beloved form of some cherished child or parent, whose hallowed earth was still moist with the tears of the unhappy mourners. Those who were alive in

those days, and saw the grave deprived of its sting, and the prison-doors fly open, and the long-slumbering captives set free, must have been inspired with an awe and dread, feelings which could not fail to shortly subside in holy reverence and obedience to the great God of the universe. Oh, Sir, be sure that the resurrection of the body is infallibly *certain*, and that all the graves shall give up the dead that are contained in them. The scattered particles shall be collected, and again formed into shape and symmetry. The bones shall come together, the sinews knit, and the flesh and the skin shall cover them. The body shall revivify, doubtless it shall breathe and live. Yes, the object of your affections, whom you have committed to so cold a bed, and upon whom you have poured down so many tears of regret, shall put on life again, the clay-cold skin shall be warm, the rigid limb move, the dormant pulse beat, the pallid lip quiver, the tongue grow vocal, the livid cheek welcome the tint of health, the fallen jaw, the pinched nostrils, the fixed staring eye, shall all be once more animated. In all and each, the

functions of life shall be renewed. Those who breathed before, and those who passed their pilgrimage on earth after the flood, shall at the same time arise, at the blow of the last trump, “for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. Marvel not then at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.” ’

While the Doctor, with the utmost earnestness was endeavouring to demonstrate the certainty of the resurrection, the young man seemed to hang upon every syllable with the most anxious attention, though at times he could not prevent his inward emotion from breaking out into audible distress.

The arguments of the Doctor had produced their natural effect upon his conviction, and he felt almost persuaded to believe in the life to come. But alas ! errors of opinion, early imbibed, adapted to and falling in with peculiar modes of thought, and rooted by the obli-

quities of education, are not to be eradicated on the sudden. They are in their very nature chronic, and require, not merely an effort of the will, but devout study, and above all, earnest supplication to the throne of grace, for their correction.

The unknown having expressed his heartfelt thanks for the Doctor's extreme kindness to a stranger, intimated his desire to be left to the indulgence of his reflections. 'But before we part,' said the Rector, 'I should wish to learn the cause of this great anguish of mind. I presume that your affections were set upon this young female, and that you have been deprived of her, no doubt for some good purpose, at a time when you least apprehended, and when you could least bear, the infliction; but the same being who took her from you at this sad hour, can, and will, at your intreaty, through the merits of his Son, vouchsafe you other blessings.'

'The being,' answered the young man, with emotion, 'who deprived me of Matilda, and Matilda of life, was a villain who can ill bestow aught in compensation for his guilty crimes; he—he was a murderer.'

‘What!’ exclaimed the Rector with astonishment, ‘Has the tabernacle of life been broken into by foul means? Have I, in ignorance, been interring some innocent victim of the crimes of man? Pray, Sir, relieve my mind from this state of incertitude, by explaining the whole of this mysterious affair.’

‘No, Reverend Sir,’ responded the young man, ‘it is not permitted me to resolve your doubt upon the subject. The villainy of the individual to whom I have been betrayed into allusion, is too great. I will not offend your ears by the details. He is indeed a murderer, who hath already immolated many, and will yet destroy more.’

‘Since, Sir,’ returned the Rector with determined mien, ‘you have already revealed so much, it becomes imperative upon me to call upon you to make a disclosure of the whole transaction. This I require of you before we part to night, else—’

‘Nay, say not so,’ interrupted the young man, ‘to utter the name of that moral assassin would madden me, the very thoughts of him call up the anguish yet flying about my soul. Be content,—that at some future time—’

‘ This moment,’ interposed the Rector, ‘ or I shall consider it my duty—’ Here the young man again went off into a paroxysm of grief, and it gave the Doctor the greatest possible difficulty to recover him. However, after some time, having become more composed, the Doctor renewed his instances, and in the most solemn manner urged him to clear up the fearful mystery his late language imported. It was not until after great remonstrance and persuasion, that the unknown consented.’

‘ Matilda Armstrong,’ he began, ‘ was the daughter of a rich merchant, brought up in the enjoyment of most luxuries, and exulting in the possession of every blessing which this life could afford. She was accomplished, mild, and amiable, besides these, she, alas ! was distinguished by uncommon beauty and loveliness, the symmetry of parts was conspicuous in every lineament, and in the adaptation of every limb. She was a perfect model of her sex. Every thing that was charming in grace, simple in elegance, and alluring in loveliness, was marked in the person of Matilda. But for none of these did I esteem her, I had loved

her long before these perishable features of humanity had developed their fatal fascinations. Having known her from a child, I can speak correctly concerning her qualifications; in early years we were accustomed to play together; our toys and pastimes, pursuits and recreations were in common. We insensibly imbibed almost the same ideas, and from the opinion of the one, it was upon all occasions easy to anticipate the opinion of the other. Our parents having observed this, concluded that no two persons were more fit for each other's society than ourselves, and therefore it was settled between them, that when the time came, in which I was in a situation to marry, we were to be united in the holy estate of wedlock. This engagement was ratified and confirmed by the mutual confession of our own hearts; the day fixed upon for our union arrived, every thing was prepared, but, alas! in the meantime, a monster in human form took clandestine means to snatch from me my only hope. He falsely represented to her that I was leading a dissolute life. He instilled the insidious lie into her ear. He imputed to me faults and

follies, of which I was altogether innocent, nay, scrupled not to charge me with crimes of which my nature is incapable. The tempter too was rich, and expended his money as a bait to his victim, and in the purchase of every thing that he deemed likely to turn her affection from me upon himself. Alas ! with too credulous an ear did she listen to his entreaties, until at length in an evil hour, the deluded girl consented to his proposals.

‘ I was no more thought of—the sight of me to Matilda, which before called up all the holy passions of the soul, was distressing, and if I chanced to speak, the voice which erst was music to her ears, became grating and disagreeable. In vain I implored a hearing, in vain did I endeavour my utmost, to satisfy the mind of Matilda that I was wrongfully accused, she shunned my remonstrances, and laughed to scorn my explanations.

Often would I recal to her mind the many happy hours we had passed together when life was dawning to our hopes ; often advert to scenes which had happened, and excursions which we had taken, when the opening affec-

tions of our young hearts were fixed upon each other. Often did I remind her that it was the last fond wish of her dying parents, for our hands, with our hearts in them, to be united, but all to no purpose ; at the detail of these things a silent tear would trickle down her beautiful cheek, and when I fancied that I was gaining ground upon her faith and her affections, she would thrust me away with all the cruelty imaginable, and liken me to the once innocent lamb wandering from the homely hearth amongst stray sheep, without a fold or a shepherd to keep them from destruction. How could innocence endure such taunts as these ? I found it hard to restrain myself from inflicting punishment upon my traducer, but reason and judgment alike arrested the arm of vengeance. Oh ! had I yielded to my inclination, that sweet flower which has been cut off, would have been saved in its beauty, and that wretch from a crime which must be registered in heaven. To make short, sir, for my feelings overpower me, the villain under the promise of marriage, abducted her from her guardian's house, and after seducing her from the path

of virtue, abandoned the victim of his sensuality to the scoffs and further snares of her fellow-creatures, deserted her with no apparent resource, save to wander for the short remainder of her career, in infamy and disgrace. But her mind became not debased to her condition, something of its original purity yet remained, and she spurned the thought of persisting in the sin to which she had been betrayed. Though cast from society, branded with a moral excommunication, and shunned by all for having sacrificed her virtue to the base passions of an unprincipled villain; she, with the trifling independence which remained to her, secluded herself from the public gaze, and lived almost in obscurity; but the barbed dart had struck home, the grief was too poignant for her mind to bear up against; she not only mourned the sin which she had committed, but my misery—a misery which she herself had entailed upon me, weighed heavy on her soul. Her regrets and melancholy retrospection affected her peace of mind, and eclipsed that sunshine of the breast so essential for our happiness, until at last the sincerity of her

repentance and remorse was evidenced in an untimely death. She felt that the only charm that could hide her guilt, and cover her shame, and wring the bosom of her seducer, was—TO DIE. The heart of Matilda broke, she had not sufficient strength to bear up against her difficulties, and at last, when we had every reason to suppose that time would have brought her to her former state of contentment, she sank into the grave. We depended upon time, but time brought death, together with the misery in which you found me.'

During this mournful narrative, the Doctor was greatly affected, both on account of the young man, and the undefined dread that crept across him, that notwithstanding all his care, his foster child might be destined to the same unhappy fate.

'And who,' asked the Doctor, 'was the person who deprived you of your happiness?'

'Who! the very name sits ill upon my lips, and my tongue would falter in my jaws were I to attempt to tell it, ask it not, spare me the pain which it would give me, were I to disclose it.'

‘It is absolutely requisite that you inform me,’ said the Doctor.

‘If that be so,’ answered the young man, ‘Harry Seymour was the villain.’

‘Harry Seymour!’ ejaculated the Rector, ‘Harry Seymour! I had a strong presentiment that he was the culprit. Oh! what an omission in our criminal code, that there is no law to punish such delinquents. There is no crime more injurious to society, no sin (if there be a difference in sin) more heinous than the seduction of an innocent female. To lead virtue astray and play upon the charms of innocence are crimes which the laws of our country do not recognize. And the seducer is admitted into what is called genteel society. Man does not sacrifice his honour by his iniquity, nor is he unfortunately amenable to punishment, but if ever punishment was due to any crime, it is to that of seduction. It is cowardice, it is villany—cowardice to take advantage of woman’s weakness—and villany to reduce innocence to misery. Oh! sir, I thank you most cordially for having made this disclosure. And God grant that what I have

said to you this evening may have its desired effect.'

The young man appeared much more reconciled after having unburdened his mind, and the Doctor exhorted him not to place his affections on the perishable things of this life, but to fix his heart in higher regions, for "where your treasure is," concluded he, "there will your heart be also."

Just as he had thus finished, a third person came up, who proved to be a friend of the young man's, to whom the Doctor narrated every thing, and after having committed him to his care, he returned to his family, who had been waiting his arrival for some time.

The next morning, the Rector, according to his promise, went to repeat his visit to the sick person whom he had the night before attended. He found him considerably better than when he had first seen him, but still there remained a weight upon his conscience, which rendered him far from being happy. Upon the Doctor asking him how he found himself, he said, 'Thank God, I am much easier in my mind, but I fear I shall never recover that

quiet composure of which I stand at this time so much in need. The sin which I have committed has extended itself to many, and, in all probability will entail its deadly virus on future generations. As I told you before, I am the author of many blasphemous publications, which have been received by the world as delicious morsels: in them I have denied the Saviour; I have stirred men up to open rebellion; I have represented the scriptures as being false; in short, I have proved myself a traitor, ay! even to the inward conviction of my own bosom. Look then at the consequences, at the extent of my sin, it is not only an individual transgression, not merely confined to myself, but extends to others far beyond my reach to retrieve, far beyond my power to recover.

‘ Let us,’ said the Rector, ‘ pray and trust that God will not suffer the poison which you have sent abroad to take effect. And should you be spared to leave this bed, which God grant you may, let your first work be, to publicly renounce your former writings; by these means you will at least neutralize

their effect, you will show the world that what you produced was the result of a depraved and wicked disposition, and came forth under the influence of an evil spirit. Do this at once, and use fervent prayer to God that he will continue you in your present mind, and uphold you in your resolution, and I doubt not but you will soon receive the benefit.'

'But, oh! I have to reflect,' answered the sick man, 'that many have gone down to the grave whose minds have been poisoned by my productions, their guilt I have upon my own head.'

'Let us hope otherwise,' answered the Rector, 'if the sin which you have committed be great, which doubtless it is, remember that Christ is both able and willing to take it upon himself, and will do so, if you, with a sincere and penitent heart, humbly confess your sins before him, and resolve to lead a new life with a lively faith in his atoning merits.'

'He is a merciful Saviour,' replied the sick man, 'I have already felt the effects of his love.'

‘ What service, then,’ asked the Rector, can you render unto him which he will be pleased to accept ? ’

‘ What service,’ demanded the sick man, can a vile sinner like myself hope to render unto the Lord.’

‘ Is there no command,’ again asked the Rector, ‘ which he gave to his followers at his last dying hour, “ *Do this,*” said he, “ *in remembrance of me.*” ’

‘ Oh ! sir,’ exclaimed the awakened invalid, ‘ how can I, a sinner, an outcast, a vagabond upon the face of the earth, just before I enter my grave, eat and drink my own damnation. Let me not heap coals on that fire which is burning so furiously within, and consuming my very soul.’

‘ I mean not at present,’ answered the Doctor ‘ that you should receive the holy sacrament, but in the course of a day or two, during which time I trust you will examine yourself to see whether you repent truly of your former sins, whether you have resolved to lead henceforward a holy and religious life, whether you have a lively faith in Jesus Christ, and whether

you have gratitude for what he purchased for you when he died upon the cross. For if you do these things sincerely, then may you draw near with faith, and take the holy sacrament to your comfort, then may you spiritually eat the flesh of Christ and drink his blood, then will you dwell in Christ, and Christ in you : and so far from eating and drinking your own damnation, you will receive that inestimable benefit, which will give comfort and health to your soul.'

' I never,' replied the sick man, ' have yet received the sacrament, because I was mindful of that eternal damnation denounced on such as receive it unworthily.'

' For that simple reason then,' said the Rector, ' you should now take it. You need not fear eternal damnation in consequence of performing this good work. The damnation to which you allude meant nothing more, at the time the Bible was translated, than condemnation, and had no reference to eternal torments. The original word occurs frequently in the New Testament, and means simply condemnation ; so that literally, if we eat and drink un-

worthily, we purchase to ourselves condemnation, and therefore, of course, render ourselves obnoxious to punishment.

St. Paul does not refer to eternal damnation; as in the following verse, he says, “*For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep.*” And it is very evident that the compilers of our Liturgy did not intend to apply the word damnation from what follows: “*We kindle God’s wrath against us; we provoke him to plague us with divers diseases, and sundry kinds of death.*” Again, when St. Paul pronounced this denunciation, he expressly addressed himself to the Corinthians, who had been guilty of great abuses in the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. They came to the communion, not to commemorate the death of our Lord, but as to a convivial feast, where they indulged their appetites to excess, and therefore did St. Paul tell them, that they ate and drank their own damnation. But there is no danger of your coming in that spirit, and therefore you cannot even be liable to the punishment; and to be on the safe side, if you duly prepare yourself, you will reap

every advantage which that sacrament can bestow. In fact, it is a duty incumbent upon you ; it is a command, which our Saviour gave just before his death. And if, let me ask you, if the sincerest friend you have should die, and beg of you to perform something which you could do without the least inconvenience, would you not readily do it ? How much more then is it incumbent upon you to obey the last injunction of your master, from whom you have acknowledged to have lately derived some comfort ? Do you think that the sufferings to which the Saviour of the world submitted for your sake, deserve no remembrance ? Can you hope for salvation, or secure to yourself peace, even in this world, unless you obey his commands ? But I wish you not to receive it, solely in obedience to his will, but out of love and gratitude to him who has purchased for you and all, salvation upon so easy conditions. “ *Whosoever*” said he, “ *eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life.*” I do not in the least wish to persuade you to receive the Sacrament unworthily, but I have seen sufficient change in you to authorize me

to urge you to prepare for it. You have shown visible signs of repentance, go on in the good work begun ; repent in every sense of the word, and with a lively faith in Jesus Christ, you will have remission of sins.'

' My dear Sir,' said the sick man, ' your encouragements are very consolatory, I feel the comfort of them inwardly, and I hope through the blessing of God, to be ready the next time you come.'

' I am,' replied the Doctor, ' very happy to hear you say so, now I will offer up, with your permission, a prayer to Almighty God for his mercies, and for a continuance of them, and that he may give you such a measure of his grace, as to enable you to receive the Sacrament worthily, and to reap benefit therefrom.' Here the Doctor knelt down and prayed, in which act of devotion the sick man seemed sincerely to join. When he had finished, he marked several chapters in the Bible, which he wished the sick man to read, and left with him a book upon the subject, with a promise to see him on the morrow, in the hopes of administering the Holy Sacrament.

Besides the many duties Dr. Truman had to perform, he was surrogate to the district ; and on his return home he found a party waiting to obtain a licence for marriage. The person who required the license was an old man, who had come there upon two former occasions for the same purpose, and who had but very lately buried his last wife. Upon the Doctor expressing some surprise, he said, ‘ I hope indeed this will be the last time I shall require your services, either for the purpose of granting me a licence, or for solemnizing the ceremony, for I trust that soon, marriages will be performed in a very different way.’

‘ Do you not,’ asked the Doctor, ‘ approve of our service ?’

‘ No,’ answered the old man, ‘ I consider marriage to be rather a civil contract than a religious obligation ; at least I should wish all sects to be married in their own way, and according to their own forms.’

‘ What,’ exclaimed the Doctor, ‘ marriage a civil contract, which was instituted by God himself, long before any civil officers existed ! That ceremony which Jesus Christ honoured

with his presence when he performed the first miracle in Cana of Galilee, when the “*modest water saw its God and blushed!*” that ceremony a civil contract! That ceremony a civil contract in which man and woman are joined together so firmly that death alone can separate them! That a civil contract which is of so sacred a nature that St. Paul has represented it as being typical of the “union between Christ and his church!” Oh! no, Sir, never. Never yet amongst the rudest nations has marriage been performed without some religious service, and among the Christians especially, from the very first age of the church, those who have been married have been always joined together in a solemn manner by an ecclesiastical person. And it is declared to be no less than prostituting one’s daughter to give her in marriage, without the blessings of the priest. And as for your wish for all sects to be married in their own way, and according to their own forms, do not, I pray you, expose us to innumerable clandestine marriages, which would be the result, if by any mischance your wish were to be gratified. The minister of

every sect would claim his right to marry according to his own form, so that in time, there would be no stated rule, and we should be at a loss to know who were, and who were not, living in the holy estate of wedlock. Order would become disorder, and society and rational intercourse, from being a blessing, would become the greatest curse upon earth.'

'Oh! but Sir,' interrupted the old man, 'these things are going to be altered by the state, and it will provide against the dangers to which you allude.'

'The State,' answered the Doctor, 'has a right to alter and change laws, as it seems meet, and it is not for me, out of the spirit of opposition, to offer any thing against what it may judge best; no doubt it is guided by principle, and its desire is to do good. But if it assume the popular cry, as an authority to disturb our sacred ceremonies, instead of deferring all things to the word of God, then it would be better for the State, without speaking disrespectfully of any of its members, to dissolve itself till it had learnt to regulate its actions by the Bible, which cannot err. It is for those who hold the reins of government to

be cautious how they handle the sacred things of God ; it is for them to consider that they are not handling temporal affairs, but spiritual, and that upon them, in a great measure, will the prosperity of our land depend. But I wish not to enter politically with you on the subject ; if there be any dissatisfaction in the performance of the ceremony in our church, modelled upon that of the early Christians, who received it from the Apostles themselves ; if the praises and prayers which are offered up there, in the most solemn and sacred manner, be repugnant to the feelings of any party, or if the ceremony itself be considered to be of so trifling a nature as to admit of no religious obligation, then it behoves those who disapprove of our mode of procedure, to form a better plan for the celebration of this holy estate, and to let us alone, who are not only satisfied, but consider the ceremony as performed in our church, the most imposing, the most binding, and the most sacred that God ever instituted.'

Upon saying this the Doctor prepared the license, and after the usual proceedings were over, the old man left the Rectory, without venturing another word upon the subject.

MORNING CALLS.

MORNING CALLS.

It was Dr. Truman's custom to employ several hours every day in visiting, not only the poor, but also the rich in his parish. And it was his invariable rule to make no distinction as to those who had separated themselves from his church ; he considered that they were all his parishioners, consequently entitled to his ministration. Whenever those whom he considered churchmen stayed from church for more than two Sundays, he made a point of at once ascertaining the cause ; by these means he was enabled to know who were unwell in his parish, and who were actuated by other motives for forsaking their calling. He had two or three upon his list of this description ; the first whom he waited upon was a Mr. Revel,

who had not been seen with his family at church for the two preceding Sundays. Mr. Revel was a man of a very unstable disposition, but had been considered by the Rector to be a sound and conscientious churchman. His wife, too, was one of those ladies who in their conduct are rather led by fashion and novelty than influenced by duty, and of course the children were imbibing the same principles. It was about one o'clock when the Doctor knocked at their door; he was informed by their footman that his master and mistress were at breakfast, notwithstanding which he thought they would be happy to see him. Dr. Truman conceived that his presence, and at that time, might be of service, if it only had the effect of shaming them for keeping such late hours; but no, these people were not so easily to be ashamed. On his entering the breakfast room he perceived Mr. Revel seated in a large easy chair with a loose gown carelessly put on, after the Turkish fashion, his feet or rather his toes were enclosed in a pair of yellow slippers, and his eyes fixed upon the Morning paper, his mind being apparently absorbed

with the debates, or more likely the announcement of amusements advertized to take place that day. Mrs. Revel sat by his side in a dress which appeared more suitable for a *robe de chambre*, than one for receiving visitors; her feet too, like her husband's, were luxuriating in a large pair of carpet slippers, edged with white fur, and her fingers were covered with beautiful rings, the stones from which shed a glowing lustre as she moved her hand, which she made a point of doing oftener than was requisite. Her daughters and son were seated around the table, more or less conspicuously attired, and altogether a more rakish-looking party was never before seen by the Rector. Upon his apologizing for thus intruding at their breakfast hour, and signifying his regret that he should have taken them so by surprise, they assured him that he was a most welcome guest, and that they were truly happy to see him, for it is a charity, subjoined Mrs. Revel, for any one to call at this hour, early as it is, to relieve us from mornings which are at this time of the year so dull and *ennuiyant*.'

‘Allow me,’ said Miss Revel, ‘to offer you some breakfast, Doctor.’

‘Breakfast, my dear!’ iterated the Doctor, ‘I have breakfasted four hours ago, and have since then been marrying, granting licenses, and visiting the sick without number.’

‘Ah!’ said Mrs. Revel, ‘yours must be an irksome life, a monotonous routine of the same disagreeables, without any novelty to excite, or any pleasure to gratify.’

‘Pardon me, Madam,’ replied the Doctor, ‘the pleasure I derive from my office is of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of being otherwise than happy; there are, as you observe, *disagremens*, but these are so out-balanced by pleasures, that in point of fact I don’t feel the disadvantages to which you allude. And with respect to novelty, my duties involve a series of excitements, but were it otherwise, the opposition which the conscientious clergyman encounters in their performance, is sufficient to excite and increase his energy and zeal. Were the novelty not quite so great and incessant, would people not so readily change their good old habits for new

ones, nor be such slaves to that lady called *Fashion*, I think we should be enabled the better to succeed in keeping our parishioners from wandering from the right road, into one which leads to destruction and ruin.'

'But only to mention,' rejoined Mrs. Revel, 'the visiting of the sick, I am sure that must be an ungrateful office, and one that can yield no satisfaction.'

'Again,' replied the Doctor, 'pardon me. That great ingratitude exists among the poor, as oftentimes among those who should know and act better, cannot be denied; but we look not for gratitude from their hands, so not expecting it, we meet with no disappointment; we look for payment from a higher source, and if, from our consciences we feel that we are doing the work, and fulfilling the wish of God, we have obtained our end. And it can never be less than a great thing to proclaim the glad tidings, to administer consolation at the time when the soul most requires it, and to be able, with God's help, to turn the house of mourning into one of joy. I may say with the greatest confidence, that the minister of Jesus

Christ is very often an instrument, in the hands of Deity, to save souls from destruction, which would have been their inevitable lot, had they not used the means provided by the gospel for their conversion ; and feeling this, it is sufficient to buoy the mind up under every disagreeable and adverse circumstance, and to sustain it under every pressure. And so far from yielding no satisfaction, it produces the greatest, inspiring the mind with that inward peace and content, which enable us to perform our duty with cheerfulness and alacrity.'

' Considering it,' replied Mrs. Revel, ' in that light, it removes entirely the unpleasantness, and renders it rather an agreeable pastime, than a work of irksomeness ; but I must confess, my daughters and self soon got tired of visiting the poor, whom we found to be so ungrateful.'

' Despite their apparent ingratitude,' rejoined the Doctor, ' the same good might be effected, and the same gratification obtained, provided the same perseverance was used, and the same determination to conquer any rebuffs

which might be made on their parts ; but if you once set out with a view, and in the hopes of having your kindness returned to you, or perhaps of witnessing the manifestation of grateful hearts, in the place of those things which the poor cannot return, . . in lieu of making all other motives subordinate, to that of contributing to the glory and honour of God, you open yourself to disappointment, and consequently disgust. Observe, moreover, that it requires a little discrimination on our parts to distinguish between what is and what is not meant for gratitude, for what might seem to some to indicate that feeling, may be considered in a very different light by more experienced observers. Again, is it not a very hard case, in consequence of the many, who (the more to be pitied,) know no better, evincing ingratitude, that the more deserving should be utterly forsaken ?

‘ But,’ observed Mrs. Revel, ‘ is it consistent with common sense, to make no acknowledgment of kind offices done unto us ? Why even amongst the brute race, especially with those animals which are domesticated, there

may be discerned evident symptoms of gratitude for acts of kindness. Let me feed or caress my dog, and I immediately elicit manifestations of thankfulness; nay, it is the same with my cat, and I see no reason to join in sentiment with Buffon, who supposes *the feline tribe more actuated by self-interest, than any other species of animals.*

‘Excuse my interrupting you, Madam,’ returned the Doctor, ‘but supposing these signs you speak of were not observable, would you in consequence expose your cat or dog to starvation? I am sure otherwise; but how can you contemplate dealing more hardly with your fellow-creatures, your co-heirs of immortality, than with the beasts than perish? But in point of fact, it is a duty incumbent upon us, not to limit our charity to supplying the poor with pecuniary aid, but to advise, instruct, sympathise, condole, and share those mental possessions which God in his goodness hath bestowed upon us. “*From him unto whom much is given, much will be required;*” and if we fail or fall short in evincing our gratitude

to our creator,—and mere prayer be it remembered, is adoration—not service; how can we complain of ingratitude on the part of our fellow-creatures? Only by assisting one another do we become a part of creation, and auxiliary members of God's system, and the most considerable and lasting benefit in our power to confer, is the inculcation of the momentous truths of the gospel. Thereby too, we pursue our proper avocation, and acquire a genuine, serene and solid satisfaction. Oh, never heed ingratitude, trust me, “*Charity never faileth,*” and the height of charity is to prevail upon the mistaken pauper, the poacher, and the outcast, at once the starvelings and the Arabs of civilized society, to cut the cables and snap the chains which tie them to an unfaithful shore, and enter the friendly port that shoots its moles, and mounds, and banks, far out into the main, to receive and shelter them. There is no period of his life, in which the thoughts of man incline more naturally to his creator, than when his pride is broken down, and his heart affected by the tender offices of his fellow-creatures; and we never acquire so complete

a mastery over the passions of others, and can at no time so perfectly mould them to our purpose, as after having evinced an abandonment of self in their behalf; after having relieved their wants, sympathized with their distress, and '*forgiven them their trespasses against us.*' By this Christian policy, "*we heap coals of fire upon the heads of our enemies,*" and the ore of the most stubborn must melt. We touch the heart; we reach the affections of the reprobate and the lost, which, through the seasonable application of the divine word, we might turn to the best account, to the downfall of the reign of Satan, and the accomplishment of the kingdom of God.'

The eloquent divine paused. A flush was on his cheek, and a faint smile played about his lips, probably at the idea of his having suffered his feelings to carry him so far away.

'Ah, Doctor,' returned Mrs. Revel, 'you always contrive to have the best of the argument. It is impossible to cope with you, when you warm into such oratory.'

'I trust, Madam,' rejoined the Doctor, 'I

may continue to have, provided I am on the right side of the question, but not unless.'

During this conversation, Mr. Revel sat in perfect silence, although he appeared to be listening with the greatest attention. The Doctor, nevertheless, perceiving a shade of dissent upon his countenance, presently inquired what he thought upon the subject?

'Upon my word, sir,' replied Mr. Revel, 'I must admit what you have advanced may be very just and veritable, but really people in our station of life cannot be expected to pass their days in ministering to the necessities of the poor. There are so many things which demand our attention, that we have no opportunity of doing what, abstractedly considered, I must acknowledge to be our duty.'

'Why, Doctor,' interrupted Mrs. Revel, 'if I were only to enumerate the host of visitors which we are necessitated to receive daily, to say nothing of parties and other engagements, you would readily excuse us from the task, which you seem anxious to impose upon us.'

‘ My dear madam,’ answered the Doctor, ‘ I am far from being desirous to impose any task upon you, contrary to your own sense of duty, but I must candidly tell you that I think some portion of the twenty-four hours in each day, should be set apart for charitable offices, and more important obligations than ‘ fandango, ball, and rout.’ ’

‘ Our doing so,’ observed Mr. Revel, ‘ would be found so to interfere with our amusements, that we should be obliged either to devote our whole time to the one or the other. And as for giving up our society, our friends, and our parties, I cannot suppose that you would require such a sacrifice, at all events, it is quite out of the question.’

‘ Quite out of the question,’ reiterated Mrs. Revel.

‘ You greatly mistake me,’ resumed the Doctor, ‘ I would not wish you to lay aside any of those customs from which you imagine you derive so much pleasure, unless they interfered with the duty which you owe to your poorer brethren. I am sure you will excuse me speaking plainly, but suppose you were to

attend one party less in a week, and devote the time which that would occupy, to visiting the poor, or in performing objects of charity, I will venture to engage, that you would find it not in the least diminish your pleasure, but rather enhance it.'

'Do you, in short,' asked Mrs. Revel, 'recommend a separation from the world, a kind of seclusion, and the leading a monkish life. Is that the miserable existence you insist upon, and deem so indispensable?'

'Very far from it,' responded the good Doctor, with a smile. 'Let me not be suspected of desiring to abridge the pleasures and enjoyments of life, on the contrary, I am a great advocate for all kinds of innocent and rational amusements, and I candidly tell you, could hardly pass my days without them. *Desipere in loco*, (I ask pardon Mrs. Revel) has ever been my motto. Society well selected is absolutely necessary for the health of the mind, and is a great relief after the more arduous fatigues, but if that society unfits us for our duties, then it becomes injurious and dangerous. So far am I from being an enemy to

rational recreations, that I recommend to every body such sports as inspire mirth and hilarity, and promote health, by steeling the constitution with pleasing labour, being persuaded, moreover, that enjoyed in moderation, they greatly tend to make us more assiduous in the important affairs of life.'

'Enjoyed in moderation,' repeated Mrs. Revel, 'that is such a relative expression, who shall draw the nice line of demarcation? besides, what definition do you put upon rational amusements?'

'That must entirely,' answered the Doctor, 'depend upon the taste of the party; what constitutes an amusement to some, being an object of disgust to others; I for my part reap the greatest satisfaction when I am doing the most good; but, generally speaking, I consider those amusements to be rational, which afford us relief from the more sedentary occupations of life, and which are in themselves harmless, both with respect to others and ourselves; but whenever they tend in any way to absorb our whole attention and time, or fatigue us to such a degree as to incapacitate us for the necessary

occupations of life, it would seem, to my mind at least, a strange perversion of language, to term them rational. *Mais les ondes aient les retours* ; and it invariably happens that those persons who entirely give themselves up to strenuous idleness, who waste their strength therein, in a very short space of time find the pleasures of this life, *ennuyant* and difficult to prosecute. Lavish of lustrums, they may blink the obligations with which their life is overlaid, they may, for awhile, in their hey-day of folly, scatter their thoughts abroad whilst their fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself,—they may dissipate their days in pursuing like the swallow, the inconstant summer of delight and beauty, which invests the visible scene—they may scour over the boundless expanse of that variegated heath, whose horizon always flies before them ; it is only for awhile, even on this side of eternity, the gay glory of time will depart. The votaries of dissipation at last retire from the scene, either in utter disgust, or a determination to follow their exacting delights no longer. Hence whatever amusements engross the attention,

however innocent, abstractedly considered, they may appear, to the exclusion of other important duties which we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, are injurious, since they not only render the body incapable of benevolent exertion, but endanger those celestial rewards to which an immortal soul should necessarily aspire.'

'That is all very true,' replied Mr. Revel, 'but I should like to know what are those amusements you will allow to be rational and innocent.'

'That,' answered the Rector, 'must entirely depend, as I have already had occasion to remark, upon the taste, as also upon the age and station in life of the individual. Dancing is rational for young people, but scarcely so for you or me. The sports of the field may by some be considered rational, but it would be quite inconsistent with my situation to join in them : and so with every other amusement.'

'I am glad, at all events,' interrupted Mr. Revel, 'to find that you approve of hunting, shooting, and other such manly exercises.'

'I approve,' answered the Rector, 'of all manly and athletic sports where they are inno-

cent. They tend to invigorate and harden the constitution ; they supersede in the mind the desire for sedentary and destructive games of chance ; they serve as an antidote to the insalubrious effects of confinement within doors ; above all, they conduce materially to the production of a vigorous and healthy offspring. They are an excellent preparation for the military exercises, and render men fit to become defenders of their country. The sage Plato himself, as we are informed by Diogenes Laertius, was accustomed to frequent the public spectacles, and even to wrestle on the public theatre. But with respect to the particular exercise which you have adduced, it is cruel to the animals which are employed for the sport, as well as to the thing hunted, not to mention the risk of limb and life to which the huntsman is himself obnoxious.'

'Wherein consists the cruelty,' asked Mr. Revel.

'It can,' answered the Doctor, 'be regarded as nothing else than cruelty, to put both horses and dogs beyond their strength. Nay, it is cowardly also to urge beyond his powers,

à force de baton, by goading tortures of whip and spur, the most generous of all animals, whose peculiar characteristic is willingness even unto death ; who never stops to expostulate, and who ought in this case, peculiarly, to be a sharer in our joys, rather than the victim of our barbarous madness. Is it not cruelty to torture out the life of a gallant steed, which had struggled to the last sob of expiring nature to serve you ? They, as well as ourselves, have *feelings*, and therefore are affected more or less by exertion and fatigue. I will add further, they have *rights*, and the *jus animalium* ought to form a part of the jurisprudence of every system, founded on the principle of justice and humanity. And with respect to the thing hunted ;—Alas ! what crime hath the timid hare committed, or the deer which weeps, that they are made to undergo the horrid punishment of being harassed by mortal affrights, and tortured, torn, and mangled to death by piecemeal ? I know from the analogy of instinct in the hound, it will here be said, we are following nature ; but it is brute nature, uninformed, and unillumined by reason,

which is the soul, and ought to be the director of nature. It is surely enough that these innocents forfeit their lives to pamper our appetites, and nourish our bodies. The gun and the knife afford them a speedy and unexpected exit, and they are entitled to the privilege of an undisturbed life, and an easy death, by every law of reason and humanity.

‘ Hunting the fox, which is a beast of prey, greedy of blood, a robber prowling about, seeking what creature he may devour, is not liable to a single one of the preceding objections, nor indeed to any one in a moral view, with which I am acquainted.

‘ He is a fair object of sport who sports with the feelings of all other creatures subjected to his powers ; and a fierce and pugnacious animal can experience none of those horrors, either in his pursuit or capture, which must inevitably agonize the feelings of the timid. The proper line of discrimination therefore lies (*ita videtur*) between the chase of fierce and predaceous animals, and that of such as are of a timid and harmless, or domestic nature ; the former is a natural and rational pursuit, a

legitimate sport, and worthy of kings and heroes; the latter a mean and contemptible exercise of cruelty, which a blind and unreflecting obedience to custom alone, can cause to be productive of pleasure to generous minds.'

'But surely,' objected Mr. Revel, 'the services between man and beast were intended to be reciprocal; and the greater part of the latter can by no other means requite human labor and care, than by the forfeiture of life. Besides, were it not permitted to hunt animals down, it is evident that the country would be overrun with them, the consequent injury would be immense, not to remark that in numberless cases, it becomes an act of mercy to take their lives.'

'That,' answered the Doctor, 'is a very old excuse, but it does not sanction the superfluous infliction of misery; there are various other ways of destroying these animals without putting them to so much pain and distress.'

'But, Doctor,' interrupted Mr. Revel, 'I have yet an argument on my side, the force of which you can hardly evade. If God considered the pleasures of the chase to be, as you

assert, cruel and cowardly, why did he provide so many things, as if for the express object. Why does he give us such gallant coursers, and so many sagacious hounds, gifting the one with fleetness of foot, and endowing the other with strong and unerring scent.'

'That may,' answered the Doctor, 'seem an argument in your favour, but we should remember that it is our place not to misuse God's gifts, and that in things indifferent, criminality exists only in the abuse, in which also lies the punishment. Though he has given fleetness to the horse and to the dog, it does not follow that we are to misdirect those attributes to the furtherance of cruelty. God hath endowed man with strength, but it is not meant that he should exert it upon every occasion to the destruction of those things which are weak, and require his protection. God hath blessed him with faculties, but he is not to abuse them, by applying them to wrong purposes, or to the detriment of any living thing. Again, to reason from analogy, the cutler makes an instrument with every capacity for destruction, but who would infer that

therefore it is to be taken up by man, and used to the sacrifice of the lives of human beings.'

'But we read,' rejoined Mr. Revel, 'of many persons in Scripture, who were termed hunters, in those days.'

'It follows not,' answered the Doctor, 'that they acted right, for there were many who did evil in the sight of the Lord, so that that argument has no force. Besides, these huntsmen may have taken means to destroy the animals, after which they were in search, by killing them suddenly, without putting them to the sense of a lingering death, or the worst pains of apprehension, and in that case there could be no cruelty imputed, since God undoubtedly intended most animals which are hunted for our use.'

'And I presume,' observed Mrs. Revel, interrogatively, 'that you would condemn shooting upon the same principle?'

'By no means,' answered the doctor, 'shooting is assuredly a rational amusement, and does not imply the same cruelty which is used in hunting, as the lives of the birds are *instantly* taken, without any lingering pain;

so that if the partaking of this recreation be compatible with our duty, it may be pronounced innocent.'

'May I venture, as a question more germane to my feelings, to inquire in what light you regard balls, dinners and card-parties?'—demanded Miss Revel.

'I can only,' replied the doctor, 'make the same answer in respect to these as to other amusements, that if they do not interfere with our duties, and be not carried to excess, they are perfectly harmless simply considered, and void of crime and aggression, consequently, I apprehend, they may be enjoyed without partaking of sin. And with respect to cards, I hold they are injurious because they tend to gambling; if a party can sit down as to chess, and be content to play without any stake, or so small an one, as to make the gain or loss of no consequence, then that to a certain extent alters the case; but I think, as a general rule, the passing away hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no higher conversation than what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of

black or red spots, ranged together in different figures, should as much as possible be abstained from. And let me add, that not an amusement has been mentioned, which I would allow to take place on a Saturday, because they unfit us for the sublime imperative duties of the morrow.'

'Ah! doctor,' said Mrs. Revel, 'there is no eluding the force of your last observation. We have, I must confess, been absent from church the two last Sundays, in consequence of having been over-fatigued with the dissipation of the preceding nights; and it does not require much consideration to discern that these things are wrong.'

'I am glad to hear you allow so much,' said the doctor, 'since the confession of a fault is said to be half its cure; and I sincerely trust your conduct, in this regard, may go to prove the truth of the observation. You perceive that I am not one of those who would put restrictions upon rational and innocent sports and recreations of one kind or other, whenever they do not interfere with our duty, or render us incapable of performing it. They are often

necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour. And I consider the best rule by which to regulate our actions, where Scripture is silent, to be that of conscience, which generally will tell us what is right and what is wrong. And if we be guided by it, we shall, in nine cases out of ten, be upon the safe side. And with respect to general conduct, I am not one of those who would put on such a serious demeanour, and such a Pharisaical preciseness, as to induce people to think that I wish to be considered better than they; nor would I prohibit those innocent amusements and social intercourses which God himself intended, as a relief to our more arduous duties and cares; nevertheless, in every thing taste, situation, and age must be consulted. All recreations are not equally becoming to all persons, and at all times. What might be well enough for the young, and individuals loose upon the world, would want something of propriety in the elderly, and such as hold a responsible station in society. I am inclined to think, however, if we zealously and conscientiously perform our respective duties

as Christians towards God, our neighbours, and ourselves, there can be no great harm in the indulgence of that which is rational, and not displeasing in the eyes of God, provided in all our actions we aim at extending the glory and love of the Almighty, rather than the avoidance of punishment, or to preserve our station in society ; because the motive makes a vast difference in the performance of moral duties. We may keep from stealing, not because we are inclined to obey a command of God, but for fear of punishment, and the same with respect to our self-controul in other particulars ; so that an act to be really good,—to be worthy of commendation, should spring from a right motive, and have a proper end in view ; indeed, unless this be the case, our actions, however they may appear praiseworthy, are far from being so.’

‘ Well, doctor,’ replied Mr. Revel, I cannot demur to the sense or truth of what you have been saying, and though I cannot exactly engage to set aside occupations, from which I derive so much satisfaction, I will at least promise, that they shall not henceforward so far

interfere with our duty, as ever again to keep us from Sabbath worship.'

'I am happy,' replied the doctor, 'to hear you say thus much, and I hope shortly to learn, that so far from this determination having restricted your pleasure, that it will be found to have heightened it considerably.'

Dr. Truman thereupon took his departure, and paid his next visit to an individual of a very different character. Upon his entering the room of the gentleman we allude to, he found him seated on an easy chair, having an immense bible displayed before him, with whose page he seemed intently occupied, poring over the large type through a pair of spectacles, which, from their appearance, might have been the property of some long-buried ancestor. At length he broke the strangely protracted silence by requesting the Rector to be seated, and expressed his gratification at seeing him. Now our host, who rejoiced in the name of Clinch, was a person who was wont to receive those who did not exactly agree with him in sentiments, with a cool kind of welcome, and such, at first, was the reception

which the Doctor met with. To describe this old gentleman minutely, would indeed be difficult, nevertheless, with the reader's indulgence we shall attempt it. His usual habiliments were of the olden time; viz. a round cut coat composed of claret cloth, with an antique waistcoat, cut square, and descending very low in front; pockets prodigally embroidered of course; appended thereunto were cuisses or breeches of velveteen, whose knees glistened with golden buckles. His shoes, which came high over the instep, were adorned with massive clasps. He had on his head a fanciful cap trimmed with fur, surmounted by a huge tassel, which hung from the centre. Mr. Clinch had not been accustomed to attend church regularly, and for this cause the greater was the worthy Doctor's surprise, upon inquiry, to find him in such good health.'

'The reason,' said Mr. Clinch, after the interchange of a few customary observations, 'you have not seen me at church lately, perhaps never will again, is not because of my having been indisposed, to which probably you attributed my absence, but because I have

taken a disinclination to your service. It appears to me dry and dull, reading the same prayers every Sunday; I met with nothing touching to the soul, no heavenly comfort; and as for your sermons, there is nothing animating in them; and so far from their inspiring one to holiness, I positively might as well get my daughter to read aloud one of Blair's or Paley's at home to me.'

'These are sad complaints,' responded the Rector, 'whence comes this sudden change; there was a time, and that not long since, when you admired our service, and I think I may say our sermons at least, if I might judge from the great attention you appeared to pay to them.'

'Through the recommendation of an intimate friend of mine,' rejoined Mr. Clinch, 'I went one Sunday to hear a most popular man in this neighbourhood. A more clever preacher I never gave ear unto, and truly edified I was in consequence; and then I could perceive nothing in the shape of a book, to suggest his language and disenchant his congregation, but all he uttered sprang naturally from his heart.'

Ah, sir, I have derived indeed a deal of comfort from his doctrine. He is a pious man.'

'Well, Mr. Clinch,' said the Rector, 'it is not for me to insinuate aught against the person to whom I presume you allude, because I know nothing of him, except by report; but I must be allowed to disapprove of his system of extempore effusions.'

'Why so?' asked Mr. Clinch, 'I was aware that the system did not meet with your approval, although I could never imagine upon what grounds. It appears to me, that a person who performs the duty extempore possesses such an advantage over him who prays and preaches from a book.'

'There we are at issue,' answered the Doctor, 'And first, I would have you consider what a risk he runs of introducing false doctrine and heresy into the worship of God, who prays and lectures extempore; his liability to wander in his orisons; the chance of his omitting some important petition—the incomprehensible language he may use—the terms which, in the inconsideration and impulse of the instant, he may wrongly apply; all these

possibilities go to prove the disadvantage of extemporary effusions.'

'These accidents,' said Mr. Clinch, 'may happen to the ignorant and inexperienced preacher, but hardly to those who are previously well versed with their subject, besides I recollect no rule in scripture to keep us to pre-composed forms.'

'Again,' replied the Doctor, 'I must crave your pardon. The Jews used pre-composed forms. Let me turn your attention to the xvth chapter of Exodus and the first verse, there we read, "*Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*" Now the children of Israel could not have sung *together*, had not what they sang been pre-composed. Again, in the expiation of a certain murder, the elders of the city which is next to the slain, are expressly commanded to say a form of prayer, pre-composed by God himself. (Deut. xxi. 8.) "*Be merciful, O Lord, unto thy people of Israel, whom thou hast redeemed,*

and lay not innocent blood unto thy people of Israel's charge." And, in other places of Scripture, we meet with several forms prescribed by God. If we turn to 1 Chron. xxiii. 30, we shall find that David appointed the "*Levites to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.*" This rule was observed in both temples. Again, the whole book of the Psalms contains forms of prayer, or of thanksgiving, or of penitential confession, as appears from the Psalms themselves, as well as from other parts of Scripture. It is clear then, upon Scriptural evidence, that set forms of prayer were usual among the Jews; and when our Saviour came upon earth, he joined in with the pre-composed forms of prayer. Had he not done so, the Jews would soon have upbraided him for despising prayer. Our Saviour's command is very express upon this point—" *When ye pray,*" said he, "*say after this manner, Our Father,*" &c. Hence, our Saviour actually himself composed a prayer, and commanded his disciples to use it, and we further know that his disciples did use it. Therefore we may con-

clude that praying in a pre-composed form was conformable to established custom before our Saviour's time, during his pilgrimage upon earth, and afterwards ; for it is very clear that both the Jews and the primitive Christians were accustomed to a set form. But independent of these Scriptural proofs, our own reason should instruct us how superior the one is to the other.'

'I am very sorry,' said Mr. Clinch, 'to disagree with you, but I must confess that I disapprove *in toto* of set forms of prayer. That it was the ancient custom of the Jews and primitive Christians to use them, I am not prepared to gainsay, but I do deny that it is advisable to persist in the practice. Men in our days require novelty, i. e. they must have their ears tickled, before an impression can be made upon their hearts.'

'The object of prayer,' replied the doctor, 'is not to tickle men's ears, but to thank God through Jesus Christ for the blessings and favors he hath dispensed to his creatures, and to pray for a continuance of them. But how few are there who are capable of making

prayers at all, much less extemporary prayers?'

'With respect to the capability,' observed Mr. Clinch, 'it rests with God, not with men.'

'By that remark,' rejoined the doctor, 'you would seem to insinuate, that in your opinion, God inspires men to extemporize in prayer, which extraordinary operation has long since ceased. And with respect to our Liturgy, next to the Bible, it is admitted to be the finest composition in existence. Therein, in the most eloquent and devout language, are prayers offered up for the wants of every individual, as far as those wants are reasonable. Yes, whatever a person requires from God, whether he be in sorrow, need, sickness, or under any adverse circumstances, he will find a supplication in our excellent Liturgy adapted to his purpose. It is in that particular that it transcends all other human compositions, and is far better suited to the object of devotion than any extemporary effusion is likely to be. Moreover, should there impend any national calamity, we are allowed to introduce a prayer to God to avert it, provided it be so ordered

by the proper authorities. Again, it is a point not to be overlooked, that the clergy of our Establishment are all fully sensible of the value of our Liturgy, and adhere to it, however some few may give way to extemporary praying.'

'Do you likewise,' asked Mr. Clinch, 'condemn extemporary preaching?'

'As a general custom, assuredly,' replied the doctor, 'and that simply because so few men possess the faculty of speaking *ex cathedrâ*, without premeditation. It often happens in an extemporaneous discourse, that a preacher cannot be understood, owing to his not having previously arranged his matter and selected his terms and expressions—in this respect a prepared sermon possesses a vast advantage. And the inordinate length to which extemporary sermons generally run, indicates that the preacher is apt to forget himself, and lose sight of his subject, or else must have dealt much in tedious repetitions. Besides, it is obvious that a discourse arranged and studied beforehand must have more effect than one delivered on the spur of the moment, or at least, is more worthy of respectful reception. For when you

consider that the souls of thousands come to learn the road to heaven, and to be instructed in the vital truths of religion by the preachers, you must admit that too much care cannot be taken to preach the Gospel truly and faithfully, and that in this respect a minister will not have done his duty unless he study his subject, and prepare his sermon beforehand, making it a work of time. Yes, Sir, I think we may conclude with Dr. South, "that the extemporizing faculty is never more out of its element than in the pulpit." "Let all their extempore harangues," said he, "be considered and duly weighed, and you will find a spirit of pride, faction, and sedition predominate.' "

'After all I must be allowed to retain my opinion,' said Mr. Clinch, 'that the extemporary preacher has in many particulars an advantage over him who merely repeats from his book what he has therein written.'

'If he be capable,' replied the Rector, 'of doing it well, which is not the gift of one in a thousand, he may possess an advantage; otherwise his apparent sway over the wilder-

ness of free minds is confined to the unlettered and the ignorant, which reduces it to a very small measure indeed. But suppose a man be qualified by education and original power to preach extempore, there remains another objection, which is, that by so doing, he may delude the ignorant into an idea of his being inspired, not to mention the liability of his being led away by enthiasiasm or by excitement. I grant there is a vast distinction between extemporary prayers and extemporary preaching, for the one is, or rather should be, addressed to God, the other to men. In prayer therefore, every desire and want ought to be expressed in the most appropriate language, and every word duly weighed, which it is obviously impossible to ensure in an extemporary effusion.'

'Well,' observed Mr. Clinch, 'your argument is good, but old men are difficult of persuasion.'

'There must sure be an exception to that rule,' replied the doctor, with a smile, 'or methinks we had not missed you in your seat at church for the two last Sundays.'

‘I am averse to making rash promises,’ answered Mr. Clinch, ‘so will not vow that you shall never see me there again, but I must own, despite all you have been saying, that I continue to give the preference to extemporary prayers and preaching.’

‘In these partialities,’ replied the doctor, ‘would it not be as well to ascertain whether what you admire be really and truly that which it professes to be. You are surely aware that many who appear to pray and preach extempore, either mentally compose their prayers, or write them beforehand, or at least come prepared with what they call notes, concealed within their Bibles, a proceeding which, as respects their congregation, might almost be termed deception.’

‘But granting that a man,’ returned Mr. Clinch, ‘be accustomed to do as you affirm, still, to all intents, his sermon is extemporary.’

Hardly so,’ replied the Doctor. ‘That only is extemporary, which is delivered from the moment on the occasion: in this respect, it is opposed to premeditated composition. Wherever this sort of apparent off-

hand effusions occur, by aid of memory, shorthand notes, and the like, a falsity would seem to be implied, and the attempt to deceive is wicked. Now by abiding by a set form, we avoid all such danger; our congregation can join in with us, in offering up prayers to Almighty God, in returning thanks for mercies shown, and in supplicating for future blessings, which, unless they be confined to a prescribed formulary, it is impossible for them to do. Unless their minds be prepared for what is coming, they are busy anticipating the turn of a period, or the conclusion of a sentence. They are carried away by the mere human eloquence of the minister. They are canvassing the truth of the doctrine, which he is earnest in broaching, and perhaps criticising the niceties of language, the style or fitness of the prayer itself: and while their attention is thus distracted, all devotion and pious feeling are necessarily absent. The heart may indeed be bent upon the minister, but far from God. There may be every appearance of hanging upon the preacher's lips, but it rather springs from a species of morbid curiosity, than from

any due sense of the importance of the religion he is inculcating. I assure you I can recognize no advantage whatsoever in extemporary prayer, except on the very questionable plea of attraction.'


'Why should you lay such a stress upon these defects?' rejoined Mr. Clinch, 'they seem to me to be no less incident to the recital of sermons off book.'

'On the contrary there is a vast distinction,' replied the Rector. 'A sermon is not addressed to God, but to the congregation, and contains generally explanations and elucidations of a certain text from Scripture, concluding with exhortations applicable to all hearers. If a clergyman were entirely to omit his sermon, he might, notwithstanding, merit the title of a preacher of good tidings, from reading the beautiful Liturgy, and those portions of Scripture appointed to be read every Sunday. Sir, you must excuse my apparent license, but I cannot help remarking that a person who turns from our beautiful prayers, so admirably adapted to all the circumstances of life, to every vicissitude of condition, and to all the

purposes of devotion, in disgust, must be deplorably wanting in taste. In our service we meet with the prayers of distress, the praises and exultations of triumph; passages fitted alike for the indulgence of joy, or the soothing of sorrow; chasing away despondency and affliction, and furnishing gladness with the strains of holy and religious rapture. What deficiency of taste to turn from such a service to the rant of the conventicle! Are you aware, Sir, that parts of our service made the manual of the Son of God himself in the days of his flesh? What can convey a higher idea of the intrinsic excellence of any composition? The beginning of the twenty-second psalm was pronounced upon the cross; part of the thirty-first made the last human utterance of our Saviour. By far the greater part of our Liturgy consists of passages and extracts from Holy Writ, presenting religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths past philosophy to investigate, in a style surpassing poetry, calculated alike to profit and to please; to inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagina-

tion, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. Other productions after a few perusals, however fair, wither like gathered flowers in our hands, and lose their fragrancy, but these, like the unfading plants of paradise, become, as we are more accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellences, will desire to taste them again; and whoso tastes them oftenest, will relish them best. And for this, factious, peevish, and perverse spirits would substitute the chance bursts of a meretricious or false oratory. It is not a mere question of taste, though that, rightly considered, comprehends much, but where can be the due sense of propriety and fitness, where especially the religious feeling? Not that I mean to insinuate—, however hard I find it, to enter into their motives, for attributing undue importance to some particular point, contemplating a part instead of the whole, and splitting as it were, for the sake of

one prismatic colour, those rays of truth, in whose combined light the members of the national church live,—however difficult I find it to reconcile their proceedings to my notions ; I would not insinuate that Dissenters are deficient in religious feeling, because I am inclined to think, that at least amongst the well-informed, the fact is otherwise. It is indeed worthy of note, that the majority of Dissenting ministers admire our Liturgy, and so much, that they will often introduce parts into their own worship ; and that sect which are followers of Lady Huntingdon, uniformly adopt, and use nearly the whole of it. These may appear minor considerations, but should not be overlooked. There is another point which strikes me, and to which I must call your attention. Shallow people, that is to say, the million, are apt to imagine, that the clergy cannot preach extempore, because they do not, this is far from being the case. If you refer to the public speeches of our clergy, you will find them for the most part, to abound in close argument and sound reasoning, set off by learning, piety, and Christian love.’



‘ Well, Doctor,’ returned Mr. Clinch, half biting his lip, and obviously more abashed than he cared to confess, ‘ what you have been saying would seem rational, but I should fancy and, and,’ while he hesitated how to adjust his argument, Dr. Truman broke in.

‘ Fancy,’ he ejaculated, ‘ fancy has no business here at all, and should never be allowed to take the initiative of reason ; before we follow ministers, whose sole object is to attract, not to instruct, we should reflect that the immortal soul is at issue on our conduct, and upon that minister will the responsibility fall. I trust you will revolve over in your mind all that I have spoken, in its different bearings ; do so, Sir, coolly and dispassionately and—I believe you to be a sensible man,—you may then act as your conscience dictates. I make no doubt of the result.’

The Doctor then took his leave, and made his way to the residence of a family, where a very different scene took place.

Mr. Hopkins, at whose house Dr. Truman next presented himself, had retired from a lucrative business, into one of his own free-

holds in a fashionable part of the town. He was a person, who, having acted uprightly and honestly in all his dealings, had gained the respect of all who knew him. Notwithstanding his good qualities, and the tokens of opulence with which he was surrounded, he was not admitted into fashionable and genteel society. After having served in a shop for nearly forty years, it was not to be expected that he could all at once discover that degree of information and knowledge, which is only the result of a finished education, and is indispensable to the completion of the gentleman; besides the habits which he acquired while in trade, precluded the possibility of his being noticed by those who mixed in a higher circle, and who had imbibed from their early youth, that calm uninterrupted quiet, which pervades all the actions and habits of people, accustomed to good society. True! the few last years of Mr. Hopkins's life, had been spent in the endeavour to acquire that undefinable and unconstrained air, that *manière d'être*, wherein he felt himself deficient. With this view he had crossed to France, had mixed

with the natives, had partially learnt the language, but to little purpose, owing to his inadequate knowledge of his own ; he had joined the society at Tables d'Hôte, of people of all nations ; he could converse respecting all these, as if he had been admitted to their private intercourse ; he could describe their countries partly from personal knowledge, and partly from what he had read ; he could tell you the expense of travelling in his own private carriage, and specify the different charges at the first inns, in this and other countries, but all to no purpose : *society* stood aloof, and would not recognise his claims. For while he attempted to disguise, or at least polish off the marks which the shop had produced on his manners, by the flimsy ornament of French affectation, he only rendered his innate vulgarity the more conspicuous, in the eyes of those, who had been brought up differently. Nor was Mr. Hopkins a singular instance. We frequently see people endeavouring after a superior behaviour, but like the natural and easy style which Horace speaks of, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not inborn, that the

abortive attempt only excites ridicule. So it happened with our retired citizen. His overwrought bearing, like a borrowed court suit, never became him, and even tended at times to superinduce upon his original straight-forward, honest mode of acting, an appearance of flippancy which was highly unbecoming. But with all these disadvantages, Mr. Hopkins possessed many good qualities. He was a kind father, he brought up his children properly to a certain age, when his notions of education so misled him, that he wholly failed in his endeavour to make them, what the thinking part of the world could approve of, though, as is commonly the case, they were to him perfection. His object being to teach them every thing, it almost necessarily followed that they acquired nothing ; they could speak a little of this language and a little of that, but nothing beyond, and in respect to more useful labours, they were made entirely subordinate to gaudy and flowery accomplishments.

Dr. Truman found Mr. Hopkins and his three daughters just off a journey, which they had been taking on the continent. Their

whole conversation was taken up with what they had witnessed, and the different incidents which had broken or varied the monotonous *agremens* of their travels. The immediate occasion of Mr. Hopkins's visit to France, was to fix upon a school to *finish*, as he termed it, *his daughter's education*, though the eldest was only fifteen years old.

‘ Let me,’ observed the Rector, on being given to understand Mr. Hopkins' intentions, ‘ dissuade you from so rash a step. There are masters in our own country duly qualified, and who are competent to instruct your daughters in all useful knowledge and needful accomplishments, under your own eye, without your risking their acquiring things which they should never learn. There are so many temptations in France, which, however destructive, the immature experience of the youthful mind cannot be expected to resist or to avoid.’

‘ I entertain no fear,’ interrupted Mr. Hopkins, ‘ of any of the dangers to which you allude; my girls will go under the care of a trustworthy lady, who will have the management and direction of their studies. They will

exhibit on their return those kind of manners, which must naturally secure them the affections of every body.'

'Believe me, my dear sir,' replied the Rector, 'that the consequences you desiderate, will have a very contrary effect. The admiration of young men of the present day is to be won by something more solid than affectation at second hand, or the adulterate manners of *la grande nation*. For an Englishman to copy those frenchified graces or vices (as may happen) which must ever be foreign to him, only renders him, in most cases, a laughing stock to his countrymen. But where an English gentlewoman so mistakes her native dignity as to err in the same way, trust me, the only sentiment she excites amongst well-educated people, is not admiration, but pity. Every nation possesses its own peculiar manners, which being a matter of gradual growth, and appropriate to climate and circumstance, can hardly ever be wrong ; but however admirable *per se*, when assumed by a foreigner (for it is an assumption) the *pretension* becomes infamously ridiculous.

‘ There is a work lately fallen under my notice by M. Aimé-Martin, written for the French nation, in which he makes the following observations on their women :

‘ *What indifference,*’ says he, *‘ on the part of women towards important affairs ; what ardour for frivolities ! Their minds unceasingly agitated by the fashion of the day, turn with passion to the nothings of the moment ; for the sake of these do they feign a character different from their own, do they torture themselves, suffer heat, cold and hunger, destroy their health, and risk their lives. Alas ! we give to our daughters the manners of courtezans, to our wives the instruction of a child, and then ask for glory and happiness from heaven. What is the result ? The frivolity of one sex necessarily influences the habits of the other : women become trifling to please us, and we must become frivolous to find favour with them.’*

‘ I give no opinion as to the correctness of this passage, as relates to the French women, though I have seen sufficient in my travels to do so, but I am ready to challenge the whole

world to pass such a censure on the daughters of our happy island, with justice or truth. And I will venture to say, and that with the greatest confidence, that no where is virtue, the grand ornament of the sex, more appreciated or more indispensable than in England. What is wanting here to make our children every thing a wise parent can desire? And are we to send our daughters from home to be taught virtue, the indigenous quality of English women? Or rather to acquire a laxity of manner, utterly disgusting to the refined taste of Englishmen? Or those flimsy airs and graces, which terminate in vanity and sensuality—mere modifications of the voice or useless postures of the body, through which we can easily discern innumerable imperfections and conceits? Or to make palpable efforts to please all, while in point of fact, they alienate every body's good will? Oh! no, pray don't sacrifice your daughter's happiness, by sending them abroad to learn manners, and so render them unacquainted with all the duties of life. To walk a salon with a confident air and mincing pace, to exhibit their affected graces to the eyes of

indolent and debauched young men, to dissipate their husband's patrimony in riotous and unnecessary expences—these are your continental accomplishments—these the main arts cultivated by foreign women.'

'But Englishmen,' rejoined Mr. Hopkins, 'are fond of French manners.'

'Not in English women,' said the Rector. 'They may admire them in the natives, for the sake of passing a few hours in amusements of different kinds, but never as being conducive to real and lasting happiness. You seldom or ever find that an Englishman will take a French woman to wife. And wherefore so? simply because their ideas of happiness are irreconcilable. The levity of manner characteristic of French women, is utterly repugnant to the taste of Englishmen, consequently they can never hope to experience in their conjugal society those true delights, which they can calculate upon with their own countrywomen. They regard not merely those *female graces*, which contribute to polish the manners of men, but they expect in the companion of their bosom those *female morals*, which influence their

conduct. What women have it more in their power, by a chaste and intellectual connection, to reciprocate man's joys and alleviate his sorrows, than the English? What women, (and I have no wish to disparage those of other countries) more noble in sentiment, more virtuous at heart, or more unpretendingly religious than the English? Ah, sir, our women can boast of charms, personal and mental, such as the sex in no other country on the earth can exhibit. Yes, I repeat, among them is to be found every thing, which can tend to mitigate our sorrows or soothe our cares. Ah! she, the charm of the soul, the source of man's felicity, his bosom companion through this thorny pilgrimage, should not be left exposed on the highway of life, so as to render the very blessings proper to her, little better than curses; her power of promoting our happiness being enfeebled by wrong principles, and a misguided and superficial education.'

'Well, Doctor, as we used to say in the shop,' returned Mr. Hopkins, 'that which sounds the best and looks the clearest, is the finest glass, and certainly, what you observe

is very plausible, but if our English women have innate virtue, why need they apprehend being contaminated ?’

‘ I entertain small fear in that respect,’ replied the Doctor. ‘ An Englishwoman being contaminated, as a general rule, is out of the question, their virtue being too solidly grounded on right principles, but there is a danger, and no slight one, that children may acquire those habits, which are any thing but pleasing to the taste of our countrymen.’

‘ But it is so fashionable,’ again objected Mr. Hopkins, ‘ for young ladies in these days to go abroad.’

‘ When the mind,’ said the Rector, ‘ is sufficiently formed, there can be no objection that I can perceive ; but to send them thither for the sake of education, with the object of making them good homely daughters and virtuous wives, appears to me to be a most irrational and ill-advised proceeding.’

‘ Oh ! sir,’ interposed one of the Misses Hopkins, ‘ I hope you will not use your influence to dissuade Papa from going to France, it would be such a source of disappointment.’

‘ If it be in my power,’ answered the Rector, ‘ assuredly I will, at least to postpone the trip. How infinitely better it would be for you to defer your visit thither, till your minds have become more stable, when you will be qualified to distinguish between the various follies and frivolous amusements with which that country abounds. So prepared, you will be able to avoid what are injurious, and to enjoy those pleasures, which, to amusement, join the higher advantage of being innocent. You will then be able really to appreciate what should give you delight—to approve of that which is right, and to avoid that which is wrong ; and since your manners will have been previously formed, you will not expose yourselves to the liability of learning aught, but what will meet with the approval of your own countrymen. These are considerations which are not to be eluded, and really it is only deferring the hope a little longer, when I am sure you will have reason to congratulate yourself on having followed my advice. But where is Mr. John Hopkins, your eldest son, did you contemplate his making one of the party ? ’

‘ Oh!’ replied Mr. Hopkins, ‘ he is already in France; we have left him there.’

‘ Left him there!’ repeated the Rector, ‘ I am truly sorry to hear you say so. How often do we witness the open and generous youth of England sent to that dangerous land, in the fond hope that they may there be gifted with those many advantages, which will qualify them to be admitted into any society; but, mournful to relate! they return ruined in character and principle, or, at the best, inoculated with those frivolous and unmanly manners, which assimilate them rather to *apes* than Englishmen.’

‘ You cannot think how hurt I am,’ remarked Mr. Hopkins, ‘ to hear you speak thus against the natives of France.’

‘ You mistake me greatly,’ returned the Rector, ‘ I admire their country,’ and am ready to admit that the men themselves possess qualities, sufficient to render them an admiration to other nations; but I can never approve of an English man or woman adopting those modes, or assuming those manners, which, where they be not indigenous, are worse than worthless.’

Here the footman entered the room with a letter, upon the superscription of which, Miss Hopkins had no sooner set her eyes, than she kissed it, saying, 'It is from John; excuse my opening it, Doctor.'

'By all means,' answered the Rector, 'I trust you will read a good account of your brother.'

Miss Hopkins having broke the seal, and unfolded the paper, prepared to peruse the fraternal communication, but she could scarcely have read a few lines, ere she gave a loud scream, the letter dropped from her relaxed hold, and she fell back on the chair and fainted.

'Oh! what now,' exclaimed Mr. Hopkins, 'my son! my son.'

Silence of the most gloomy cast ensued; on one chair sat Mr. Hopkins in the greatest consternation, on the sofa his other daughters, hardly less agitated. On the carpet lay the fatal letter, open, but untouched; no one had sufficient courage to raise it, and learn the cause of Miss Hopkins' distress.

'Oh that fear!

When the heart longs to know, what it most dreads to hear.'

The Doctor, in his endeavours to assist the young lady, applied restoratives one after the other, but evidently to no purpose, one fit was the precursor of another, and the only words she uttered between each, were ‘ Oh ! my brother, my brother.’

The more manly nature of Mr. Hopkins seemed entirely to fail him, and he gave himself up without resistance to the overflowing emotions of a heart, too full to exist without the strongest demonstrations of feeling. The peculiar and embarrassing situation in which the Doctor was suddenly thrown, had more or less its effect upon him. On the one side reclined Miss Hopkins, whose successive fainting fits gave her rather the appearance of a corpse than that of a living being : on the other were her sisters, apprehensive, yet without knowing what had happened, in the greatest perplexity and distress, and in the midst stood the father, confounded and overcome. And there lay extended the portentous letter, whose fatal tidings had caused all this consternation. After some moments, Miss Hopkins appeared a little restored, but no sooner

did her eyes light upon the ominous epistle at her feet, than she relapsed into insensibility.

‘Allow me,’ cried the Doctor, at length, ‘at once to arrive at the nature and the extent of a calamity, which as yet we only dimly apprehend; perhaps after all, it ought not to have been the source of so great distress.’

Mr. Hopkins made a permissive motion for the Doctor to ascertain, by a perusal of the letter, the fearful circumstance which must have happened.

The Rector then raised the letter, and upon delivering its contents aloud, it was found that Mr. John Hopkins, ill advised and ignorant of the custom of the country, had been led into a quarrel with a Frenchman, which had eventuated in a duel: the consequences were serious. The unfortunate youth had been severely wounded, and at the time when the letter left Paris, the greatest apprehensions were entertained of his life. The Doctor was naturally very much shocked, although he could not be said to feel any surprise at the occurrence. What however could he do in that situation? he had not the power to divert the

tide of woe, or infuse the balm of immediate peace to the distressed breast of the parent. But he felt warranted in holding out hope, and so persuaded, he exclaimed, in a firm and almost cheering tone,—‘ My friends, forget not that John Hopkins lives, thanks be to God ! ’

This seasonable remark produced an astonishing effect upon them all ; the tide of existence flowed anew, and she, who the instant before appeared a corpse, became resuscitated. Mr. Hopkins partially recovered his self-possession, and the tears of the younger daughters were for a time dried. The Doctor then, in as mild a way as he could, enjoined them not to lose a moment ere they fetched the wounded man home, and transferred him from the cold tendance of strangers, to the kind offices and ministering care of his sisters. Then having given them every possible assistance in his power, he bade them to submit with resignation to what was past prevention. He told them not to despair ‘ as *men without hope*, ’ but to look forward to the time of meeting, if not in this world, in the next ; and in

conclusion urged them to remember, that while there is life there is hope. He presently after left them with a promise to see them very shortly, and encouragingly remarked, that he trusted the wound might not be so dangerous, as to hazard the chance of death.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

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THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

It was two days since the doctor had seen Mr. Soames, the invalid unto whom, as the reader will probably recollect, he had given so much comfort on a former occasion. He now directed his steps to his abode, in the hopes of administering to him the Holy Sacrament. The sick man on his entrance signified the pleasure he felt upon seeing him, but added, that he was not quite prepared to perform the promise which he had given to the doctor.

‘ My thoughts,’ said he, ‘ have been fixed upon the Author of Christianity, and upon the scheme of his redeeming love. As I confessed to you, till very lately, I denied the Saviour of the world, and before I receive the Sacrament, I should like to hear you prove his

divinity, not that now I entertain the least doubt, but I wish it, in order that my faith may be strengthened and established by conviction, and that I may give a reason for the hope that is in me. With respect to the Deity, every thing around me intimates his presence, and satisfies me of his existence. And nothing more so than the manner in which his goodness has wrought upon me lately. I felt and feel from the bottom of my soul, that it was divinity that moved within me. Upon your first seeing me, all, like the waves of a troubled ocean, was confused and boisterous, the thoughts and senses destined by the Almighty to administer to our pleasures, conveyed to me only pains and tortures; the memory of deeds committed in days gone by, the sting of conscience harassed my peace of mind, and brought me to that wretched state wherein you found me. But God, blessed be his name! has worked miracles in my behalf; he has partially calmed the troubled soul, and the halycon Peace again broods over the face of the waters. He has spared me, no doubt, to bring about his good

purpose, and you, Sir, have been the instrument in his hands. I acknowledge his goodness, I appreciate his blessings, and have prayed that his mercies may continue, and yet what hope can I indulge in? I am a wretched man, a miserable sinner. I have denied the Saviour, and (horrible reflection!) have taught others to deny him also. But the truth forces itself upon me, and convinces me that he is God also. I have experienced his power, and when I looked up to him and prayed in the bitterness and earnestness of my soul, I felt peace infuse itself over the whole man. I confess to you, I believe on him, but before I perform his command, I must have Scriptural evidence. An indiscribable consciousness tells me that he is God, but I should receive much greater satisfaction, would you kindly afford me a few proofs of this great truth. Mistake me not, I do not disbelieve, I believe firmly, and it is in order to keep the mind from erring or wandering that I desire this. The mind of man is treacherous and often deceives; at one time it believes, at another it surrenders itself to fancies and follies, which, unless it be bound by argu-

ment like bands of iron to its object, it cannot be firm. For this cause then I require my belief to be confirmed, and my hope strengthened, by any evidence, which you will have the kindness to bring forward upon the subject.'

'I am truly happy,' returned the Doctor, 'to hear you make this confession; I have no doubt but that we shall now go on, step by step, and at last arrive at our point with satisfaction, for conclusions derived from evidence, and truths believed in from conviction, can hardly ever be effaced from the mind and are destined to produce a lasting effect; but before I proceed, it is requisite, I should be instructed in what light you have heretofore viewed the Saviour of the world, both with respect to his divinity and his humanity, and also his several attributes.'

'I have,' answered Mr. Soames, 'until the last day or two, considered him as a mere man, who was competent of himself, or enabled by God, to perform a few miracles. I admitted, for I could not do otherwise, that this man preached doctrines of the purest and most exalted morality, and that he had accordingly

many followers. But my conceit in my carnal knowingness would not let me recognize aught further. I refused to acknowledge and believe in his divinity, because blinded by the bastard wisdom of this world, I rejected all evidence in its favor.'

'Then, I think,' returned the Rector, 'if your mind be at length open to moral certainty, I shall find it no hard task in settling in you a conviction, that Jesus Christ was truly the Son of God. From scripture we must take our proofs. But before we proceed, it is requisite I should be informed whether you are prepared to grant without qualification or reserve, the authenticity of the scriptures, else all that we may advance must necessarily fail, since it will be without foundation.'

'I have,' answered Mr. Soames, 'as I have already apprised you, drawn the utmost upon my poor human wit to impeach the truth of the scriptures, I therefore should prefer clearing the ground, by treating upon that subject first. And while you are establishing your facts, I shall not hesitate to require you to elucidate any point, or resolve any difficulty

which I deem of importance ; but you must not therefore imagine that I question what you advance ; I shall interrupt you only for the sake of strengthening your argument, and thereby impressing it more strongly upon my mind.'

'Granted,' replied the Rector, 'the first thing which I have to observe,' he proceeded after a short pause, 'is that the scriptures, or rather the Bible, is divided into two parts, the Old Testament and the New, the fact of the Jews, the enemies of Christianity, having admitted the former to be authentic, is a strong argument of its being so. The Pentateuch, that is, the first five books, were written by Moses, and deposited in the tabernacle long before he died, as were also some of the other books.'

'But,' interrupted Mr. Soames, 'was not this temple burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, and therefore may we not reasonably infer, that the scriptures were burnt with it.'

'No,' replied the Rector, 'had that been the case, the circumstance would have been made a subject of lamentation, which it was not ;

besides, Daniel refers to the Book of the Law as then existing, whilst he was in captivity, and Ezra read and explained the law to the people. Moreover Ezra and the members of the synagogue compiled the scriptures after the rebuilding of the temple, and then they were increased by many more books. Again, there is sufficient historical evidence to shew, that if Ezra's copy was destroyed, Judas Maccabæus restored every thing to the temple, so that up to that period a copy of the scriptures had been preserved. Another strong argument in favor of the authenticity of the scriptures is, that neither Christ nor his Apostles ever charged the Jews with having corrupted the text. And when the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans took place, the enmity which the Jews bore to the Christians was a security for the correctness and preservation of the scriptures. Again, through the diligence of many learned men, nearly seven hundred manuscripts were collected which all, except in a few minor variations, agreed in their readings. The Jews too, are a living proof of the authenticity of the scriptures, they have adhered

to them, in all ages and various countries, and through every persecution. We may further establish our proof from the New Testament. The Old Testament contains predictions of the Messiah, all of which were actually fulfilled in his person. And Christ himself gave decisive testimony, “*All things,*” said he, “*written in the law, the Psalms, and the prophets, concerning me must be fulfilled.*” Besides, the New Testament abounds with particulars, corroborative of the authenticity of the Old.’

‘Excuse me again interrupting you,’ said Mr. Soames, ‘but what you have advanced is only from those internal evidences with which, I grant, Holy Writ is replete, and which doubtless is strong, but what external evidence can you bring forward, I mean what proof besides that of scripture?’

‘Every possible proof,’ replied the Rector. ‘The universal concurrence of all antiquity is the strongest, and amongst all the hostile sects, embracing every shade of opinion, whether of ancient or modern times, we meet with no doubt, no question, no disbelief of the truth of the Scriptures. They may differ, and they do,

upon inferences or points and doctrine, but never upon the authenticity of the Scriptures themselves. The rival tribes of Judah and Israel, the hostile sects of Jews and Samaritans, were at all events unanimous upon this point; and the innumerable sects which exist amongst us in the present day never dream of mooting that indubitable point. Not a Sceptic, not one, who would question the truth of divine revelation, but acknowledges the authenticity of the Old Testament. Again, the narratives of many ancient histories coincide with events recorded in the Old Testament, and many of these histories doubtless were written without the author's having cognizance of the books of Moses. If this was the case, it establishes the veracity of Scripture beyond a doubt, since it is impossible for authors to correspond in their relation of events, without having been acquainted with each other's writings, unless they drew from the same facts, which at once established their belief, and assisted them in recording them. Again, it is impossible to suppose that books could have been imposed upon the Jews, who were at all

times a very incredulous people, neither would they have conformed to the laws and ceremonies contained in them, unless they had possessed the strongest ground for believing their contents.'

'Another thing I am inclined to object to,' said Mr. Soames, 'is this, that there appears a sameness of language and style in the books of the Old Testament, and not a sufficient variation, considering the different ages in which the books profess to have been written.'

'I am surprised,'—returned the Rector. 'Such an objection is far from being well founded; there is assuredly as much diversity in style and language in the books of the Old Testament, as occurs between different Greek writers who lived at the distance of one thousand years from each other. But granting that there is not that difference, nothing surely can be inferred from the fact, because the books themselves having been written by inspired writers, we must of course conclude that they were well acquainted with every thing required for their purpose. But it is not a fact. Compare the language of the Pen-

tateuch with that of the Prophets, and you will discover as much difference between them, as there is between our first prose and verse writers. No, Sir, the proofs of the divine authority of the Scriptures are so positive that no reason either metaphysical or speculative, can shake them, and the more you “search the Scriptures,” to examine the grounds of belief, the firmer do they appear. And with respect to the authenticity of the books of the New Testament in particular, there are scattered throughout libraries, divers ancient manuscripts, some dating a thousand years gone by, together with versions of them, done into languages which have long ceased to be spoken. The peculiar style in which the books of the New Testament were written goes far to demonstrate their truth. Had they been fables they would have been ascribed to men, more eminent and conspicuous in the eye of this shallow world. Consider moreover the national character of the individuals who penned the several books in the New Testament, they were themselves among the most ignorant of the Jewish people ; and also con-

sider the character which these books obtained amongst those with whom they were distributed, and the effect which they produced, approaches to miraculous. The men who wrote the books had no fictitious influence, no extrinsic power, nought save the indubitable veracity of their narrative to circulate and establish them ; and had what they narrated been false, or even questionable, they must in the nature of things inevitably have died away. But no ! despite of every opposition, they stood out beacons of light as from a tower, and gradually dispersed that gloom in which the whole world was involved at their first appearance. Again, the authors were themselves eye witnesses of the facts which they recorded, and it is next to an impossibility that they could, one and all, have been deceived. And the very circumstance of the four gospels, composed by different hands, recording the same facts, each in a peculiar style and in a different manner, proves the authenticity of them.'

'But,' again interposed Mr. Soames, 'do not many discrepancies occur in the Scrip-

tures, which must tend to weaken the force of their evidence ? ’

‘ There may be,’ answered the Rector, ‘ but they are of such minor importance, as cannot invalidate the subject. Each writer of the different books recorded what struck him as most important, so that any occasional omissions, discrepancies, and contradictions, which I am aware may be descried in their several narratives, so far from effecting their general truth, furnish the strongest confirmation of it. They do away in toto with all idea of connivance or conspiracy. Had there been design or concert, the Evangelists must have been in one tale even to the letter. Their revelation is the same in substance, and the points wherein they differ do not militate against their veracity.’

‘ There is another question,’ said Mr. Soames, ‘ which I wish to ask you. You have observed that the four gospels, although recording the same incidents, were written by different persons. Now might not one gospel have been taken from another, and thus their evidence, to a certain extent, be weakened ? ’

‘ Far from it,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ if any one of the gospels be authentic, it is sufficient to prove our point ; and if they be distinct and separate evidences, which we have every reason to pronounce them, the proof becomes the stronger ; but granting that one authority did consult another, it must strengthen the validity of that other’s evidence, and establish the fact. But these gospels were received as *separate* records, and therefore each gospel is a distinct narrative, confirming in every main point the veracity of the rest, however it may differ from them in style or scope of relation.

‘ The last argument which I shall here urge to establish my position, is the consideration of the many persecutions which the disciples endured, rather than deny the truth of Christianity. The propagators endured the greatest torture, frequently only to terminate with death. They submitted calmly, yea, smilingly, to these cruelties, rather than concede that, which, through strong faith and confidence, they knew to be founded upon facts. And would any one, think you, endure martyrdom for the sake of that which they did not, at all.

events, feel to be veritable?—and recollect their senses in many cases, as with the first martyrs, were cognizant of the truths they died for, would they do so, or teach doctrines of morality and virtue, at the sacrifice of their lives, unless the motive were overwhelming?’

‘ From what you have adduced,’ said Mr. Soames, ‘ I am quite satisfied that there does not exist a shadow of a doubt concerning the authenticity of the Scriptures, and upon the foundation of holy writ, I am quite persuaded you will easily prove the divinity of the Saviour.’

‘ I will endeavour to do so,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ and we will begin by considering the miraculous manner in which he was born. Christ was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of a virgin. An angel of the Lord came to Mary, and said unto her, “ *Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest : and the Lord shall give unto him the throne of his Father David : and*

he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever ; and of his kingdom there shall be no end. Then said Mary unto the angel, how shall this be, seeing I know not a man ? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee, therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

Here observe, that two miracles took place ; the conception by the Holy Ghost, and a virgin bearing a son. And when the time came for Jesus to be born, all the prophecies relating to his nativity were fulfilled, as to his family, the place, and the manner of his birth. Jesus, as had been prophesied, was of the tribe of Judah, and of the family of David ; he was born, as was literally foretold, at Bethlehem ; and as was written of him centuries before, of a virgin, and at his birth every particular relating to that circumstance was verified. And not only were these prophecies fulfilled, but every minute incident pointing to the Messiah, received in him its illustration, and could be confirmed and exemplified in no

other individual. Jesus, in his doctrines, actions, sufferings, and every thing he obtained for us, nicely corresponds to what was predicted of the Saviour, and the Son of God. In Zechariah we read, *They weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver.* In Matthew, the fulfilment, *And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.* In Isaiah we read, *He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.* In Zechariah ; *he was pierced.* In the Psalms we read ; *They pierced my hands and feet.* All the Evangelists fully show that these cruelties actually took place. Again in the Psalms ; *They shall laugh him to scorn, and shake their heads, and say, he trusted in God, let him deliver him.* Matthew says the same words. In the Psalms also ; *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?* In Matthew ; *Eli, Eli, Lama sabacthani.* In Isaiah, *He was numbered with transgressors.* In Matthew the fulfilment ; “ *He was crucified between two thieves.* In the Psalms ;

Gave me vinegar to drink. They gave him vinegar to drink, says St. John. In the Psalms again, *They parted my garments, and cast lots for my vesture.—Let us not rend it, but cast lots,* says St. John. Again, *he was led like a lamb to the slaughter,* so was Christ. Nay, not only in his life and in his passion, but even after his death and his resurrection, were things fulfilled in Christ which were predicted of him. *Secondly,* his divine mission may be proved from his actions, and from the innumerable miracles which he performed.'

'Did not Moses,' objected Mr. Soames, 'perform miracles to the amount of seventy-six, and were not seventy-four attributed to other prophets?'

'Jesus,' replied the Doctor, 'performed so many, that St. John in the hyperbolical style of the east, tells us "*if they were written, the world would not contain the books that should be written concerning the things which Jesus did.*" Besides there was a vast difference in the manner in which Jesus performed miracles. Moses and the other pro-

phets never acted without prayer, without a reference, without an appeal, as it were, to a higher power. On the contrary, Jesus at once commanded, and every thing obeyed. Diseases sank before him, the dead came to life, and nature itself recognized his divinity, and acknowledged his superior power.'

'But in one or two instances,' said Mr. Soames, 'Jesus is said to have prayed to the Father.'

'You are right,' answered the Rector, 'but not for power to accomplish that which he willed. The prayer to which I suppose you allude, was of thanksgiving that his divinity had an opportunity of being manifested before men. It is evident that he performed miracles without word or sign, as in the woman's issue of blood, and even whole multitudes sought to touch him, and virtue went out of him and they were healed. Oh! what power, let me ask, except that of divine, could still, by a single word, the raging of the mighty billows, and the tempestuous howlings of the wind? What power could, with five loaves and two small fishes, feed a multitude of five

thousand people, except it were divine. What, save Omnipotence, could give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and life to the dead. Well might they cry out, *what manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him.*'

' But more than enough, let us now transfer our attention to the internal evidence of Christ's divinity. St. John says, "*In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*" Now that the Word means Christ, may be shewn by the creation being attributed to Christ, *God hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son, by whom he also made the worlds.* Again, scripture saith, *The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us,* and John calls Christ the Word, *He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name was called the Word of God.* This establishes the divinity of Christ. Jesus himself said he was God: *I and the Father are one,* for which the Jews took up stones to kill him. And when the High Priest adjured Christ by the living God, *Art thou the Christ the*

Son of the living God?” He replied, “**THOU HAST SAID,**” which was the eastern mode of an affirmative. All the epistles prove distinctly the divinity of Christ. He was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God; he was declared to be above angels, and to be the Son of God; he *was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory*; which shew that he was the Messiah. Again, Christ does not censure Thomas when he cries out, *My Lord, and my God*. Again, God calls himself the **FIRST AND THE LAST**, and this name is assumed by Christ: *These things, saith the First and Last, which was dead and which is alive*. And the names and attributes of God are given to Christ; he is called *the true God, the King of kings, and Lord of lords*. And the word **JEHOVAH** is given to him; besides he was acknowledged by all the early converts to be Christ; his own resurrection and his ascension prove him so.’

‘I am,’ interrupted Mr. Soames, ‘per-

fectly satisfied, and I now can cry out, both from an inward conviction and outward testimony, that Jesus Christ was truly and really the Son of God, and that he died for our sins, and rose again for our justification.'

'Yes,' resumed the Doctor, 'we will now say a few words concerning his redemption. Christ, we are told in our second article, suffered to reconcile his Father to us, and was a sacrifice not only for original sin, but also for the actual sins of men, so that he brought redemption from sin and death, and an introduction into eternal life. The fall of Adam so affected the human nature of his posterity, that a large sacrifice was necessary to restore man to the favour of his Creator. In God's actions both justice and mercy were preserved. It was necessary that one should die for the sins of the world; God required an atonement, and thus did he evince his *justice*, and he gave his Son to suffer for us, thereby evidencing his *mercy*. Christ is called *the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world*. *He was made sin for us*. *He was the propitiation of the sins of the whole world*. *He*

suffered once for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. God discovered his sense of the deep enormity of sin, by requiring so costly a sacrifice as that of Christ. At the same time assuring us, that whosoever shall believe on his Son shall have everlasting life. These are the terms and conditions of the gospel, and it is only by adhering to these terms that we can entertain hope of salvation.'

'The whole scheme of redemption,' said Mr. Soames, 'appears wonderful to a degree, but I cannot rightly understand why God should insist upon so large a sacrifice, for the sins of the world, or indeed wherefore in his mercy he could not receive man again into favor, without requiring any at all.'

'No,' replied the Rector, 'in default of sacrifice there can be no remission of sins. And were the sinner absolved without any expedient to satisfy the Divine justice, the moral law would be reduced to nothing: all distinction between right and wrong would cease. The Almighty would no longer have the attributes of justice. The guilt of Adam

was so great and so extensive, that no man, nor any collective body of men, could atone for the sins of the world. It was necessary for a victim to be offered—the Son of God was the only meet sacrifice—the Almighty was propitiated,—he accepted the offering, and God became reconciled to the world, so that henceforward mankind became justified freely by grace, through the redemption in Christ Jesus.’

‘ Another question,’ said Mr. Soames, ‘ has just struck me, which I am anxious to have resolved. Did Christ die for the sins of those who cease to exist on earth, before Christ came into the world ? ’

‘ That inquiry,’ replied the Rector, ‘ hardly concerns us now. We have reason to infer that when Adam sinned in Paradise, Christ stood between God and him, because man did not instantly die upon committing the offence, he only became subject to death and all other infirmities. We know that Christ was from the beginning, because he has assured us of it. “ Before Abram was, I *am*,” and therefore he might, and no doubt did, interpose, and prevent man’s immediate destruction.’

‘How then,’ again interrogated Mr. Soames, ‘could people who walked this earth before Christ came into the world, have had faith in the Saviour, seeing they could not possibly have forecasted his existence, nor have known any thing about him.’

‘Before Christ came into the world to suffer for men,’ answered the Rector, ‘there were types of him which were *designed* by God to prefigure his Son—thus, under the old dispensation, the scape-goat and the paschal lamb were types of our Saviour; there were other innumerable types wherein the mental eye of faith might have beheld the Messiah; thus Abraham saw the day of Christ and was glad. If you look into the ancient histories of the world, you will find, that the practice of expiatory sacrifices has existed from the earliest times. A beast was commonly offered for sacrifice in the room of the offending person: this oblation was accepted, at once as the acknowledgment and as the punishment of sin, and the sinner was again received into the favor of God. The thing offered was a type of Christ, but when Christ appeared, the

shadow was no longer required, and in his person the substance was substituted. Christ thenceforward became the only hope by which we could obtain salvation—he presented himself as a stupendous sacrifice, an atonement, an expiation, a propitiation, a satisfaction for the sins of the world—and we are certified, that whosoever believeth in this Lamb shall be saved.’

‘Upon your resolving one remaining difficulty,’ said Mr. Soames, ‘I shall feel myself perfectly satisfied. How can a man believe? How could I, for instance, unless having been brought to this bed of sickness, I had the opportunity of profiting by your valuable ministration; how otherwise could I have believed.’

‘You may herein discern,’ replied the Rector, ‘the invariable providence of God, how he takes every means, short of shackling his free-will, to bring sinful man to repentance; he works upon him in divers manners, either by sickness, by loss, or by some other calamity, and thus, so to speak, prompts and induces him to be saved. This sickness, for

instance, has been sent to you for a beneficent purpose, since now I trust you have become, from having been the greatest infidel, a sincere believing Christian.'

'I have,' ejaculated Mr. Soames, with grateful fervour, 'and you have made me so.'

'No,' answered the Rector, 'I have been only the humble instrument in the hands of God, to him, as his due, be all honour, and praise, and glory for evermore.'

'True!' rejoined Mr. Soames, 'to him be the glory; and now I am ready to offer unto him any acknowledgment, which he will deem worthy his acceptance from a sinful creature. I will receive the cup of salvation, and rejoice in the name of the Lord.'

'That you shall,' said the Rector, 'but allow me to suggest the propriety of your giving the subject, upon which we have been conversing, your earnest consideration, in case there should remain the least doubt on any of the truths, I have done my best to inculcate. I will be with you early to-morrow morning, and then perhaps your wife and daughters will join with us in celebrating the holy

eucharist. But let us, at least before we part offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God for his late mercies, manifested unto you !’

Here the Doctor knelt down and prayed, in which orison, the sick man heartily joined. Dr. Truman then took his leave, and on the morrow, according to his promise, was by the bed-side of Mr. Soames, ready to administer the sacrament.

‘ I have been turning over in my mind,’ observed Mr. Soames, ‘ every point which we have been discussing, and can easily reconcile every thing to my mind. But, after all, I would be glad to learn how we actually eat and drink the Lord’s body, if you will only be kind enough to explain this to me, I shall be quite prepared to receive the sacrament.’

‘ We do not,’ answered the Rector, ‘ *actually* eat and drink the Lord’s body. Our Saviour certainly did say, “ *This is my body which is broken,*” but he intended it *figuratively*, indeed it is impossible for us to understand it *literally*, inasmuch as his body was at that time in an unbroken state, so that the bread was meant

memorial of his body, and the wine as a *memorial* of his blood, about to be shed. We understand what our Saviour said, in a *spiritual*, not in a *carnal* sense. The bread and wine are a *symbolical* representation of the body and blood of Christ; a sacrament *outward and visible sign* of an inward spiritual grace, but if you convert the sign into the *thing signified*, you overthrow the nature of the sacrament, and destroy the useful emblem which Christ intended this sacrament to convey. St. Paul says, *As oft ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do forth the Lord's death till he come*; implying that the whole was a *figurative memorial* of Christ's sacrifice. He also calls the sacrament *the communion of Christ's body and blood*, and not strictly *the body and blood*, implying that there was a spiritual communication of blessings along with the elements; and not an *actual* change of them. And it would be absurd to suppose that our Lord was the subject of a feast before he died, or that he has continued to be so even until the present time.'

‘The word *figuratively*,’ interrupted Mr. Soames, ‘sufficiently expresses to my mind, that which before I did not correctly apprehend. I shall now be happy to partake *spiritually* in the body and blood of Christ, and I pray God that our souls may be strengthened as our bodies are by the bread and wine. And in receiving this holy sacrament, I beg to assure you that I do so, in a lively faith in Jesus Christ, as being the Son of God, whom before I despised, and whom I crucified afresh. But, as you have advised, should I be permitted by the Almighty to rise from this bed of sickness, I will renounce publicly my former delusions, and confess before God and man, *Jesus Christ and him crucified*; and may God grant that the poisoned arrows which, in my insane ignorance and conceit, I have heretofore sent abroad, may fall harmless, and without taking effect upon any human creature, but if any have gone down to the grave infidels, through my fatal agency, then may their punishment be allotted unto me, nor God visit on their heads my proper sin.’

‘Such a declaration, although it be no more than I expected, is worthy of you,’ returned the Doctor. ‘It enables me to hold out this encouragement, that you have performed half the duty of repentance, which is the being truly sorry for your sins ; go on in the course so well begun, and by the publication of godly works evince the sincerity of your sorrow, thus will you, through the merits of Jesus Christ, be an inhabitant of his holy mansions.’

Dr. Truman thereupon administered to the interesting group around him, the Lord’s Supper ; and never any one partook of that heavenly feast with more holy feelings, and sincere love, than did Mr. Soames. From having been previously a confirmed infidel, he thenceforward became from conviction a sincere Christian.

After the celebration was completed, the Rector, before he took his leave, said he would relate an anecdote concerning the subject of transubstantiation, which they had lately been discussing, and which he anticipated would prove very impressive to the mind of Mr. Soames.

‘ I require,’ returned Mr. Soames, ‘ no further conviction whatsoever upon the subject; nevertheless, I shall be happy to hear any thing which you will be kind enough to narrate.’

‘ It is a story,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘ which may be very briefly delivered, yet I think it likely to produce a lasting effect.’

‘ When Villiers, Duke of Buckingham was very ill, James the Second sent a popish priest to him, with directions, if possible, to convert him to the Roman Catholic faith. The Duke being prepared for the visit of the priest, and happening to be apprized of its object, received him very courteously, and proposed their taking a glass or two of wine before they entered upon any discussion. After sitting a few minutes, the Duke drew the cork out of the bottle, and placing it upon the table, requested the priest to favour him with his judgment upon the qualities of his fine horse.

‘ Horse!’ echoed the priest in amazement, ‘ what horse?’ ‘ The gallant steed that I am leading,’ replied the duke, patting the cork and moving it from side to side, as if the table

were a *manège* and he were showing its paces. ‘Don’t you think he is a very fine fellow?’ ‘Your Grace has chosen a very untimely season to be merry,’ remarked the priest gravely. ‘Merry,’ rejoined the Duke, ‘I assure you, I was never more serious in my life; does your Reverence mean to insinuate that this is not a horse?’ ‘Your grace must be as well aware as myself,’ returned the other, dubious for an instant of the noble’s sanity, ‘that it is no horse, and nothing but a cork, which you have this moment extracted from the bottle.’ ‘Nay, Father,’ said the Duke, ‘you would find it hard to prove that this is nothing but a cork.’ ‘I can do so very easily indeed,’ replied the priest; ‘for I taste it, and taste it is a cork; I look at it, and see it is a cork; I feel it and feel it is a cork; by all the evidences of my senses, I am persuaded it is nothing but a cork!’ ‘Well, well,’ said the Duke, ‘I believe you’re right, for I begin to see that this horse of mine must be a delusion of the brain, with which I have been occasionally troubled since my illness; we will now therefore, if you please, Father, proceed with

the business on which you have come.' The priest then began to explain the mysteries of the popish church, and after having run on with much volubility for about a quarter of an hour, the Duke suddenly stopped him, saying, 'If you will only satisfactorily explain to me the doctrine of transubstantiation, I will take all minor points for granted.' Accordingly the priest proceeded to give the required elucidation, summing up his argument with the following words—'so that you see after the consecration of the holy elements, the wine is changed into the *actual blood*, and the bread into the *actual body* of Christ.' 'Hold there,' interrupted the Duke, 'I think I can refute that, and by your own arguments too. For I taste, and taste it is bread; I look at it, and see it is bread; I feel it, and feel it is bread; by all the evidences of my senses I am persuaded that it is nothing but bread. Remember the cork, Father, remember the cork!' Thus by this illustrative bit of pleasantry the Duke disproved the bread and wine being the body and blood of Christ.'

'Ah! quite satisfactory,' said Mr. Soames,

‘that alone should have induced the priest to have renounced those excrescences which in the long night of centuries had been foisted on our divine religion.’

Dr. Truman then rose, and having congratulated Mr. Soames upon what had lately taken place, departed.

After the above memorable incident of his life, Mr. Soames survived many years, most happy to controvert and disprove the opinions inculcated in his former writings, and contributing many standard works upon Christianity, which caused his name to be repeated with respect and affection, long after he was no more.

REANIMATION.

REANIMATION.

AMONGST the many acquaintances with whom Dr. Truman had the pleasure of associating, was a family of the highest respectability, consisting of three daughters and an only son, besides the parents. Only a few years gone by and a much larger circle had inhabited their beautiful domicile—A house situate on an eminence, two miles from the town where the Doctor resided. But that insidious despoiler, Consumption, had reduced their numbers. It is no less remarkable than true that those, whom that wasting disease marks out for its victims are ever amongst the most beautiful and lovely of the human race. Whether the malady itself imparts an interest to the patient, or our compassion a prejudice in favour of

what Mrs. Siddons has styled ‘*a frightful fascination*,’ we know not—but so it is. Pity works upon our feelings, and interest takes possession of our hearts.

In the family to which we have just alluded, five of the daughters of Mr. Honeywell had descended to an untimely grave. Margaret was to all outward appearances following them to the same cold repose. To the eye of the uninitiated she seemed to be enjoying the best health, and the rich false hectic flickering upon her lovely cheeks bore evidence to those who did not sufficiently understand the case, of a good constitution, and even in others inspired a hope, approaching to confidence, that her situation was far from critical. But the secret working within, the gentle, slow, but sure and Tarquin strides which death was taking towards her, convinced Margaret herself that she was fading away, and that the earth must soon close over her body, as it had done over her sisters before her.

Margaret Honeywell was an object of great admiration to every one who set eyes on her. She was beautiful and accomplished, of a dark

complexion, and of a comely form. Her jet black eyes beaming with expression betokened very conspicuously the kind feelings of her heart, and told the nature of her mild and benevolent disposition. Her whole countenance, marked with fine and regular features, bespoke the fatal truth, that she was more fit to be an inhabitant of the other world, than to move with feeble tread along the sharp and thorny thoroughfares of this low earth, so full of cares and sorrows, so rife with subterfuge or violence, so inhospitable to its fragile denizens. Reader, imagine for a moment a beautiful creature of the age of eighteen, formed as it were by the Almighty expressly to be received into his own abode, the home of her nativity, there to join in with the company of celestials, to proclaim all that is heavenly and heart-cheering. Imagine one with scarce sufficient time allowed her to taste the bitters of this dreary passage to eternity, unto her an insensible translation to the house of the great Jehovah! Imagine more than mortal beauty, and all the comeliness of refinement meeting in the same angelic form—a being just from the

hands of God, sent like a beautiful butterfly to expatiate for a season over this garden and grave of earth, to droop at the unexpected advent of autumn, and then to die when an untimely winter has enwrapped all nature in its cold embrace. In short, imagine one too sensitively delicate and beautiful to drag on a wearisome existence, when the dew of life was sipped, and the gloss tarnished, among coarser, baser natures, or to take interest in mere terrestrial objects, and you will picture to yourself the person of Margaret Honeywell.

Death was fast approaching, but the lovely candidate for eternal happiness was resigned; she felt confident of exchanging this uneasy state of being for a better; her hope was almost sublimed into certainty that her name was registered in heaven. Though this was felt to be the case, it was nevertheless considered desirable, that Dr. Truman should commune with her daily, to relieve her mind from any occasional melancholy which might invade her peace, and so overcast her few remaining days of pilgrimage on earth, precipitating her fate, and terminating even more

prematurely than would otherwise be the case, an existence so dear to those around her.

The situation of the abode of the Honeywells was truly beautiful, presenting features of scenery of the most romantic order. The house, though not large, was replete with all those comfortable appliances which the most luxurious Sybarite could desire, or the most ample means command. Taste of a refined order had been exhibited as well in its erection, as in the furniture and decorations with which it was supplied. There was an '*admired disorder*,' the result of exquisite tact and cultivated skill, visible in the disposition of the draperies and arrangement of the furniture, which took from them that set character and air of stiffness, so generally *objective* and objectionable in the internal economy of our modern great houses. The grounds about were of a picturesque description, and without ostentation or parade, were kept up in the most tasty style imaginable; trees, shrubs, and plants were gracefully disposed about, which made the appearance truly charming to the beholder; and while the beautiful plants exhaled perfumes

of the most fragrant odour, the aged oak would here and there extend its knarled arms, affording a not unwelcome shade and shelter to the cattle scattered over the park. A sheet of water, on which was often to be descried from the distance, the sails of a small boat, relieved the eye from that sameness and uniformity which otherwise affected the panorama of the surrounding country. In the centre stood an island, wherein had been erected a slight obelisk. It was the memorial of some faithful animal belonging to Margaret, and to which, during its life, she had been attached. All the eye rested on was lovely and serene, nought was admitted to jar with the beauty and unity of the scene; Nature in one of her most exalted moods appeared to have surpassed herself, lavishing more than ordinary care upon the objects around. With the assistance of art she had created a spot which might almost be deemed to emulate the garden of our first parents; but unlike Eden, it owned all the charms of nature unalloyed by the temptation of disobeying the commands of the Deity. The tree of knowledge and the tree

of good were planted in the grounds, but the tree of evil was not there ; everything around bloomed with joy and delight, and the little lambs which cropped the flowery pastures, as if conscious of their happiness, were to be seen frisking and skipping before the windows, in frolicsome innocence and pleasure.

As Dr. Truman was approaching one morning towards the house by the carriage drive, which wound on either side the mansion, and which was bounded by rich foliage and plants, mostly reared by the delicate hands of the young ladies ; his attention was suddenly arrested, through the trees, by a white object, which at first was hardly discernible : upon his drawing nearer, he distinguished the figure of a female, apparently occupied in prayer. He stood for a moment looking upon the appearance before him, and soon recognized who she was. It was Margaret. The decaying beauty, the very *beau ideal* of all that men love and women envy, had, as she thought, secluded herself from the gaze of this low theatre of desires and frailties, and was offering up a prayer to her Almighty Father in

secret. The Doctor passed on, careful not to disturb her devotions, and unwilling to startle her by his sudden appearance. He arrived at the house, and not long after he had seated himself Margaret entered the room ; little was she aware at the time, that she had just been the subject of the Doctor's surprise, and that she had been seen by any other eye, save God's, at a time when the still sanctuaries of her soul were consecrated to his services. She was cheerful, and communicative, and immediately expressed her pleasure at seeing the Doctor so much earlier than she had expected.

‘The few engagements which I have on my hands to-day,’ returned the Doctor, ‘combined with the inviting beauty of the morning, will account for my early appearance.’

‘I wish,’ observed Margaret, ‘that your engagements were less numerous, then we might oftener have the pleasure of seeing you, for it is indeed a pleasure to hold intercourse with one of your character, whose outward profession so truly indicates, and so exactly corresponds with your inward virtues. Your face, (you will pardon my enthusiasm,

my dear Sir,) is indeed the mirror of your heart, upon which is reflected all those qualities which I am sure must endear you to every one who is honoured by your intimacy, or blessed with your friendship. And if I have one desire upon earth, that I wish to be gratified in heaven, it is that I may recognise you with my dear relations in the realm of bliss. Shall this thing be?

‘That is a question,’ replied the Doctor, ‘which has occupied the minds of the most able divines, and still they disagree in their conclusions : many arguments may be adduced upon both sides. When the child of the wife of Uriah died, David appeared comforted with the hopes of seeing it again. *I shall go to him*, said he, *but he shall not return to me*, implying a consciousness of his meeting the child again. But on the other hand, when the Sadducees came to Jesus with a desire to have the same question solved, he at once silenced them. *In the resurrection*, said he, *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven*. Thus our Lord maintained a reserve in confirmation of aught

further than the happiness which is in heaven, The question relating to the woman who had married seven brothers, was precisely of a nature to have elicited from him an account of the state of human beings in the next world ; and, undoubtedly, had it accorded with the wisdom of Christ to have given us an intimation of heavenly things, he had done so. His silence in this regard, merely implied that the righteous would be as angels of God in heaven. Therefore I think we should humbly be satisfied with knowing, *as in a glass dimly*, that the soul will exist in heaven without a cloud to sully its purity, or darken its intelligence, in a state of happiness such *as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard*, without diving into further mysteries, that only prove the source of wildness and enthusiasm.'

' True, Doctor,' said Margaret, ' I stand corrected ; we ought to be sufficiently thankful that God holds out to us sinful creatures, such prospects of bliss, though I am sure that you must allow, it is very natural for us to be anxious concerning the salvation of others, more particularly of those whom

we love, as well as our own prospects in futurity.'

'Doubtless,' immediately answered the Doctor, 'it is incumbent upon us so to do, but not, I think, to indulge in any curiosity beyond.'

At this moment the physician entered, and motioned the Rector, as if he wished to speak to him in the adjoining room. On his joining him, the Doctor's distress was extreme, to be informed that the life of Margaret was hanging upon a thread, and that in all human probability, she would not survive many days. The physician begged Dr. Truman to apprise her, as well as her friends, of the imminent danger of her situation.

'Can this be true?' earnestly demanded the Rector, whose hopes almost impelled him to disbelieve the awful tidings.

'What I notify to you, is, I fear, too certain,' replied the physician, in a faltering accent, and he turned aside his head, unable to add more. 'But how can this thing be?' objected the Rector, 'she is certainly more lively to-day, and evidently in much better spirits than I have witnessed with her for some weeks past!'

‘ That may be,’ replied the physician, ‘ but as a spark on the point of expiring will revive, so do the spirits of Margaret at the eve of the separation of soul and body flicker higher, and kindle hopes of the continuation of life, but alas! with her death, like a stone thrown from some lofty precipice, which increases in velocity the nearer it approaches the earth, and accelerates his pace as the awful transit to eternity, draws near. I must leave you, in order that without delay, you should make it known to her parents, whom I hear approaching, and likewise that you signify to herself, the imminent danger of her situation.’

‘ I have no hopes,’ added the Doctor, after a pause, and in a solemn voice, ‘ none dear Sir, save of her existence in a better world,’ answered the physician.

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Honeywell entered, in anxious expectation of hearing a favourable account of their beloved child, but upon inquiry, the physician shook his head, and immediately quitted the apartment. The mind of the Doctor for a time was staggered, and he felt unable to perform the task that

the physician had imposed upon him. He stood mute, but the silent tear rolling down his venerable cheeks, disclosed to the disconsolate parents the real and melancholy truth. The Father, in the worst agony of suspense, between hope and fear, desired an immediate explanation, while the sobs of the distracted mother called the two youngest daughters to be auditors of the melancholy tidings. When the Rector had in some measure recovered his self command, he told them candidly the full extent of the impending bereavement, and signified his wish, that the object of their affection should be made acquainted with her situation. When quiet was partially restored, and the near kindred of the departing damsel were more composed, if not more resigned, to the mournful catastrophe which was about to happen; the parents pressed the Rector to perform the task of communicating with their daughter upon the subject. It was so concluded upon. He went forthwith in search of Margaret, but she was nowhere to be met with.

‘ May be,’ said he to himself, ‘ I shall find her on the same spot, in the garden where I be-

held her secluded on the bended knee, at her private orisons. But how can I have the heart to go about this ? Often indeed have I certified and enunciated from my pulpit, that man was born to die, but how can I, in cool blood, go to a young female, and like death's messenger, blow in her ears that her time is at hand, that she, who to all appearance basks in health and beams with beauty, must in a few hours become the victim of the insatiate grave, and food for the carrion worms.'

He slacked his pace, and then stopped short, like one who suddenly sees a snake in his passage, and in the extremity of his fear is unable to advance or recede. His bosom became full of indescribable emotion, which wrestled like strong athletes therein, and he suffered from the internal struggle as if the various feelings which overcame him were contending for supremacy. In this state of incertitude he stood for awhile unable to advance a step, looking more like a man paralyzed than a sentient being. Just at this point of time he caught sight of a figure approaching him with rapid steps, as if aware that his mind was

labouring under some mighty difficulty. It was Margaret—she had been watching him for awhile, till at last, apprehensive of consequences, she had burst upon his presence in the manner we have related.

‘What,’ exclaimed she, as she came up, ‘can have happened? I fear that you must be dreadfully indisposed—tell me, that I may afford every assistance in my power.’

The Doctor, thus taken by surprise, felt absolutely unable for some time to utter a syllable—at last he made answer—

‘I labor under the difficulty of my task, my dear young lady,—summon up your fortitude, I have a melancholy one to perform.’

‘Relieve your mind,’ interrupted Margaret, ‘I see it is that that suffers; trust me, reverend Sir,’ she presently added, ‘I can bear all that I have to endure here, for the few remaining days I have to stay.’

‘Who,’ asked the Doctor, ‘has thus apprised you of your approaching fate, for even that was the sole object of my seeking you in this garden.’

‘God!’ instantly and solemnly answered the

pious Margaret. ‘ In my secret soul I have been long prepared for my exit—long expecting to resign my being into the hands of its Creator. I can cry out with holy Job—*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.*’

‘ When this,’ said the Doctor, ‘ is the case, we can much better endure the parting from those whom we love, because we are persuaded that they are going to exchange the transitory joys of this world, for an enduring substance in futurity.’

‘ This is my case,’ replied Margaret, ‘ I feel that I am ascending to happier and better regions. I make no boast that I have by my own merits acquired this favor, I am too convinced of my human frailty, but *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, who by his intercession and blood has procured it for me. I was born a sinner, I have lived a sinner, but I have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, in whose presence I must soon appear ;—though my body be consigned to the earth in dishonour, yet shall it rise in glory ; and though it be buried a natural body, yet shall it be raised a spiritual

body, to enjoy for ever the privileges, which the Saviour has purchased for all those who believe faithfully in him.'

'Faith here,' said the Doctor, 'is indeed perfected in sight, and a hope of resting in the bosom of Jesus rendered certain from a firm belief in his atoning merits. And if it be your lot, Margaret, to depart so young out of this troublesome world, whither *the wicked cease from troubling*,—God's will be done; and may those who are left behind be comforted in the assurance that it is his providence which is about to take you from them thus early, 'ere you be known to sorrow and tempted by sin, and that it is his will in mercy to remove you 'ere time shed his sere leaves upon your brow.'

Margaret appeared, from the excitement which she had just undergone, to be growing faint and weak, which the Doctor perceiving, he led her into the house, where were assembled her dearest relations in the deepest grief and consternation. When they saw her look so fair and pure, hope for an instant revived in their bosoms, but soon

departed, leaving them, if possible, in a worse state than before. The Doctor did all he could to mitigate their sorrows and soothe their distress, but to no purpose; *they wept like Rachael, and refused to be comforted*, because she upon whom they doated stood like some ethereal thing upon the horizon of this world, hovering 'twixt life and death.

The Doctor then took his departure, after wishing the beautiful girl farewell, and he began to apprehend that the words of the Physician would be too soon verified, for he saw that the beauteous frame of Margaret was fast decaying away, like a too early flower nipped in its opening bloom. When he took his leave of her, she had more the appearance of a corpse than of a living individual, but still the traces of superior beauty remained, sublimed and etherealized, as it were, by the effluence of approaching beatitude. The regularity of those fine features assumed an angelic cast. When she grasped his hand, as if conscious that it would be for the last time, she expressed herself warmly for all the kindness he had evinced to her, assuring him that if her

heart, which was now almost still, could speak, it could never tell sufficiently the gratitude which she owed to him. She prayed that his kindness might be as strongly registered in heaven as it was engraven on her heart, and that she might meet him in those mansions, whither she was fast hastening.

The Doctor bent his steps in silent melancholy towards the Rectory, deeply impressed with the scene which he had witnessed. On his arrival he entered his closet, and prayed his Father that he would graciously receive the soul of the young female whom he was about to take from this world of probation, and strengthen the hearts of those, who were left behind to mourn over the hallowed remains.

Early on the following morning Dr. Truman made a point to visit the interesting family of Mr. Honeywell. An unusual cast of dulness came over his mind. As he approached the house, the same feeling, almost deepening into sadness, brooded over him. Every thing abroad was still, not the smallest breath of wind rustled among the trees the morning was fine, but owned that gloomy

character in unison with, and suggesting thoughts of the most desponding description. Nature herself appeared as if she had staid her course, the sun discontinued to shed his rays, and his disk, obscured by lurid vapours, was scarcely visible; all outward things seemed fraught with strange oppressive melancholy. On Dr. Truman entering the avenue which led to the abode of Margaret, the same dull appearance of all animate and inanimate things struck him forcibly. The trees, which only the day before, seemed to flourish with healthful, vigorous life, now languished,—the several plants and flowers no longer shed forth their peculiar sweetness—the very animals with instinctive consciousness seemed to droop beneath the unusual influence. The little lambs, as if awe-stricken, had sought the protection of their dams, and were quietly lying by their sides. The cattle, without motion, stood under the foliage, (shade it could not be called,) of the wide spreading oaks. All was still—not a breath was heard, save at intervals the scream of the wild owl, as if raised from its rest untimely, pierced the ears of him,

who appeared the last man upon the face of the creation.

None met him to hail his arrival with a smile, the large Newfoundland, heretofore accustomed to bay his deep-mouthed welcome, and wag his tail upon seeing him, only growled as he passed the kennel; the birds were observed roosting upon the trees, the drooping leaves of which could scarcely afford them a safe retreat; the hall clock had stopped; the blinds of the house were all lowered, the bell was muffled; and gloominess of the most unwonted description, sat like an incubus upon all around.

An old servant who encountered the Doctor as he drew near the mansion stopped short and would have accosted him, but his voice faltered—it mattered not; what need of words at such moments? Oh! there is a sympathy, a free-masonry in looks which transcends all articulate expression. The tears which rolled down the furrowed cheek of the aged domestic told their own tale, there were syllables trembling on his tongue, but mental or bodily strength was wanting to give them utterance.

As we have said, all appeared inanimate—time itself seemed as if it was brought to an end ; but Margaret was alive, if indeed the condition into which she had sank could be called existence. Nearly insensible to those around, she lay betwixt consciousness and dissolution, as fair a piece of earth as ever the approach of death came unto, with the beauty of the steps that upon the mountain top bring good tidings, “ *publishing Peace Salvation.*”

It was evident that life and death were contending together, and it was only too obvious that the struggle would eventually end in the dust returning to the earth as it was. All those symptoms of decay which with singular beauty and philosophic precision Solomon describes as preceding the instant of dissolution, were apparent ; “ *or ever,*” as he goes on in those figurative expressions which really seem to anticipate the illustrious Dr. Harvey’s discovery of the circulation of the vital fluid, “ *or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*”

The Rector having been requested to attend,

for the last time, upon the dying Margaret, with gentle step entered the room, and drew near the bed ; the mother was by the side of the couch well nigh breathless as her child, watching through her tears those few remaining sparks of life, which flickered in the frame of the expiring sufferer. Mr. Honeywell and his other two daughters were seated near a small fire almost reduced to ashes, in uncontrollable distress. They could only intimate their consciousness of the Doctor's presence by motions.

The dying girl raised her languid eyes, and faintly smiling, as though she caught far off the still sweet fall of the angelic choir, again closed them. Was she no more ? It was too terrible for belief. The Doctor took her hand within his own palm, and thought the fingers closed upon him with a pressure, so slight, that to his mind it remained a doubt ; the hand was cold, moist, and clammy, death was upon it. She seemed to go softly to her last slumber, decaying like the expiring lamp, unseen away. The worthy minister watched her for some time. Her thin lips, pale as the youngest leaf of the wild rose, seemed stirred with

prayer. She revived a little, and recognized who were near her, but presently became again insensible. The Doctor then knelt down, and offered up the prayer to heaven appointed to be used for those at the point of departure. He commended the soul of Margaret into the hands of a faithful Creator, and besought him that he would wash it in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world. When he arose, he found that Margaret signified her approbation of what he had done, by a scarcely perceptible movement of her lips; he pressed her hand, and again felt the pressure slightly returned. Having given her his blessing, he soon after departed.

Dr. Truman returned to his family, with feelings more easily to be imagined than described; and in the course of that same evening, as he had apprehended, the intelligence reached him that Margaret was no more.

Two days subsequent to that evening, in the course of which the soul of Margaret had taken its flight to its native sphere, the Doctor went to Mr. Honeywell's house to ascertain

what arrangements he wished to make concerning the funeral. He found the family, as of course he expected, in great distress, but as resigned to the will of God as could be hoped for, under the immediate pressure of their bereavement. This was on the Monday, and it was intended that the body should be interred on the Wednesday following ; accordingly, preparations were made. By the Rector's advice, the funeral was to be as private as possible ; few persons except her nearest relatives, were asked to join in with the procession. Two coaches and a hearse were considered all that were requisite, though many gentleman's carriages were ready, out of respect to Margaret and the family, to follow the corpse to that cold bourne, whence it would only rise to put on immortality.

After the necessary arrangements were concluded on, Mr. Honeywell expressed a desire that the Doctor should view the corpse ;—the Rector would have declined. ‘ Recall not to my memory,’ said he, ‘ more vividly the form of her, who is now, alas, an angel in bliss ; let me not witness how cold insensate Death hath

set his seal on the charms of beauty. Her body, I doubt not, is yet lovely in decease, and her spirit, I feel well assured, hath returned to the guardianship of its creator.'

'It is our united wish, my dear Sir,' urged Mr. Honeywell, 'for you to behold her; there is nought to alarm; she bears more resemblance to the carving of a beautiful statue than the lifeless trunk of a female.'

'At this sad hour,' said the Doctor, 'I would willingly accede to any request in my power, so if it be indeed your united wills for me once more to set eyes on the beautiful Margaret, let me accompany you at once to her shroud, that I may take my last farewell.'

Mr. Honeywell then slowly led the way, and they presently found themselves in the chamber where Margaret yet sojourned in the flesh. There lay the corpse. The picture of her last repose was beautiful, more beautiful, if possible, than when radiant with youth and joy, and consciousness. The features were not marked with agony, nor had been deformed by the last convulsive pangs of dissolution. The cold brow was not ploughed by

furrows, but upon the forehead was the glimmering of that star and the mark of that cross, which were stamped upon her when she was made a Christian ; there was a lifeless trunk indeed, but one that had emitted its spirit to the bosom of its Redeemer, and one that was waiting till the trump of the archangel should arouse the dead, and proclaim the victory over the grave.

The Doctor remained for some time, with his head inclined over the body in silent emotion—not a word for a long interval passed between him and Mr. Honeywell—the chamber of death was felt to be a sacred thing, and the mutual silence was deep and impressive. For more than a quarter of an hour the Doctor's eyes had been fixed upon the still calm spectacle before him—and at last he said in a low agitated voice—‘ I find it difficult to persuade myself that she is dead!’ he paused for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed with uncontrollable emotion—‘ SHE IS NOT DEAD ! SHE IS NOT DEAD !’

The wonderful annunciation was true ! Upon placing a glass before her mouth they were

certified that breath was upon it. No time was to be lost, Margaret was alive. The physician was instantly sent for, and in the interim the Rector succeeded in getting a few drops of liquid between her lips, and with every drop fresh indications of her existence were elicited, till at last it was manifest that she had only been in a trance, out of which she was fast resuscitating.

Her parents, between the hope of her being alive, and the fear of having after all to witness as it were a repetition of her last agony, scarcely knew what they were about. The physician arrived, and all their most sanguine hopes were realized. Margaret was not only restored to life, but soon after, to the inexpressible delight of all who knew her, to convalescence, and the Doctor, a few years subsequent, had the pleasing duty of uniting her to his own son in the bands of wedlock, instead of having to bury her by the side of her sisters who had gone down to the grave before her.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.



CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

It was the annual custom of Dr. Truman to leave his parish for a month in the course of the summer, in order to relieve his mind from those arduous labours to which it was daily subjected, a relaxation to which none could object. His family had anticipated his departure by a day or two, and he was about to rejoin them at a watering place, situate not many miles distant from his rectory.

Dr. Truman had secured an inside place, and on seating himself in the coach, he recognized in two of his travelling companions, his own parishioners. The other passenger was an utter stranger.

As is generally the case, the conversation ran through every variety of topics, but the

Doctor took at first little or no part in their discourse, though they uniformly appealed to him for his opinion.

‘In politics generally,’ remarked the Rector, on one of these occasions, ‘I take little or no interest, but whensoever I am called upon to answer a question relating to the church, then, as one of her ministers, I feel in duty bound to defend her, according to my humble competence and to the best of my ability, such is my rule, and I see no reason why I should be backward in this.’

‘Permit me, if such be the case,’ made answer Mr. Clark, with a smile, ‘to ask you a question which you will allow to be pertinent; Do you consider that your church does not need any reform?’

‘The word *reform*,’ replied the Doctor, ‘is of an ambiguous meaning. If you take the modern sense, which political agitators are pleased to put upon the term, viz. a levelling or a destruction, then I am pretty strongly of opinion that our establishment needs no such *reform*. But, on the other hand, if you mean by the word *reform*, a change for the better,

provided that change does not infringe upon any of her fundamental ordinances, or affect her property, I would say that she needs it ; upon the obvious principle that nothing that is governed by “ earthly vessels ” can exist without requiring reparation. But it is a mere radical sequitur to infer, because a part of her machinery is out of repair, therefore the destruction of the whole machine ought to be meditated.’

‘ That indeed,’ returned Mr. Clark, ‘ is very candid on your part. Then admitting, as you seem inclined to do, that there be abuses, don’t you opine that a man may well be excused for leaving the church ? ’

‘ By no means,’ answered the Doctor. ‘ We have, as I have already granted, abuses in our establishment,—unworthy members both lay and clerical, but, comparatively speaking, very few, considering how extensively our work is carried on, and how many hands are necessarily employed in the undertaking. We possess every thing in our establishment necessary to bind men to the church, and we have functionaries, qualified by education, bound by the

most recognised authority to correct and extirpate our abuses. Now, Sir,' continued the Rector, 'as we have entered upon the subject, I will inform you upon what grounds I became a member of our church, that you may at once see I acted upon principle, taking the Scriptures as my guide. I became a minister of the Church of England not rashly, nor being constrained thereunto, but upon firm conviction, the result of much studious inquiry, that her doctrines and her worship were pure and apostolic—because she is one of the oldest branches of the Christian church—because she holds fast the truths of the gospel, and exhibits in her articles, creeds, and services, the doctrines of the apostles—because, like unto the primitive church, she had three distinct orders, bishops, priests, and deacons—because the most able, learned, talented, and most sincere Christians are to be found in her communion—because her services are distinguished for beauty in style, piety in sentiment, and characterised by charity in all things—because her prayers are so plain, so full, so fervent, and adapted to every capacity, that let a man

be in any trouble, in sorrow, in need, sickness, or any other adversity, he will find a prayer in our beautiful liturgy, meet to offer unto God : again, because I hate disunion ; the Scripture says, “ *Mark them which cause divisions, and avoid them,*” and I know that the church, as far as can be, is free from that opprobrium :—because I wish to submit myself to every ordinance of man, not revolting to my reason, for the Lord’s sake ; and to forsake the church would be to despise the ordinance of man ; for the establishment to which I belong, is protected by the institutions under which I live : because I see the blessing of God resting upon his everlasting tabernacle : and though environed by enemies, and attacked on all sides, still the church stands majestic, smiling upon the feeble attempts of men to subvert her—because I observe the lives of her sincere members to be simple, and exemplary, and distinguish among them more exalted virtue and piety, than are anywhere else to be found—because I find upon examination, that her doctrines and ordinances are Scriptural, and that those who adhere to them must be, according to our Saviour’s promise,

inhabitants of his kingdom. And lastly, because I was induced, under all these concurrent circumstances, from an innate principle; which, under the direction of reason, can never lead astray, and which, I entertain no doubt, was called into action by the Holy Spirit, to exercise the faculties with which the Almighty has endowed me, in his service, and in his church.'

'Those certainly,' remarked Mr. Clark, after a pause, 'are arguments in favour of your church, difficult to controvert, and I make no question you are actuated, as you say, by your own conscience; but why then not grant to others the same liberty, you claim for yourself? I mean liberty of conscience, and permit them to dissent from you.'

'I look upon it,' replied the Doctor, 'that an unhallowed liberty of conscience is a dangerous thing in matters of religious worship.'

'But why,' rejoined Mr. Clark, 'should men be obliged to serve God after any other mode than that, which their own conscience dictates.'

'You would ask,' replied the Doctor,

efore every man should not be a follower
of worship, which is most agreeable to his
own fancy?'

Which is my inquiry,' said Mr. Clark.

I suppose,' continued the Doctor, 'a man's
conscience should induce him to worship a
god or to bow down to images carved by his
hands, upon your reasoning, which I am
aware upon occasion is acted upon by
him; there would be no sin, because he only
obeys to the dictates of his conscience. But
you no ultimate appeal? Do you acknow-
ledge no rule by which you are guided, limit-
ed licence of faith, or the freedom of
conscience?'

None, I apprehend,' replied Mr. Clark,
'but of a man's own conscience.'

None, on the contrary,' replied the Doctor,
'under the Bible to be the rule and stand-
ard of our faith. I am not to suppose that
you have no Bible, but only that you will not
take that book to be the rule by which to
test, and upon which to establish, your
faith.'

What,' said Mr. Clark, 'would be to push

the argument rather farther than seems warrantable. When I talk of liberty of conscience, I mean in contradistinction to any compulsion which may be used with men, in respect of their religion.'

'In this country,' returned the Doctor, 'compulsion is never resorted to on such occasions; the state tolerates Dissent, and men are not forced or compelled to serve God, after any set form, or in any particular way. And the reason why the state upholds the Church Establishment, is because her tenets and ministrations appear more consonant to Scripture and reason, than those of any other church in the world.'

'I must beg to differ from you upon that point,' again objected Mr. Clark, 'I cannot reconcile myself to there being an established religion. I mean a religion upheld by the state. It is wholly repugnant to the temper of my mind: no argument, no reason, no Scripture, can in fact justify it.'

'If you will allow me, Sir,' mildly made answer the Doctor, 'I will endeavour to throw more light upon the subject, than you

appear at present to possess. You are perhaps not aware that all the nations of antiquity had religious establishments. Their universality, therefore, in all ages, is an argument in favor of them. And if we look to scriptural evidence, the Patriarchal appears to have been the first form of government exercised by the heads of families over their household. Thus Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were severally heads or kings over their subjects, and we are instructed, that one of the first acts which Abraham performed after leaving his own country, was to establish a family altar—Isaac also, and especially Jacob, erected the altar of God amidst his people—here then we find the principle acted upon, and established. The same may be affirmed of all the other patriarchs, and of Noah before them. But we go on to the Mosaic dispensation. The government assumed at that time the character of a theocracy. Moses, the leader of the Israelites, was merely a temporal viceroy—here then, not only was public worship instituted, but appointed to be observed by God himself. And it is not irrelevant to bid you note, that

whenever the Israelites turned from God, who was their king, unto idolatry, that instant did he withdraw his protection from them; and when in their compromise between devotion and lawlessness they chose to have recourse to that *juste milieu*, implied in obeying an earthly king instead of an heavenly one, the principle which God himself established was strictly observed. Their kings were ex-officio the regulators of the religious instruction of their subjects. If then the Jewish kings were bound by God himself to attend to the spiritual wants of their subjects, why, upon every principle of analogy, are not the kings of England?’

‘But Sir,’ asked Mr. Clark, ‘did not the Jewish National Church merely typify the Christian, and were not types and shadows entirely abolished upon the appearance of our Saviour?’

‘If you grant that the Jewish National Church,’ replied the Doctor, ‘was a type of the Christian, you must also allow that the type was *designed* by God to foreshew some future circumstance: though the coming of Christ did supersede any necessity for *types* and *shadows*,

still in their place he introduced the *substance*, so that the moral principles and obligations were not abrogated, “*I came not,*” said he, “*to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil ;*” as if he had announced that, wherever that is a *shadow*, I will substitute the thing signified, the object mystically wrapped up.’

‘But our Saviour,’ interrupted Mr. Clark, ‘pronounced nothing in favour of National Establishments, and since he gave no command concerning them, why are we bound to be subject to them?’

‘Our Saviour’s silence,’ replied the Doctor, ‘argues just nothing. Let it suffice that he uttered not a word in disapproval of a National Establishment, which he assuredly would have done had such been his sentiments. Nothing was delivered by our Saviour to bind men to keep the Sabbath, because, the observance of it already existing, it was not necessary for him to touch upon the point. So with respect to a national religion, our Saviour found his hearers, by education, the hallowed recollections of their history, and long usage, impressed in favour of it; and therefore there was no

occasion to enforce it. He found that the prophecy was fulfilled, “ *Kings shall be thy nursing-fathers, and their queens thy nursing-mothers,*” and so forbore to express himself upon this point. Thus, Sir, I have shewn you, that a national church was encouraged by God under the patriarchal dispensation, actually established by him under the Jewish, and sanctioned by him under the Christian dispensation. And now let me ask what can be more binding? Again, human nature is so corrupt that religion cannot well subsist without some adventitious aid of that kind. Where there existed no established religion, there would soon be no religion at all. Religious instruction must be amply provided, and religious institutions maintained by the state, or it is plain that those who may be disinclined to receive the one and are inimical to the other, i. e. the great majority of mankind, will never be at the pains to seek them, or at the cost to pay for them. Besides, were the state indifferent about the matter, and held out no encouragement to the well-educated and well-informed part of the community to take orders, ignorant

men would soon thrust themselves into the ministry, and thus would religion fall into contempt and disorder, as is the case, I think in many conventicles throughout the country. This must necessarily happen. For what prudent father of a family, with a view to the scanty and precarious stipend of the voluntary system, would bestow upon a son that costly education, which in these days (when all extraordinary inspirations have long ceased) is absolutely requisite to fit him for the clerical office ? .

‘ It is very clear that no church can stand without some ecclesiastical polity. The question then arises, whether it is to be governed democratically by its own members at large ; or by an authority, vested in the crown, and in its spiritual dignitaries. If you say ‘ by its own members,’ then look at the different sects to see how that rule acts. Indeed it has been asserted by one, who was no great friend to the church, ‘ *Look out for a people entirely destitute of religion: if you find them at all, be assured, that they are but few degrees removed from brutes.*’

‘ But let us consider the object of a State Establishment—here we find that it is to ensure to the people ministers of the Gospel, who are ready to pray with them, to preach to them, and to teach them, both in public and in private, the great truths of revelation. Again, our church, from being in connexion with the legislature, furnishes a succession of men capable of this great work ; and if they forsake or neglect it, they are amenable to punishment. She supplies religious instruction to the poor man as well as the richest and noblest in the land, and brings them together as worshippers in the same temple ; whereas, in modern conventicles, the poor man has to pay from his scanty pittance something towards his soul’s good. What, I ask, would become of the poor ? What would become of those numerous villages throughout the realm, inhabited only by farmers sufficiently depressed, and their labourers in a still more forlorn and wretched condition, were there no established religion ? It would come to this, that those parishes which could not maintain a minister would soon learn to live

without God in the world. And in no long time, more -than half the parishes in England would be deprived of the blessings of the Gospel, and thus sink into a state of heathenism and moral darkness, not to be surpassed by that of the wild savages themselves. Look back to the time of Cromwell, when the church and state were separated; what numerous conflicting sects overspread the land, which to this day have left their foul and filthy pollution behind them, and contaminated, like the fabled harpies, the food of sound religion with their nauseous infection. Look at the unbridled licentiousness of France at the time of her last great Revolution, how the passions of the people, unrestrained by religion, dared to insult and defy the Deity. The ruling powers, in the enthusiasm of their false liberality, dressed up a figure as the goddess of Reason, and invited the populace to fall down and worship the idol that they had set up. With such beacons for our instruction, would it evince prudence to dismiss the state religion of this country, and leave men to follow the bent of their own inclinations, which we must all

allow to be *prone* to evil? Would it be advisable? Would it be the act of rational beings? Would it accord with Scripture?

‘But even supposing,’ said Mr. Clark ‘some established religion be indispensable why should it be that of the Church of England?’

‘I will furnish you with a reason, and that a simple one,’ replied the Doctor. ‘Because the number of churchmen exceeds, very greatly, that of the dissenters. And the opinion of the majority, in all cases of difference, is held to be more likely to be founded on what is just, than that of the minority. You are permitted by the government to dissent from us, and to worship God as your consciences direct you. Suffer us without vituperation to do the same, not only as our consciences dictate, but as our Bible teaches us.’

‘I cannot but maintain,’ rejoined Mr. Clark ‘notwithstanding your plausible argument that men ought to be left entirely free to adopt whatever religion they incline to, without having their judgment biassed, by the

circumstance of a state religion, and I can entertain but a very poor opinion of an establishment, which stands in need of being upheld by government. If it were founded upon the rock of Christ, why should it hold its very existence unstable, unless it dreamt beneath the broad imperial shadow of the state.'

'That argument,' replied the Doctor, 'does not by any means tell against the necessity of an establishment, it only proves the depravity of human nature. Our establishment requires being upheld, because so many wicked men are desirous to subvert it; but the simple fact that our church looks for this protection from the government, is in nowise derogatory to it; on the contrary, the support which sensible men, men who in all ages have been considered the most learned, the most erudite, and the most pious,—the support they have afforded, and do still afford to our establishment, is ample evidence of their opinion of its value. But let us look to the probable result, were the government to withdraw this protection.

'That result would be the rapid decay and decrease of religion throughout the nation;

the poor would be shortly deprived of having the blessed truths of the gospel preached to them, and also of the services of their respective ministers. Again, the result would be, that it would offer a temptation to avarice and other bad passions: Religion, so to speak, would be in a mart, the price of which would vary according to the powers and ability of those who had to sell it. And were men left to choose that creed and religion which might happen to be accommodated to their consciences, without having their attention directed to some authorized form; it is morally certain they would end by selecting none at all. We know how depraved the imagination and the thoughts of men are, and that their inclinations are evil continually; we may therefore justly conclude, if all denominations of religion were placed upon a footing of equality in the eye of the state, were one sect to hold more unscriptural tenets than another, that the generality of men would cleave to that, which in all human probability would be least opposed to the indulgence of their pride, their lusts, or any other modification of selfishness. It is not to be

calculated upon, that, generally speaking, men would be at the pains and cost to provide religious instruction for themselves ; daily experience convinces us of the fallacy of such an expectation ; nay, there are, alas ! too many who will let escape the opportunity of having it, although it is provided for them without money and without price. What then would be their indifference if they had this provision to make for themselves ? A factious spirit of opposition may indeed at present stimulate, as it does in this country, a small minority to set up and to support heresies of their own. But even in this case, when there was no longer an opposition and a rivalry to be maintained, zeal would cool, and lukewarmness and indifference would take its place.'

'Were this indeed to be the result,' said Mr. Clark, 'I would be the last to deny that it would be injurious—the first to deprecate its adoption ; but, I confess, I should like to see others put upon the same footing with the state as are churchmen.'

'They can easily,' answered the Doctor,

‘place themselves upon the same footing, by becoming members of their community.’

‘That they cannot do,’ returned Mr. Clark, ‘in consequence of the existence of so many abuses in the doctrine and discipline of the establishment.’

‘But parliament,’ answered the Doctor, ‘is doing its utmost to obviate that objection, by taking steps to correct these complained-of abuses; and with respect to the doctrines of our church, with the exception of the Unitarians and of the Baptists, in one single particular, they are not very different from the doctrines of the great body of dissenters, at least there is not such an irreconcilable difference as can justify dissent; therefore, I may presume, when the commissioners appointed to examine and correct the abuses of our church shall have their recommendations sanctioned by parliament, that the dissenting class of the community will no longer object to fall back into the ranks of the establishment. But should any of the complained-of abuses, after all, remain unredressed, why should the wholesome draught be rejected,

because the dregs may have a smack of bitter?'

'Parliament,' replied Mr. Clark, 'will never, depend upon it, alter the discipline of your church, and therefore upon that score we shall under any circumstances be justified in continuing to dissent from you.'

'With respect to the discipline of our church, I can descry nothing objectionable,' said the Doctor. 'There is this difference between us and you: you say, that every congregation has in itself what is necessary for its own government, and is not subject to other churches, or to their deputies. This mode of church government is adopted by the dissenters in general. The Church of England, on the contrary, submits to the authority of the King, who is the supreme head, and under him, to that of two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops, and she insists on the divine origin of these and other officers. She allows no one to officiate, except those who are lawfully called; and she judges those lawfully called to the work, who have been publicly ordained by men, authorized to that duty.'

‘ Now, sir, if I prove our ministers’ authority lawful, and founded on the declared will of God, it must follow that the dissenting ‘ call’ is illegal, and therefore that those who officiate in virtue of it, are acting out of ‘ *order*.’ The ministers of religion are God’s ambassadors. Nothing, therefore, but a divine appointment can qualify any person to hold that sacred office. It is our business, then, to consider by what mode of procedure a man becomes divinely appointed. We know, that among the Jews, none could approach the presence of God in a sacerdotal character, but such as were appointed by him. Aaron and his sons, and the Levites, were consecrated by the express command of God, and all of them had their distinct commissions from heaven ; and it was a principle generally admitted and acted upon, both in ancient and modern times, that fit persons should be duly appointed and set apart to perform the offices of public worship. At the time of our Saviour’s advent, none dared to exercise the office of the Christian ministry, till they were commissioned by him. The twelve apostles were first appointed by

him, and subsequently the other seventy. After his resurrection, he breathed upon them the Holy Ghost, and then gave them authority to perform all the functions of the church, and to convey the same authority to others, promising that he would confirm what was done in his name, and that he would be with them and their successors, even unto the end of the world. The work of the ministry became so great in process of time, that the Apostles appointed deacons to assist them, and afterwards elders. We read of St. Paul appointing elders in all the churches which he founded; and he directed Timothy and Titus to do the same. Thus it appears that ministers should derive their authority from Jesus Christ; and no one can be said to have this authority, but those who have received ordination from the hands of a Bishop, who has been himself duly consecrated; for the power to ordain is the exclusive right of a Bishop. Our Saviour said to his Apostles, "*As my Father sent me, so send I you; and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*" Hence it is evident, that the Apostles' com-

mission is of divine institution, and that they were empowered to ordain others. And it is equally clear, from authentic history, that there has been a succession of persons, derived from God himself, authorised to ordain, as the occasion might require. It appears, moreover, that God was pleased and satisfied with the mode of proceeding ; for at the death of Judas, Matthias was appointed ; and at the day of Pentecost “ *they were ALL (including Matthias) filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.*” Yes, it is very evident that our Bishops derive their authority from the Apostles themselves, and they from our Saviour, so that there has been an uninterrupted succession of ministers, regularly ordained to their sacred office, from the commencement of Christianity, to the present time—an unbroken chain of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons—a regular succession has taken place, at the death of one, another was appointed, and so on, until now. Besides, our reason, and our own experience concur to convince us, that unless men be properly educated, and duly called to

the ministry, individuals of heated fancies, of vulgar tongues, and of very little knowledge, will madly rush in ‘*where angels fear to tread*,’ and inducting themselves into the priesthood, cause the service of God to be loathed and laughed at.’

‘I cannot suppose,’ said Mr. Clark, evidently not quite pleased with the course which the discussion was taking, ‘that you would insinuate any complaint against our mode of educating our ministers. We have, as you are doubtless aware, academies in which the greatest care is taken to make the pupils efficient ambassadors of Christ, to arm them at all points in the holy cause they will have to advocate, and moreover, and above all, to ensure their becoming popular preachers. They are accustomed to hold forth from the age of sixteen before the other students, and by this practice do they acquire a confidence, which must necessarily prove very advantageous.’

‘Allow me on my part,’ returned the Doctor, ‘to inform you how candidates for Holy Orders are obliged to proceed, before they can

enter the church, and you will at once perceive the vast difference between the qualifications requisite to a self-appointed minister, and those demanded from one appointed according to God's holy word.

‘ Before a person can enter the church as deacon, he has to undergo six examinations, and must pass through seven, before he be in full orders.’

‘ How do you make them out?’ asked Mr. Clark, exhibiting in his tone and manners obvious marks of surprise. ‘ I was not at all aware of those precautions.’

‘ Few people are so,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ I will enumerate them to your perfect satisfaction. The candidate for Holy Orders must have been at least three years at one of our universities, during which period he has to stand the ordeal of three college, and two university examinations, before impartial and indifferent examiners; and unless he pass successfully these examinations, he is not at liberty to present himself to the bishop for ordination. Independently of his certificate of having passed these examinations, he is

an university Professor, stating that he attended a certain number of divinity lectures. In addition to these most laudable institutions, there is yet another of which I am, Mr. Clark, you cannot but approve. Notice is publicly read in the church of the place wherein the candidate for orders resides, requiring that he intends to offer himself for the ministry at an ensuing ordination. That he is permitted to apply forthwith to a particular bishop for that object, and inviting such as may be aware of any *just cause or impediment where-
in he ought not to be admitted into Holy Orders, to signify the same forthwith to the bishop before mentioned, or to declare it openly.* If, having by dint of exertion and blameless conduct, obtained these certificates, he is required to procure one to the same effect from

does he go for examination before a bishop, *again, be it noted, an indifferent person*; and should he be deemed fully qualified and competent, he is not, after all, (mind me,) permitted to enter the priesthood rashly, but put, as it were, upon trial for one twelvemonth. At the end of this period of probation, he may not have insured the consummation of his endeavours for so many years. He finds himself under the necessity of obtaining another testimonial from three beneficed clergymen to certify that, as far as they know, he has behaved godlily and virtuously, and moreover has not preached any false doctrine. Thus fully qualified, does he present himself before the bishop for the last examination, in the which should he approve himself to his Lordship's satisfaction, which is far from being a matter of course, since it wholly depends upon the extent of his theological attainments, he is allowed to officiate in the church as a priest. From what I have stated, you will perceive that the greatest precaution is used to preclude the possibility of illiterate and ungodly men serving at our altars. But only mark the very different

mode of procedure adopted by any of the innumerable sects which are in the world.'

'I assure you,' returned Mr. Clark, not a little piqued, 'that the education of individuals destined to so solemn and responsible a trust as that of preaching the word of God to a sinful world, is a matter of the greatest solicitude with Dissenters, at least,' he subjoined after a pause, and appearing slightly confused, 'I can answer to its being no easy task, the procuring leave to officiate amongst our denomination.'

'I cannot possibly conceive,' replied the Doctor, 'how satisfaction can be said to exist at all amongst the Dissenters, with respect to the education of their ministers, or wherefore should they discover such uncommon solicitude, or evince so great desire to have their sons graduate in our colleges?' Mr. Clark appeared somewhat baffled, at least so the good Doctor inferred from his clouded brow, he pondered for a moment, ere, palpably evading the force of his reverend antagonist's last remark, he replied, 'of course I have no objections to offer to the precautions taken in your church, though, after all, your

ministers appointed only by men, are obligated to *swear* that they are *inwardly called*.

‘ No such thing,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘ I happen to have a Prayer Book in my pocket. I will turn to the ordination service. Here I find it thus asked.

‘ Do you think that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for the promoting of his glory and the edifying of his people ? ’

Answer. ‘ I *trust* so.’

‘ Do you think that you are truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the due order of this realm, to the ministry of the church ? ’

Answer. ‘ I *think* so.’

‘ You will readily distinguish the vast difference between your statement and the purport of what I have just read ; and since I have the Prayer Book in my hand, perhaps you will allow me to direct your attention to the twenty-third Article.

‘ *It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching, or minister-*

ing the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same; and those we ought to judge lawfully called and sent, which be chosen and given unto them in the congregation to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard.'

'Here, Sir,' resumed the Doctor, 'is an Article founded upon the written word of God which cannot err; and it behoves every candidate for the embassy of heaven, every man who feels within himself the requisite qualifications for becoming a minister of Jesus Christ to be entirely guided by it.'

'It would seem,' interrupted Mr. Clark, 'that the present argument hinges entirely upon the precise definition to be given to the phrase *lawfully called*. I must admit that as the law now stands, your ministers are *lawfully ordained*. But ours which are subject to no government beyond the pale of their own church, have a *call* of a more *divine* nature, in virtue whereof they exercise their ministry to the enlightening of God's people.'

'That the fumes of fanaticism shall confuse a man's upper story till he conceive himself

under the influence of a divine *call* is explicable enough,' replied the Doctor, 'but that he should be verily inspired from above as your language importeth, like unto young Samuel or the twelve Apostles, seems to me a vain imagination, and is quite irreconcilable to my mind. We are instructed by Scripture, and we know from experience, that the *extraordinary* gifts of the Holy Spirit have long since ceased, and therefore the *divine call* along with them. Hence we rest satisfied with one of a legal nature, derived from a divine origin, and based upon the Scriptures. But we trust and confidently hope that the *ordinary* operations of the Holy Spirit do inwardly assist us, and that the blessing of God doth rest upon our endeavours, enabling us to follow, as much as lies within the mediocrity of poor human nature, the example of our Lord and Master. Thus you perceive we lay no claim to inspiration, nor assume that the Spirit working upon us affords us that *glimpse* of light after any *miraculous* mode. We pretend not to an afflation from Divinity, but take the Scriptures as we find them; and

they have appointed a way by which men shall be ordained, and within that line of demarcation do we cheerfully, though strictly confine ourselves. We do not travel out of the record in search of illuminations which can only turn out so many *ignes fatui*.'

'I cannot' replied Mr. Clark, 'for a moment subscribe to the truth of the assumption that runs through all your argument, namely, that God has withdrawn all assistance from his ministers; still less am I prepared to admit, that he vouchsafes this assistance to those only who are ordained in a particular manner, to the exclusion of those talented and conscientious men who in our church consecrate their lives to his service, and the saving of human souls.'

'To reduce this' said the Doctor, 'to its simplest form, let us examine what evidence each has to produce of his being a minister of Jesus Christ. In our church, the clergyman professes to have been ordained in an ordinary and regular manner, by some one invested with an authority derived in a direct line from the Apostles; he lays no claim to any extra-

ordinary call. Your minister, on the other hand, pretends that he is specially and directly called and appointed by God himself. The only evidence by which so extraordinary an assumption can be borne out would consist in the working of miracles. Indeed we are fairly warranted in concluding, wherever a minister can neither establish by evidence that he has received ordination in a direct line from the Apostles, nor in virtue of his office can perform miracles, that he has arrogated to himself a title of which he is utterly unworthy, and ascribed to himself the holy privileges of an office, of which the very assumption constitutes his disqualification.

‘ But, Sir, I would advert to another proceeding on the part of dissenters which I have always considered very unscriptural, and that is the election of ministers by the people, though perhaps if the appointment were for life, it might remove a little of what, without wishing to speak harshly, I cannot but stigmatize as a great scandal. The minister finds on his exaltation, that he is so circumstanced as to be necessitated to serve many masters.

There is not one verse in the Bible authorizing the people to choose their own minister, or which by any warping of the sense can bear that interpretation. On the contrary, we read of St. Paul appointing ministers over the church without ever consulting the people, and we know that the Apostles commanded Timothy and Titus to act in a similar manner. To Timothy he says “*ordain elders in every city, as I had appointed thee.*” If then you elect your own minister, by what casuistry do you imagine that you hold, as you profess to do, the primitive doctrines of the Apostles? ’

‘ We certainly do hold the doctrines of the Apostles,’ replied Mr. Clark, ‘ though I confess a little modified according to circumstances. We are obliged to adapt our actions to the times, and to the minds of the men we have to deal with ; things right in the abstract are not always so in their practical application, and thus is it that we find it politic a little to vary.’

‘ That is, indeed, a grand confession,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘ you allow that you vary from the Apostles, and believe that your wish

to adapt your actions to the times and to the minds of those persons with whom you have to deal, sanctions so strange a procedure. Now would it not discover more discretion, would it not manifest a nicer sense of religious obligation, were you to endeavour to form the minds of your congregations in accordance with the doctrines of the Apostles, instead of distorting the doctrines, until they be conformable to the fancies of your flock? Every successive generation produces minds essentially varying and different. So according to your argument, the doctrines of Scripture require continual renovation to adapt them to the new-fangled fancies and ridiculous notions that spring up in every age, until at last you would find yourselves as far from pure doctrines, as you are at present from a pure system. But there are other reasons why the system is bad—a bad feeling is generated in the breasts of your congregations at the time of election—the minister finds himself placed in a false position—his sense of duty and his worldly interests are put in unseemly opposition—they are often directly at issue, and his situation is conse-

quently precarious; not to mention the constant dread that he must be in, lest he should displease any of his flock by the unscriptural mode of proceeding. I need not instance the riots and divisions which generally take place during an election—but you must allow that, at that time envyings, jealousies, and evil speakings exist among those who profess to harbour no thought incompatible with the religious feeling, and the “*peace which passeth all understanding.*” ’

‘ I must e’en confess,’ answered Mr Clark. after a pause of irresolution, ‘ that these things do take place but too frequently, and that to the detriment of our religion ; I can only express my sorrow at such occurrences, but they do not in my opinion affect the policy and soundness of the system.’

‘ A system ’ returned the Doctor, ‘ can only be said to answer when the beneficial effects of its working make themselves manifest,—you may know a tree by its fruits. The gospel of Jesus Christ should produce love, concord, and unanimity—not divisions, for “ *a house divided against itself cannot stand.*” ’

‘ I am ready to admit,’ answered Mr. Clark, ‘ that if the election rested with a very few who were able to judge of the qualities and capability of the candidate, that it would obviate a great deal of unpleasantness, but retain my opinion that the right should be exclusively confined to certain of the members. Truly sorry should I be to be subject to some far-off patron who rather studied his own secular advantage than the eternal interests of the people who required a minister.’

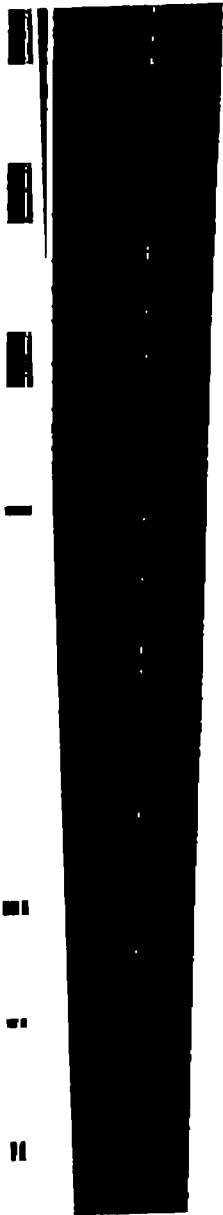
‘ Excuse me interrupting you,’ said the Doctor with a placid smile, ‘ but I am persuaded that you intend your last remark as a hard hit at our church—there I see I am right—you should however bear in mind, that the person whom the patron nominates to any of our livings, is one who has been regularly ordained, and the Bishop has the power, and does exercise the power, to ascertain and determine whether he be a fit and proper person to have the piece of preferment to which he is appointed. So that no far-off patron, studying only his own interest, can *present*, unless unto a fit and proper person to have the cure of the soul

of a parish, as it rests with the Bishop whether or no he shall accept the nomination. These, Sir, are points favorable to the discipline of our church, which, I am sorry to say, are generally overlooked, at least, our enemies are not in a hurry to give us the credit which these precautions seem to deserve.'

'I was not aware,' observed Mr. Clark, 'that the Bishop could put his veto upon any nomination.'

'A case in point actually occurred not very long ago,' answered the Doctor, 'the Bishop of Exeter refused to accept the nomination of a person to a living in consequence of his unfitness. And it is a power with which every Bishop, presumed to be endued with the spirit of government, is invested, and which he does not scruple upon occasion to exercise.'

As the Doctor finished this sentence, the coach stopped, and a waiter, opening the door, announced with smirking visage and sarcastic glance of the eye, that just twenty minutes, and not a second longer, was the regular time allotted, even to the slowest eating passenger, who would wish to sit down and dine with mine host of the Red Lion.



DOCTRINES.



DOCTRINES.

WHEN the twenty minutes devoted to the discussion of their hasty meal, were expired, the gentlemen, again inducted into their close quarters, resumed their seats in the coach, now about thirty miles distant from its place of destination. After a few passing remarks, Mr. Clark said,

‘There remains, I believe only one other point for us to consider, Doctor, and then I shall have had the benefit of your opinion upon all the *veratæ questiones*, I mean *doctrines*, on which we are at variance.’

‘I am only sorry,’ replied the Doctor, ‘that there should be any necessity for controversy at all, I trust that our differences of opinion will not endanger our salvation, other-

.

wise the sooner we bring our discussion to a close the better, but what precise notion do you entertain of the doctrine to which I presume you allude ?’

‘We believe,’ replied Mr. Clark, ‘that a certain number of human beings have been chosen by God to everlasting glory in Christ, before the foundation of the world, and that pursuant to his immutable purpose, all such are set apart of his free grace and love, without the least foresight of faith, good works, or any conditions performed by the creature; and we believe that he has pleased to pass by, and ordain them to dishonour and wrath for their sins, to the praise of his vindictive justice. Secondly, that Jesus Christ, by his death and sufferings, made an atonement only for the sins of the elect. Thirdly, that all whom God has predestinated to life, he is pleased, in his appointed time, effectually to call, by his word and Spirit, out of that state of sin and death, in which they are by nature, to grace and salvation through Jesus Christ: and fourthly, that those whom God has effectually called and sanctified by his Spirit,

shall never finally relapse from a state of grace.'

'Your tenets,' said the Doctor, 'appear to combine three distinct positions—election—predestination—and irresistible grace, each of which, if you please, we will canvass separately. And as a preliminary, perhaps you will explain on what grounds you conceive yourself authorized to hold the very obnoxious doctrines, that God has, without any conditions, elected some men to life, and condemned others to death.'

'The Bible is my warrant,' replied Mr Clark, in the tone and with the air of a man who has uttered something conclusive, 'My sentiments upon election are founded on the expression of our Saviour, respecting his having *chosen* his disciples *out of the world*, and more particularly, on certain terms used by the Apostle Paul in his epistle to the Romans, and in short, upon the views entertained by all the sacred writers on that particular.'

'If I mistake you not,' asked the Doctor, 'you conceive the word *elect* to imply a person

or persons chosen by God, without any condition to dwell in his kingdom ?’

‘ Such would be my definition of the term,’ answered Mr. Clark.

‘ There is where we are directly at issue,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘ I consider the word *elect* to be synonymous with the word Christian, because all true Christians having been elected to the privileges of the gospel, may be called by a very ordinary licence of language the elect. Hence there can be no such distinction among Christians as the *elect*—for *God is no respecter of persons*. And when we call a set of people Christians, or *elect*, we mean that they are chosen or *elected* to hear and to embrace the word of God, not, as you have vainly imagined, chosen or *elected* to eternal salvation. Thus all true Christians may be called *elect*. But observe, particularly, that I do not deny the fact of election, else I should deny Christianity, but would only reprobate the doctrine that few are chosen out of the world for salvation, whilst the many are passed by, notwithstanding they may have made a right use of God’s grace imparted to them, and have performed

his holy will to the fullest extent of their ability.'

'Take, for example of my view of the question,' interposed Mr. Clark, 'the descendants of Abraham, were they not the elect people of God?'

'Undoubtedly,' responded the good Doctor, 'but to what,' he demanded, 'were they ordained? Were they elected absolutely and certainly to enter the promised land? If so, what could possibly have intervened to bar their entrance? They were simply elected to the privilege of having those blessings within their reach, on the condition of their obeying the law, which God himself had given them. Having disobeyed the law, and forfeited the privilege, none of those who departed out of the land of Egypt were permitted to 'take up' their promised rest, save Joshua and Caleb. Hence we may fairly conclude that they were only elected to the privilege, contingent upon the right exercise of their own free-will, to enter that land of promise. For had they been predestinated by God there to set up their tabernacle, nothing which malignity could have

devised could have intervened to defeat his immutable purpose. In the xivth chapter of the book of Numbers, and the 29th and 30th verses, we shall find that the Lord said to the Israelites, “ *Your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness: and all that were numbered of you, according to your whole number, from twenty years old and upwards, which have murmured against me, doubtless you shall not come into the land, concerning which I swear to make you dwell therein, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun.*” Again, you will find in the thirtieth chapter of Deuteronomy, and the nineteenth verse, that Moses said, “ *I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.*” Moses, you observe, does not force his religion, but having shewn to the Israelites the reasonableness of it, he left it to themselves to decide. He knew where there is no choice, there could be no virtue in obedience. Again, all the types in the Old Testament are opposed to the opinion which you

entertain of the nature of election. The paschal lamb, for instance, was typical of the atoning sacrifice of the true Lamb of God. The sins of *all* the people, not of a few of them, were put upon the head of the lamb; and thus were they expiated. Again, the promised land of Canaan was a type of the promised kingdom of God; and we know that none but those who use the utmost vigilance, and by strenuous exertion, *take heaven by storm*, can hope to enter therein. But let us look to the New Testament, and first we will consider the parable of the talents. Here we find that, to one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; and straightway took his journey, leaving it to the choice of the depositories whether or not they would gain other talents. But the Lord came, and found that that man, who had received one talent had hid it in the earth. But what said our Lord? *Take the one talent from him, and cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness.* This unprofitable servant, you will note, was punished, not because he had only been endowed with one talent, but because he

had let that one lie idle. But scripture says, “*If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.*” I forbear to cite other passages which readily suggest themselves, but I would gladly be instructed in those, by which you imagine your creed to be supported.’

‘There are many which concur to that end,’ answered Mr. Clark, ‘and I will endeavour to recal them to mind. We are told by St. Paul, that we are as “*clay in the hands of the potter,*” who has power to make of the same lump, vessels to honor and to dishonor, clearly intimating at all events his opinion, that God chooses some to glory and condemns others to punishment.’

‘Indeed!’ returned the Doctor, ‘I am so dull that I cannot by any means admit your

inference ; and allow me to ask,' he proceeded, 'if ever a potter made a vessel to be broken ?'

'I should suppose not,' replied Mr. Clark.

'Well, then,' rejoined the Doctor, 'according to the same reasoning, God never made man with the object of punishing him ; on the contrary, he said, "*Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life ;—*" implying, that if we come unto him, we shall have life.'

'How then,' asked Mr. Clark, in a subdued but at the same time piqued tone of voice, 'Would you have me interpret this passage—Christ having chosen a certain number out of his disciples to preach the gospel ?'

'Why, truly,' replied the Doctor with a smile, that, notwithstanding the actual kindness of his disposition, had somewhat of an arch expression—'why truly there is nothing that I can see to interpret. The numbers he chose, he no doubt deemed sufficient for the undertaking ; and it is remarkable, that in selecting his disciples, he chose the most ignorant he could find. This however makes nothing for your argument. If it did, we might infer that all the lawful successors to

those whom Christ chose, would in you of the word be elected, i. e. predestin be saved, which is far from being th The lawful successors are indeed elec cause, like the primitive preachers, t set apart to preach the gospel, nothin But again, if those only whom our l chose to preach the gospel were ele salvation, and the great mass of mankind rejected, I would thank you to point o necessity there was for their preaching was the *terminus ad quem* which they sou what did the *cui bono* of their mission ex

‘ Its use, I suppose,’ answered Mr ‘ must be referred to the benefits of thi

‘ Then why did St. Paul say’ rejoic Doctor, ‘ “ *Work out your own sal* since it is evident that salvation can o place in the next world? In fact, in the New Testament, we find few pag out exhortations to obedience, and of consequent reward in an after stat istence. Again, if it were possible preaching were only intended to pu concerns of this uneasy world, preachin

almost all in vain. Surely, if you reflect for a moment, you cannot doubt that the preaching of the gospel is one of the means which God has vouchsafed to us for the conversion of sinners.'

'But are we not expressly told,' interrupted Mr. Clark, 'that whom God did foreknow, he did also predestinate?'

'But to what?' demanded the Rector. 'Therein lies the pith of the argument; not, Sir, to eternal salvation, but only to the privilege of being Christians.'

'You surely would not question,' persisted Mr. Clark, somewhat testily, 'the foreknowledge of God?'

'By no means,' ejaculated the Doctor, 'God foreknows all things; but it does not follow that his foreknowledge hath any impulsive power upon man's actions. If you see a person directing his steps towards a precipice, you know that, if he continues his walk, he must inevitably be destroyed; but your foreknowledge is no proof that you influence his locomotive faculty to his ruin. God never impels men to sin and destruction; on the contrary, his words

are “ *Make you a new heart, and a new spirit : for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* ” ”

‘ What say you,’ objected Mr. Clark, ‘ with respect to Jacob and Esau ? Here, you know, that while these children were in the womb, and had therefore neither imagined good nor evil, their destiny was forecast, it was declared by the oracle of God that the elder should serve the younger.’

‘ Well, what then?’ said the Doctor, ‘ It was God’s pleasure that it should be so, and who dares to call that in question ? But there is nothing uncommon in the elder serving the younger. Look at the case of Joseph and his brethren ! Joseph was made a ruler and governor, and he was a younger brother. Again, David, the man after God’s own heart, was the youngest of ten brethren. But for what did God choose the younger ? Did he choose him to inherit eternal life ? and did he condemn the elder to damnation ? No, he ordained the elder to *serve* the younger ; this was the utmost extent of the choice, which you think bears upon your position. Moreover it is a curious fact that, strictly speaking, the elder never did *serve* the

younger, but only the *posterity* of the one became subject, *in this world*, to that of the other.'

'But Jacob and Esau,' said Mr. Clark, 'were set out as types. God chose the younger, thereby manifesting that he was no respecter of persons as to age.'

'You would not have me infer,' replied the Doctor, 'that you imagine the history of Jacob and Esau to have been typical of anything that related to election.'

'I conceive,' said Mr. Clark, 'a type to mean whatever circumstance we can find out which will prefigure another.'

'My definition of a type,' 'rejoined the Doctor, 'is, that it is a symbol of something future and distant, or an example prepared and evidently *designed by God* to prefigure that future thing. Now, if you can produce any passage of scripture in which it is intimated that Jacob and Esau were *designed* by God to prefigure aught relating to election, I shall be glad of the information.'

'If you were to look,' said Mr. Clark, 'to the ninth chapter of Romans and the eleventh and three following verses, you will find it

thus: “ *For the children being not yet born neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth it was said unto her ; The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated. What shall we say then ? Is there unrighteousness with God ? God forbid.*”

‘ It is very clear,’ replied the Doctor ‘ from your distortion of the above texts, that you cannot bring forward that passage in Scripture which will support the doctrine you hold concerning election. The favour which God showed to the younger brother, only his relation to national privileges, because the word “ hatred,” in the passage you have cited does not mean *condemned*, as you understand it, but only slighted in comparison to the other, i. e. not equally favoured and advanced. Loving and hating in the Hebrew language often signify nothing more than choosing one thing or person, and leaving another ; or preferring one before the other. The word *hate* may be taken negatively, for not having love or not having had mercy ; and therefore it cannot

mean eternally condemned. And with respect to the word *elect* in the original *εκλεκτοι*, which does not mean persons chosen, simply chosen, but chosen out to certain pre-eminence, or for peculiar privileges and blessings. In this sense it is used for Christians.'

'I consider, Sir, the Scriptures to be so clear,' remarked Mr. Clark, 'that there can be no necessity for us to refer to the original, to get at the meaning. If there be any thing which we do not understand in the text, we are furnished with elucidations and notes sufficient.'

'Therefore,' replied the Doctor, with a smile, 'if you appreciate the advantage, it is incumbent upon you to be grateful to the prelates and ministers of *our* church, for having by their erudite labours enriched your libraries with a most excellent version, both of the Old and New Testament. I am sure you will allow, how much the dissenting community, as a body, are indebted to churchmen, for their great exertions, in having, at the time of the Reformation, extricated Christianity from the moral darkness in which it was involved: and afterwards for the many valuable works, writ-

ten in explanation of the Scriptures, and defence of true religion; works held in high odour, and constantly in the hands of every denomination of Christians.'

'Yes,' acquiesced Mr. Clark, 'we ought assuredly all of us to be grateful for these blessings.'

'Why then limit to a few individuals, the advantages which these blessings are calculated to impart?' interrogated the Doctor. 'We believe God to be infinitely just and merciful, we must infer, that he has indiscriminately enabled every man born into the world to work out his own salvation. For no private persons are mentioned in Scripture, elected to eternal life by any absolute decree of God. Paul was a chosen vessel, but he was chosen as a minister of Christ's gospel. His being chosen to the crown of life hereafter was the fruit of his earnest endeavours to keep the faith. In fact, he was possessed with fear, lest, after having preached to others, he should himself be a castaway.'

'But does not,' asked Mr. Clark, 'your own article upon *Predestination* militate against your argument?'

‘Predestination,’ replied the Doctor, ‘is akin to Election ; therefore we will turn to the article itself and examine it. Here we find PREDESTINATION TO LIFE IS THE EVER-LASTING PURPOSE OF GOD, WHEREBY (BEFORE THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WORLD WERE LAID,) HE HATH CONSTANTLY DECREED, BY HIS COUNSEL, SECRET TO US, TO DELIVER FROM CURSE AND DAMNATION, THOSE WHOM HE HATH CHOSEN IN CHRIST OUT OF MANKIND, AND TO BRING THEM BY CHRIST TO EVERLASTING SALVATION, AS VESSELS MADE TO HONOUR.’

‘Thus far will be enough for our purpose. It would appear, certainly, on a cursory consideration, that the construction of this article is favourable to your view of the question. But let us scan its purport more attentively. In the article, we clearly understand God as *offering* the Gospel to THOSE WHOM HE HATH CHOSEN IN CHRIST OUT OF MANKIND, before the foundation of the world ; and it has pleased him, even to this day to confine the knowledge of the gospel to a few of the human race. Those who are

blessed with the light of the gospel may surely be said to be predestinated to life, before they enjoy the appointed means of salvation; not that we deal condemnation unto those who may never have heard of the gospel, we leave them with humble confidence in the hands of a merciful God, knowing that the heathen are a law unto themselves. Now the words of the Article, 'TO BRING THEM BY CHRIST TO EVERLASTING SALVATION,' seem only to imply, giving them the means, the opportunity of salvation, as actual salvation does not take place till after the day of judgment. St. Paul, in his epistle to Timothy, from which the beginning of this article is taken, speaking of Christians in general says, "*Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling.*" Here, again, the phrase "*hath saved us,*" seems, as before, to imply nothing more than 'hath given us the means of salvation;' for it is not to be presumed that all whom God hath called will finally be saved, although it lies within the competence of every individual to ascertain his safety. St. Peter earnestly exhorts the Christians to make their calling and election

sure; and we are also warned that “*many are called, but few are chosen.*” And there is, moreover, a caution to those who think they stand, to beware lest they fall. Hence we may conclude, that, before the foundation of the world, God purposed to make known the gospel to those whom he selected, leaving it to their free choice whether they would embrace it or not. This election, ‘**IS FULL OF COMFORT TO GODLY PERSONS, but that, “FOR CARNAL PERSONS, LACKING THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST, TO HAVE CONTINUALLY BEFORE THEIR EYES THE SENTENCE OF GOD’S PREDESTINATION, IS A MOST DANGEROUS DOWNFALL, &c.”**

You must not omit to observe, that in this Article two ways of viewing election are instanced, the one full of comfort, and the other a most dangerous downfall. And if you will allow me to read the latter part of the Article, you will perceive that what I have stated is correct. ‘**FURTHERMORE, WE MUST RECEIVE GOD’S PROMISES IN SUCH WISE, AS THEY BE GENERALLY SET FORTH TO US IN HOLY SCRIPTURE: AND IN OUR DOINGS, THAT WILL OF GOD IS TO BE FOLLOWED**

WHICH WE HAVE EXPRESSLY DECLARED
UNTO US IN THE WORD OF GOD.''

'It appears to me,' interrupted Mr. C
'that you wish to usurp from God the power of
saving man, and to make man his own Saviour.'

'There you sadly misapprehend me,' replied
the Doctor. 'This is our creed: If man is
saved, it is entirely through the merits of
Christ that he is saved; but if he be
damned, it is in reality a self-condemnation,
the result of the worst species of suicide.
God grants the means—they are the gifts of
his beneficence; and those means are sufficient
to lead men to eternal happiness. Therefore
if men perish, after life and death are set
before them and referred to their choice,
perish by their own election—a doctrine
which it is impossible, upon just grounds,
to invalidate, unless you are prepared to overthrow
the entire system of the gospel.'

'Then do you suppose,' asked Mr. C
'that God does not necessitate the salvation of
men, I mean those whom he will have saved?'

'I cannot imagine,' answered the Doctor,
'that God *compels* any man to be saved.'

idea involves a sort of contradiction, for where there is force there can be no choice. Doubtless he has the power, but although he "*willeth not the death of a sinner,*" it does not follow in any case that he enforces his salvation. Man is a responsible moral agent, consequently he must not be saved by compulsion. The Almighty, I grant, might unsheath the sword of vengeance before him, and cause the flames of hell to break forth athwart his path, and thus induce him to drop the fardels of his iniquity, but he effectuates his redemption only in the capacity of a machine. If perversely you set adrift the human soul from its sheet anchor, depriving man of the means of salvation, you cut off the spring from the stream, remove the foundation from the building, and scatter in the dust the whole apparatus of mercy, which Christ has reared for us, transforming the stupendous miracle of his atonement into a superfluous bagatelle. You make a just God unjust, a merciful God unmerciful, and an impartial judge, partial. Really it is hard to conceive how any rational being, boasting the title of Christian, can venture to hold such a

doctrine as that of self-election in the face of earth and heaven.'

'Well,' said Mr. Clark, 'I must needs own there is reason in what you affirm, and peradventure you might change my sentiments in this particular, were not persons of my persuasion embued with an inward feeling, favoured from above with a kind of *glimpse*, in the first instance, an effluence intimating that we were chosen out of the world, by Christ for his own peculiar people, and that *we could not fall away*, and were infallibly certain of being saved.'

'Oh! Sir,' ejaculated the Rector, 'how much on your guard you should be in cherishing such a notion. How cautious in examining yourself, and probing the inward man, to ascertain, whether it be not the result of enthusiasm. Indeed it requires much study and earnest prayer, to discover the vanity of that fond hallucination to which I apprehend you allude, when you talk of an effluence from heaven, which probably is nothing more than an acquired feeling, a mere delusion of the imagination, brought on by continually fancying

yourself one of the elect. Were you to trust to such a persuasion, you would find it as unsubstantial as the veriest bubble that ever floated on the sunbeams. Remember, Sir, that the salvation of souls is at stake. I speak thus urgently to you, for my office constrains me. I cannot forget that you are one of my parishioners. Hold the doctrine of election in what sense you deem meet, but never as you value your soul's health, let it lull you to destruction, by inducing an inactive and self-secure life; there is only one password to heaven, and whatever you may think, you have not the privilege of the *entree*, nor can you be confident of salvation, unless you use the appointed means to that end, which at present you seem to reject as unnecessary.'

'You would not, Doctor, I am sure,' replied Mr. Clark, 'say thus much if you partook of half my confidence in being eventually saved. I indeed use the means, God influences me thereunto, because he will have those whom he has chosen saved. His grace, which is *irresistible*, directs all my ways.'

'This intuitive conviction of yours,' said the

Doctor, ‘brings us to the third topic on which I fear we are at issue, *irresistible grace*; whereby I am to understand that you conceive man has not the power to resist God’s Holy Spirit, and that upon whatever heart his grace descends, that heart must necessarily yield to its influence, which can only imply a certainty of salvation.’

Precisely so,’ said Mr. Clark, ‘God never begins a work without accomplishing it. And it is an implication on his infinite wisdom to imagine, that he would shed so rich a boon upon the heart of man without its having its full effect.’

‘It *may*,’ answered the Doctor, ‘but not necessarily *will* take effect. Consider the tenets in which the conceit of absolute election to eternal life naturally eventuates, besides producing a careless and arrogant confidence, spiritual pride, a relaxation of all virtuous efforts, a remissness in the practice of religion, and the indulgence of carnal or other besetting propensities. That such are the evils inherent in, or necessarily flowing from the doctrine you advocate, I will, by your permission demon-

strate, as concisely as I can, leaving you to show, if you are able, the fallacy of my arguments. Perhaps you scarcely need be reminded that the operations of the Holy Ghost are of *two* kinds, *extraordinary* and *ordinary*. The former ceased at the death of the Apostles, to be superseded by the ordinary operations, which will continue to be efficient upon all Christians, till the end of the world. Now the *ordinary operations* of the Holy Spirit may be classed under two modes of acting; the one a *preventing*, the other a *co-operating* influence. The grace of God *prevents*, or goes before us to restrain us from evil, and to incite us to good works; and if we do not resist it, then it *co-operates* with our humble endeavours. If I mistake not, the Apostles conferred extraordinary gifts not upon a few, but upon *every one* without exception, of the converts, who believed, repented, and were baptized: at least, I can call to mind no passage of Scripture which records their bestowing these gifts on some, and not on others. Allow me to turn your attention to what St. Peter expressly said in his sermon on the day of Pentecost—" *Repent and be*

baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ; for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost: for the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." It appears clear from the above, and from passages of a similar drift, that the influence of the Spirit, in one or other of its two modes of acting, must be common to all Christians. Then comes the question whether we can resist that influence in its ordinary agency. The latter part of the fifteenth Article says, 'BUT ALL WE THE REST, (ALTHOUGH BAPTIZED AND BORN AGAIN IN CHRIST) YET OFFEND IN MANY THINGS; AND IF WE SAY WE HAVE NO SIN, WE DECEIVE OURSELVES, AND THE TRUTH IS NOT IN US.' And if we turn to the next Article, we read—'AFTER WE HAVE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST, WE MAY DEPART FROM GRACE GIVEN AND FALL INTO SIN; AND, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, WE MAY RISE AGAIN AND AMEND OUR LIVES; AND THEREFORE THEY ARE TO BE CONDEMNED, WHICH SAY, THEY CAN NO

MORE SIN AS LONG AS THEY LIVE HERE, OR DENY THE PLACE OF FORGIVENESS, TO SUCH AS TRULY REPENT.' It is evident, that although the Holy Ghost purifies our minds, yet he does not entirely take away the infirmity of our nature, nor does he destroy our free-agency; we may, therefore, despite of his prevenient grace, fall away. But let us look to a few examples; King David, "*the man after God's own heart*," sinned after being taken into God's particular favour. St. Paul himself, "*a chosen vessel*," had a fear "*lest he should be a cast-away*." And Judas, one of the original Apostles, committed the greatest of sins, and heightened his wickedness by going out and hanging himself. And let us not forget that the Jews—the peculiar favoured people of God—so gave themselves up to every species of idolatry and sin, that God utterly rejected them; so that, according to the fulfilment of his word, they are at the present day sojourners in every land, "*their days on earth are as a shadow*:" aliens! to whom no country is sacred, and no home sweet.

' Again, let me ask, to what end were all the

incitements and encouragements held out by the Apostles generally to persons already baptized, if it were impossible for them to fall away?— or of what use is it for your minister to exhort his congregation to work out their own salvation, if they have already the infallible means of grace? Do you suppose that the Apostle would have said, “*quench not the Spirit,*” if we had it not in our power to quench the Spirit? or would he say “*grieve not the Spirit*” if we had it not in our power to grieve him? or, to bring the matter more home to our comprehensions, would you expect your child not to do certain things which would endanger his safety, if you knew that it was not in his volition to do them?”

‘If he,’ interrupted Mr. Clark, ‘was called by God, he could not endanger his salvation; for the elect cannot fall from grace, nor forfeit the divine favour; the wicked actions men commit are not *really* sinful, nor are they to be considered as instances of their violation of the divine law. An absolute decree predestines their course of conduct, and overrules all their better purposes, consequently they

have no occasion either to confess their sins, or to break them off by repentance.'

'Can it be I am holding converse with an Antinomian,—a Solifidian?' asked the Doctor.

'We are told,' said Mr. Clark, avoiding a more direct reply, 'that "*man is justified without the deeds of the law.*"'

'By the deeds of the law,' replied the Doctor, 'are meant moral works. But the context, the design of a passage should always be kept in view, and not merely its isolated tenor. St. James wrote his epistle to confute the dangerous mistakes wherein so many have stumbled and fallen irreversibly, of conceiving heaven a reward of true opinions, and pretending to faith without works. "*What doth it profit,*" says he, "*though a man say, he hath faith and have not works? Can faith save him? Faith without works is dead. By works a man is justified, and not by faith only.*" So far St. James, and in reference to the text you cited, which may seem to contravene his opinion, it should be borne in mind, that when the Apostle Paul preached justification by faith without the deeds of the law, he

.

ceremonies. To eradicate this error, I
endeavoured to draw their attention
superior excellence of faith to works,
to the ceremonial works of the law of
Take the examples of Abraham and
in exemplification of good works,
which, a living and true faith cannot
The former was on the point of offering
only son ; and the latter sheltered the
the Israelites. Thus did they manifest
faith by their works. A real faith must
good works, just the same as a good
necessarily yields good fruit, and therefore
faith yields no works, it is, as St. James
presses it, "*dead.*" I grant that man is
by faith alone, if you comprise in the
works, or if you give to it the comprehensive
definition of Bishop Taylor, who says

is obedience, and faith is a work, and indeed it is a sincere cleaving to, and closing with the terms of the gospel in every instance—in every particular.’

‘ Really, Dr. Truman,’ presently responded Mr. Clark, ‘ your arguments considering them after the fashion of this world, are indeed strong, and were it not that my creed is firmly established in my mind, rooted there by an inward feeling that supersedes the working of reason, it is probable that the unquestionable evidence you have adduced would alter my sentiments. But until I can divest myself of this internal feeling, which seems to me as conclusive as the theorems of Euclid to those who understand the demonstration, the validity of your arguments can obtain no hold on my conviction.’

‘ The sooner,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ you examine whence this illusive fancy hath its origin, the better. My most anxious wish is for you, after humble prayer to God, through Jesus Christ, to review the whole matter in a candid and impartial frame of mind ; and I trust that the result will be, that “ *the faith*,” in the true and Christian sense of the term, will be es-

established within you, in the place of that for persuasion, rising from the conceits of an overweening brain, which only generates enthusiasm, and is pregnant with destruction.'

The coachman seemed to have waited close of the discussion ere he drew up, and the coach came to a stop just as the word Doctor concluded.

The passengers alighted, and having made their several obeisances, speedily joined their respective families.

It is worthy of observation, that both Dr. Truman and Mr. Clark parted on terms of greatest friendship, after having canvassed with some warmth, the various dogmas of the religion, on which they differed. Dr. Truman made it a rule never to quarrel with any one for entertaining a different opinion to himself on points of faith. He invariably endeavoured on every suitable opportunity to make converts to that creed which was most consonant to his own sentiments, and, in his opinion, most accordant to the spirit of Christianity.

END OF VOL. I.

THE RECTOR OF AUBURN.

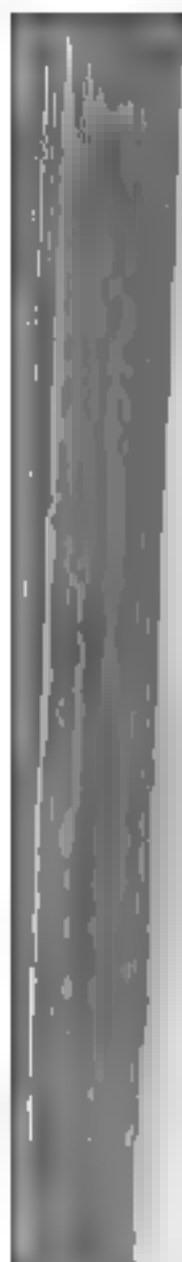
IN TWO VOLUMES.

ALL THAT I CAN SAY FOR MYSELF IS A DESIRE OF DOING GOOD, WHICH IF IT WERE AS FERVENT IN RICHER HEARTS, THE CHURCH, WHICH NOW WE SEE COMELY, WOULD THEN BE GLORIOUS. THIS HONEST AMBITION HATH CARRIED ME TO NEGLECT THE FEAR OF SEEMING PRODIGAL OF MY LITTLE ; AND WHILE I SEE OTHERS' TALENTS RUSTING IN THE EARTH, HATH DRAWN ME TO TRAFFIC WITH MINE IN PUBLIC.

BISHOP HALL.

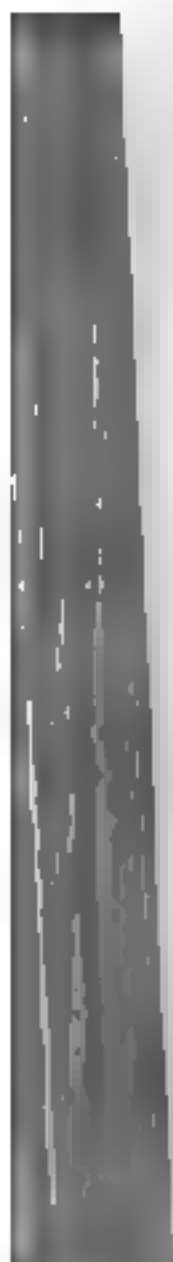
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THE PROPOSAL.



THE PROPOSAL.

THE spot whither Dr. Truman and his family repaired, was one of those fashionable watering-places, whose advantages rather consisted in its mineral waters and the salubrity of the air, than in anything which makes the ordinary recommendation of what are commonly styled sea-bathing places. But a mere fashionable place of resort was not the object of the Rector. He sought that change which would conduce to the improvement of his health, and, by giving rest and diversion to his mind, afford a relaxation from the arduous duties in which he was daily engaged. The labors incident to a zealous discharge of the duties of his holy office, rendered it absolutely necessary for Dr. Truman at times to retire from his cure, and seek repose in a scene where such

great bodily and mental exertion would cease to be required. But to a disposition like his, there accrued little pleasure in diverting his energies from a field so adapted to their display, and wherein they loved to expatiate, but he wisely yielded to necessity, conscious that the strongest mind at times, like the bow, demands to be unstrung, that it may afterwards bend itself to its destined task with greater effect.

Although absent from his parish, our hero did not allow himself to evitate those duties which a clergyman is bound to perform upon every occasion. He had now an opportunity of producing a work which he felt, were the subject treated in a style commensurate with its importance, would immortalize his name, and live when the author himself was no more. The occasion which thus presented itself he eagerly seized, and unless the taste of the learned part of the community become deteriorated, that performance will for ever stand out among our standard productions, as being one of the most sterling and original of its class.

The Vicar of the parish in which the Tru-

mans had taken up their temporary abode, happened to be the son of a particular friend of the Doctor's. He had been inducted into the living very soon after he was ordained priest, and, besides the emoluments of his cure, was possessed of a considerable independence. Notwithstanding, his whole soul was bent upon doing good, and on not letting slip any one of the multifarious opportunities which his parish afforded him to effect his purpose. The benefit within the competence of a clergyman holding a living at a fashionable watering-place, to confer on the community, is, comparatively speaking, extremely limited. People flock to the common scene of health and dissipation during the summer months, like birds of passage, and even such as are invalids are but too apt to postpone the one thing necessary to the frivolous diversions of the place, without, in all probability, becoming acquainted with the incumbent, or, in numberless instances, (we are sorry to write it) ever having seen him—they return to their respective homes, the obligations of religion unfulfilled, and her solemn service slighted.

Mr. Helps made it a custom to call upon every visitor who sojourned for any time within his parish, in order to remedy to a certain degree the evil to which we have alluded. And how happily did he succeed in his endeavours! As much distinguished by the elegance of his manners as the soundness of his morals, so far from his professional zeal being considered officious, he was the admiration of all who came in contact with him. From the humble to the most exalted was he an object of regard; to the poor he approved himself a benefactor and parent, and from his own pecuniary abundance and pious stores, he supplied them both with bodily and spiritual food, administering every thing in his power which he judged would not merely conduce to their earthly comforts, but advance those higher interests, which centered in futurity. By the rich was he held in the greatest respect, and his company much desired. Though very young, and a single man, he was looked up to as the promoter of their terrestrial happiness, and their pioneer through a rugged world to eternal glory. Even the old and aged of his parish-

s would come to him for his advice, and his
ger followers and friends would hearken
; recommendations, well knowing that if
pursued the course which his sagacity
ested and indicated, the result would con-
te to their happiness and redound to their
ur.

the house which Dr. Truman had taken
he month he intended to be absent, Mr.
s was a constant visitor. Nor is this at
be wondered at, when we consider that
ind of the one was almost a counterpart
at of the other, and the object which each
at heart precisely similar. But besides
very ostensible inducement to repeat his
and protract his stay, there was another
we are fain to admit greater attraction in
house of Dr. Truman, which tempted the
frequent visits of the amiable young
yman. We have observed that Mr.
s was a single man, and it is not to be
osed, that endued with virtues of the
ast order, and of a refined disposition, with
id nicely attempered to the pure joys of
stic life, he could come into the family of

Dr. Truman without resting his affections upon one of its members. He had known every branch of it, but owing to circumstances, not so intimately as during their stay in his parish. The object upon whom he placed his affection was one whom we have described as being the most lovely, amiable, and accomplished of her sex—i was Julia Blaclock. His holy passion was reciprocated ; admiration and esteem had insensibly assumed the character of ardent affection : just as the gentle breeze passing over the spark, small at first in its appearance, in a few degrees will accelerate it into a large and glorious light—so did their sympathy in taste and congeniality of temper, fan the warm friendship of two young and guileless hearts into the flames of love. Their intimacy, promoted by esteem and ratified by judgment, soon ripened into mutual affection.

There,—love, the soul's peculiar virtue teeming with all that is sacred and divine burst out in all its beauties—there the affections of the heart, stripped of every grossness rose from their seat of purity to centre in the innocent enjoyment of each other's society.

Julia loved and was beloved, they were all in all to each other ; but the course of true love never did run smooth, and their chance of being united was far distant. She, as we have before related, preferred resting in her tranquil state of single blessedness, to subjecting herself to the cares and anxieties which alloy and interrupt the joys of matrimony. The grateful yearning of Julia to become the nurse of her foster parents when they were old, forbade the banns, and interposed between her and happiness. She desired nothing beyond, she aimed at no more exquisite satisfaction. ' Instructed by gratitude, she conceived that she owed a debt to them which nothing but the devotion of her life, the consecration of her talents, and her future care and vigilance could repay. Now she was respectable, and in a high situation, and her heart knew that had it not been for her beloved protectors, she might (sad contrast !) have been a wanderer, like so many of her sisters, in want and destitution, or, far more agonizing possibility, have revelled on the wages of infamy. Not that the mind of Julia would have succumbed under any

temptation. It was too innately pious and virtuous, too like what poets dream of in ideal natures. The circumstance of having no father or mother to protect her from the wiles of the world, and the snares laid by artful men (alas ! the name's too good,) was sufficient to excite her apprehension ; and but for the position of her protector must have augured ill for her future happiness. And from her early position in life, she might have been doomed to earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, like many governesses in families of the day, subject to the caprices of a tyrannical task-mistress. But no, the charity of the noble-minded hero averted that so perilous contingency. Under his auspices the orphan Julia from its infancy was trained in the virtues ; its innate virtues were cultivated and brought forward. Traits of intelligence and goodness arose one by one in her intellect, and shone forth from their obscurity like the glory of night, starting by star into the sky, irradiating and enlivening surrounding objects, by their deep and hallowing lustre.

During this memorable month, Mr. Helps became a constant visitor at Dr. Truman's, but unmoved by his intreaties, and we may almost say his prayers, Julia persisted in refusing his offers. She would hold out no hope, not even a promise of hope. She was fixed immutably. She indeed confessed she reciprocated his passion, and that her attachment was so based upon his estimable qualities, that, with the fond faith of woman, she could confidently accept him for a companion for life ; but she considered, and with reason, that it was too long to look forward to the day when she should have paid the debt of gratitude her heart acknowledged to Dr. Truman. Mr. Helps thought he would have been more resigned to her decision, if he could have elicited from Julia a promise, however distant, but Julia, though she well knew that the warmth of her affections could never be abated, possessed too much delicacy, and had too nice a sense of honour to postpone the ratification of her engagement to such an indefinite period. She considered, that "*hope deferred maketh the heart sick,*" and that it must ever

prove a most unsubstantial thing to feast upon, when its fulfilment was postponed beyond a certain limit. She looked upon long engagements as being most unwise. 'It is, as it were,' observed she one day to Mr. Helps, 'subjecting love to too trying an ordeal: not perhaps extinguishing his torch, but tarnishing the purity of the flame, and deadening its lustre by degrees: it is to wire-draw the affections of the soul, possibly beyond their powers of endurance. It seems unnatural, tantalizing, and can only lead to disappointment and eventual disgust. Her lover, on the contrary, maintained that such gentle and mutual contracts, with accord of friends, and consent of guardians, was good and salutary to the soul; that the very interval between the fond affiancing, and the solemnity, only rendered the engagement the more binding. That the holy passion glowed with greater ardour, the longer its natural gratification was withheld, its intense-ness being heightened by its own natural impulses.'

'Yes,' interposed Julia, 'till it terminate in madness. How many hath hope delayed,

rankled into despair, or driven to distraction. How many do we read of in the chronicles of past ages, who in the strange delirium of an unguarded hour, have aimed the suicidal blow, or rushed headlong to destruction, or perpetrated deeds at which human nature revolts, and which, with a faltering pen, have been registered for the warning of after generations ! How many at this current hour, in the intolerable phrensy of their too fierce passions, finding themselves barred from enjoyment, view life and nature as a barren waste, and are gradually sinking in a mad-house, and whose premature death will have been accelerated by hope delayed, or the delicious anguish of hope blighted. Oh, no ! I could never consent to run such extreme risk, of sacrificing your future happiness, and hazarding my own eternal felicity. If length of time be indispensable in so momentous a concern, let it precede a mutual engagement, but when once the parties are betrothed, short interim should intervene, lest the base machinations of man impede the consummation. My sentiments may be *cavaire* to the unthinking

part of community very possibly ; nevertheless, I am of opinion, that they who keep open an engagement beyond the ordinary limits, are exposing themselves, to say the very least of it, to ultimate disappointment and danger, and are acting with unfairness to their immediate relatives.'

It would be foreign to our present purpose, to record the scenes which took place between the lovers, and indeed it would only be to recapitulate.

Julia persisted in declining to enter into any engagement, and Mr. Helps, by intreaties and supplications, endeavoured to influence her to their mutual happiness. But to no purpose ; she remained apparently as firm and as cold as the rock on Torneo's steep. What could the disconsolate lover do under such peculiar circumstances. He possessed the affections of Julia ; no frown of triumph, or smile of scorn disheartened him ; neither wealthless lot, nor pitiless command, forbad the consummation of his happiness : but ah ! he could discern not the slightest prospect of an union,—his only consolation was to be beloved by such a girl ;

r to which few could aspire, and an f ambition, which no man less worthy nself could have hoped to realize.

ing the whole of this delicate affair, Dr.

acted like a kind and prudent father, a the determination of Julia. So far ing any constraint upon a being whom d upon in the light of his own child,

her to the free exercise of her own nt. He contented himself with re-; her that it was advisable either at accept Mr. Helps, or to cut off all im- intercourse; he disapproved of hope d out during an interminable period, to the thousand contingencies of life, the parties on the rack of expectation, jecting them to the worst tortures of e, after all, perhaps to encounter even- ght and disappointment. But, as we own, these opinions were the same as Julia, she perfectly coincided in every hich Dr. Truman recommended. Many ave been glad at the opportunity of ering such a charge as the one which ctor had taken under his care. But

no, he was as anxious as Julia herself for her to remain in that single state of blessedness: which appeared to afford her so much tranquil satisfaction. The separation would have been as poignant to him, as that of his own daughter, for he looked upon Julia with that degree of interest and inward glow of satisfaction natural to the good and noble heart of her benefactor. The high esteem in which Dr. Truman held Mr. Helps, both on account of being the son of one of his dearest friends and for his own virtues, might have furnished a strong inducement to many to overrule the determination of Julia, and compel her to her own happiness. But Dr. Truman was a man of refined sentiment, and would never, even in trifling circumstances, act otherwise than in conformity with the dictates of a most scrupulous conscience. Perhaps there never existed an individual who had a nicer sense of honour than our hero. He would suffer the greatest inconvenience rather than by an imagination impare the beauty of that, which he considered the greatest jewel under heaven, viz. a character established in the respect of the wise and

1. He would subject himself to the utmost denial, even in a matter of comparatively small importance, sooner than let a breath of air touch the ermine purity of his reputation. He valued his honor as his dearest earthly possession, and would sooner lose it than that his soul winged its flight, than that the bright star of purity, which shone so nobly upon the open brow, should be dimmed by any improper act, however hidden from the world, or however inconsiderable in the eyes of many it might appear. He felt the influence of all the vividness of a parent that he had to perform, and guided by sympathy and love he acted, as upon all occasions, with discretion. Upon mature consideration, bearing in mind the disposition of Julia, and her firm resolution not to bestow her hand where she had garnered up her heart, he deemed it advisable that further intercourse between the lovers should be broken off, and no opportunity afforded to augment an attachment, already too great for the peace of either party. The disconsolate lover was comforted, with whatever reluctance on their part, denied to the family. It may appear

to the reader, a cruel state of things to arrive at, but every one of proper feeling and judgment must allow that under the circumstances there was no choice.

At length the time arrived when the month of absence which Dr. Truman had allowed himself, expired; and soon the distressing tidings were communicated to Mr. Helps, that he could obtain but one more interview with the beloved being upon whom all his affections on this side heaven were fixed. A shock of this kind, even to a mind which looked above terrestrial objects for its happiness, and regarded all such as of secondary import, could not but affect him, and that to a degree more easily imagined than described. But he was resigned; and even grateful to think that Providence had given him sufficient nerve to endure the pangs of disappointment; only, in the interview with Julia which followed, he could not resist eliciting a promise that if ever a change should take place in her sentiments, he might be the favoured, as he was already the honoured, possessor of her affections. To this she readily assented, though

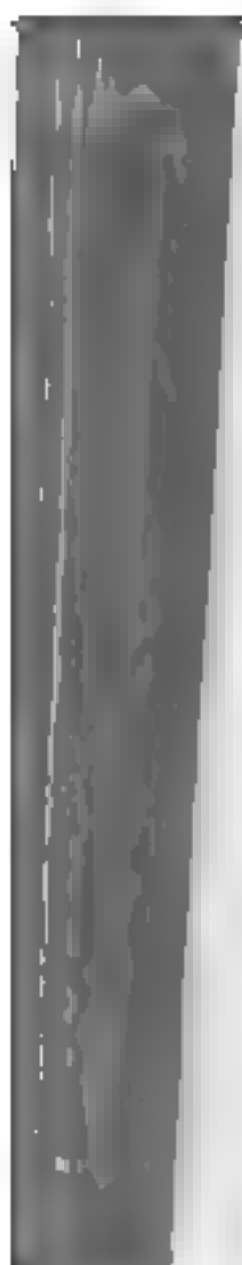
held out not the shadow of a hope, that an alteration in her views lay in the use of the future. The parting came—the breath had quivered on the lips of Julia—farewell! that never-dying sound, was pressed upon the heart of the almost distracted man, and he sighed with the immortal bard

‘ My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel :
I only know we loved in vain,
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

The family, on their return to the Rectory, was received by many of the parishioners with the greatest demonstrations of pleasure and delight. The Doctor having benefitted considerably by change of air and occupation, laid in, to use a common but expressive metaphor, a fresh stock of health, with which to resume his arduous duties. Many had been living in anxious expectation for his return, particularly the poor, who were wont to look to him for spiritual comfort and assistance. He was in their eyes an earthly father who supplied their wants, and administered to their necessities. It was in his assurance that

they really acknowledged the value of his services, and could duly appreciate the benefit which they derived from the exercise of his virtues. Like the shepherd of a mighty flock he would take under his parental care the weakest of his pasture, and restore the wanderer to the fold, and bring within its pale those who had never before known the value of his heavenly guidance. To the fond embrace of the disconsolate mother he would restore the repentant Magdalen and renew the long-lost affection which, by nature, existed between those who were so closely connected. To the board of industry and hard-earned contentment he would bring back the tattered beggar, after years passed in sloth and its natural consequence—hunger and almost starvation. And to one and all, would he use his utmost endeavours to administer those sources of resurrection, so essential to the very existence of poor human nature in this passing scene of probation. By these means it was no wonder that the return of the Doctor should be hailed as a cause of rejoicing to his parishioners, though he had only been absent for so short a period.

THE PRISONER.



THE PRISONER.

At the many stratagems which the liber-
Harry Seymour brought into play, in order
to put his insidious discourse into the ear of
Mrs. Dr. Truman, on their return to the
country found it necessary to advise her to
discontinue attending the few parties which she was
in the habit of making happy by her presence.
When that young gentleman appeared bent
on the destruction of his victim, the Doctor
determined to anticipate his villanies, and
frustrate any chance of success which
he might otherwise throw in his way.
The life of this Roué, so far from improving,
witnessed every day fresh deeds of selfishness,
added to the heaped-up measure of those
sins, which more or less affected all those

with whom, unfortunately for them, connected, or who came within the sphere of his atrocities. Again did he make advances towards Julia, to be repelled by the determined hand of our hero. Day after day would he invent and put into practice some strange project or other, which might afford him an interview with her whom he so dearly loved ; but all his machinations, however well designed, were defeated by the vigilance and his elaborate proceedings, just as they were ripe for delivery, were sure to meet with failure and prove abortive. Indeed, so providently did the countermines of the worthy hero answer their purpose, overruling all the artifices and trivances of the libertine, and counteracting his secret workings in so strange and unexpected a manner, that it almost seemed as if heaven itself interposed to preserve the chastity of Julia, from the rude violence of one of the greatest villains that ever disgraced humanity.

But about this period an event happened which brought to an abrupt close the proceedings, and we may say insults, which Ju

latterly been compelled to endure. We believe we gave the reader to understand in an early chapter, that Harry Seymour was wont to haunt the gambling-houses—of course with the object of indulging in that destructive vice, which is at once the child of avarice and the parent of prodigality. No passion can lead to such extremities, nor involve a man in such a complicated train of crimes and vices as the baneful rage for gambling. There is no propensity which ruins whole families so completely. It produces and nourishes all imaginable disgraceful sensations. It is the most fertile nursery of covetousness, envy, rage, malice, dissimulation, falsehood, and foolish reliance on blind fortune. It frequently leads to fraud, quarrels, murder, forgery, meanness and despair; and robs us in the most unpardonable manner of the greatest and most irrevocable treasure—TIME. Those that are rich act weakly in venturing their money in uncertain speculations; and those that have not much to risk play with timidity, not being able long to hold out unless the fortune of the game turn, they are obliged to quit

the field at the first heavy blow ; or if they stake every thing to force the blind goddess to smile upon them at last, madly hazard being reduced to instant beggary. By sure steps, whether slow or rapidly, the habit of gaming inevitably leads to destruction. And so it proved to Harry. On suspicion that a certain party had cleared the table by unfair play, Harry at once charged him with the offence, an arraignment that could only be wiped out with blood. A challenge was the inevitable consequence—and these two desperate gamers, about to violate the laws of man and the ordinance of heaven, stood opposed to one another in mortal enmity. Thus in the sad catenation of iniquity, one crime is only the stepping-stone to another—and murder was to form the climax of Henry Seymour's wretched career. A man whom he had ever accounted one of his dearest friends, fell mortally wounded by his hand. He stood charged with the deed. Like a common malefactor was he dragged to jail, to taste in common with the outcasts of society, of the horrors of a deadly dungeon. Can too much be said against the

propensity for gaming? Here was a man possessed of an ample fortune, engaging address, and whose every rational desire might with such facility have been gratified, as to render his life almost enviable, led from the path of virtue by his own base lusts and depraved appetite, until he came to sacrifice his existence at the altar, which a false and spurious idea of honour had set up. And how many instances do we daily witness of noble-minded and ingenuous youth, descending iniquity's graduated scale, till at last he perishes, seeking a refuge from ignominy in the covert of an untimely grave, dug for him by his own devices. Oh! horror! that men not even in the actual want of money should so yield to the lust of plunder, as to victimize their own immediate friends, and as is too often the case, be the sacrilegious instrument to break into the tabernacle of their existence. That with souls stained with blood-guiltiness they should be untimely sent to that bourne, whence they would never return to give account of their tremendous risk; that with depraved heart and boiling brain they should rush into the

presence of Omnipotence and dare his vengeance. Oh, horror! we repeat—and can hardly refrain from tears, as we dwell upon the idea we have conjured up. . . the ravages of the gaunt skeleton so common among the human race, that they must needs with infuriated hand immolate each other at his crimson shrine? Excited by an insatiable spirit, and the weakest casuistry, must they seek vengeance, in lieu of submitting in the spirit of that faith, in which their infant brows were not long since baptized, to the trivial offer of their fellow-creatures?

The news of the unhappy affair, which soon bruited abroad, affected the mind of Julia in a painful manner. It agitated her most sensibly; for though she was far from entertaining any affection for Mr. Seymour, she could not but be dreadfully excited, on reflecting, that the friend of her youth, and a man who professed so deep a passion for her, was to answer at the bar of outraged justice for so foul a crime as that of murder. The circumstance of being relieved from future annoyance at the hands of Harry Seymour, afforded

but a poor consolation ; gladly would she have again rendered herself obnoxious to what she had been compelled to endure, could she thereby have procured to Harry his liberty : but no, before an earthly judgment-seat he was doomed to appear, to await that sentence, which would consign him to the awful fiat of a higher tribunal. The trial was to come on in about a month, when Harry might expect to be condemned for the perpetration of a deed, which justly would draw down the vengeance of the law. “ Whosoever sheddeth man’s blood,” saith Scripture, “ by man shall his blood be shed.”

During the period of the incarceration of Harry Seymour, Dr. Truman, who was chaplain to the jail, had many opportunities of seeing and holding communication with him. The prisoner confessed divers crimes of which he had been guilty, the relation of which made the venerable pastor’s flesh shudder. There were few violations of the law, of which Harry had not been guilty. Many an inexperienced and tender maiden had he abducted from her home, that nestling-place of the affections ;

sundering those dear and kindred ties which make the one drop in the cup of life which has come down to us from Eden. Many a parent, through his abhorred agency, had been left disconsolate; all household charities, those *Penates* of the domestic hearth, shivered to atoms. Many a confiding damsel had he enticed from beneath the roof of innocence and honor, introducing the canker into the delicate rose, not yet fully developed to a flower, but which locks its beauties and its odours in the expanding bud. What robbery can exceed this in turpitude and baseness? it is irreparable. By no sacrifice, however costly, can the ruined maiden be restored to her pristine chastity: no effort, however earnest, can in effect replace the lost one in that station in society, from which she was rudely ejected, or basely seduced. Nature may revive the long dormant affections of the parent, and enforce frank pardon for lapses wherein, it may well be believed, the penitent hath been more sinned against than sinning; but not even repentance can repair the breach in modesty made by the remorseless libertine, or re-gift the frail one

with that inestimable jewel with which the Almighty has adorned the female sex. Whether it be a point of deficiency in our legislature, that no punishment be awarded to the crime of seduction, we dare not say, but this we can confidently affirm, that if man be coward enough to take advantage of his impunity in this respect, or can derive encouragement from the comparative weakness and yielding nature of the lovely being, whom mere humanity should instruct him to protect, he ought to be ranked lower than the untutored slave, whose passions are solely unrestrained from defect of knowledge ; nay, in our mind he is infinitely more guilty and deserving of punishment, than the midnight plunderer, or the blood-thirsty assassin.

He who hath this crime to answer for, hath robbed woman of the distinctive attribute of her sex, that title by which alone she holds her virtue, and deprived of which, she can only take rank with the lower animals. But man, heartless, self-worshipping, hypocritical man ! passes free and unscathed among his fellows, no stain is on his scutcheon, no blot on his

name; he is allowed to retain what he fancies so precious to his polluted soul, *his honor*, that false and factitious idea, hinging on some accidental opinion annexed, by what are called men of the world, to the principle of *honesty*. The crime to which we have alluded, was far from being the only one for which he would have to answer at the last day. He had an aunt, under whose care Harry had been placed, when a child,—an aunt who had loved him with all that tender affection, which woman is wont to lavish on the helpless object of her anxieties. For a length of time, blinded by natural love, she had winked at his offences, or pardoned what she was fond to believe the mere exuberance of youthful spirits;—errors, which without her interference, the hand of time and experience would rectify. What a delusion! she who had watched with solicitous regard over the unconscious babe in years of innocence, when he lay helpless and unmoved, *like death without its terrors*. She who had marked the speaking countenance of boyhood, and predicted for him, through the vista of hope, a career of happiness, years of honor

and gladness; she who, in the fond credulity of woman's heart, that *will* confide, and *will* believe in the worthiness of its idol, had beheld in his growing form, the image of his departed sire, and had trusted that that sire's virtue were wound into his nature; even she had in the end been driven by his heedless and cruel conduct, to follow, broken-hearted, the cold remains of her brother to the grave. Her, he had sent in her grey hairs with sorrow to that covert *where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*

Oh, why should the creatures of a day be so given to distress one another, and entail disgrace and grief upon relatives, for whom a common fate, mutual sorrows, and the tender associations of infancy, should teach them sympathy? Why from the bleak wind of this merciless, ungrateful world, is there often no shelter, save in the shadow of the tomb? But we forbear, nor will expostulate with Omnipotence. An hour will assuredly come when this and all other difficulties will be cleared up, and the full sunshine of heaven break forth in all its truth, and all its splendour; but till his

“ kingdom come,” it is not given to our limited faculties to fathom the depths of eternal wisdom. These remarks are suggested by the untimely fate of the aunt of Harry Seymour. Happy was it for her that she had closed her weary pilgrimage, ere Harry stood charged with murder. The Almighty alone knows the time and seasons when to take us from this troubled world, and always has a benign purpose, however unapparent to us, for removing his creatures to his own abode. The heart of Mrs. Seymour was literally broken, she had expired in most excruciating sufferings of mind at the ingratitude of Harry. Ingratitude! the very lees of sin, and the evidence of that hard, selfish, and proud nature, which receives all benefaction as a right, and on which no kindness can make an impression. The grief of this unhappy lady affected her constitution. Exhausted nature gradually drooped under the pressure, though with becoming resignation she endeavoured to bear up against the unrelenting attacks which were made upon her too sensitive heart, by the man to whom alone she was entitled to look for protection in her old age.

The repeated communications which Dr. Truman held with the prisoner, appeared at first to have a salutary effect. He became truly penitent, and confessed his sins before God. He had prayed in the silent hour with his whole heart and soul, but the disgraceful end which he foreboded was more than he could bear. Conscience, the living monitor, with her rods of scorpions, and whips of steel, lacerated him to the inmost soul; at times all was quiet and calm, and then like a furious fire bursting from its smouldering embers, she would rage, inflaming the whole man with enfuried and maddened spleen. The end was at hand. One of these fits brought the prisoner, ere the prime of life had dawned, or the lust of the eye had sunk, to that last long home, whereon clouds and darkness hang.

It was towards night when the physician was called by the keeper to the cell of the wretched prisoner. He was regularly convulsed. The feelings within were making perceptible ravages on the body. The workings of a guilty conscience, and the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, were distilled upon his brow. Ah!

hearken to that deep-drawn groan, issuing from the heaving breast; note the haggardness which sits scowling in every feature; and mark the remorse and bitterness lodged in the furrows of an emaciated and indented countenance; on that bed lays one whose mind—haunted by the horror of a deeply-seared conscience, and startled ever and anon by the sudden recollection of deeds basely meditated, or foully and cruelly committed, was well nigh distraught. Ah! there, writhing in agony, lay the almost exanimate sinner, convulsed and confounded at the thoughts of deeds long since perpetrated, yet vivid in his memory as if they were of yesterday, and HE on the very verge of eternity: Ah! there was “*no peace,*” for all was “*like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.*”

‘Go back!’ exclaimed he, as the physician entered the cell, ‘Retire! the cure lies beyond your ken,—leave me, I say, to my solitude,—my pangs are here (placing his hand on his brow) no anodyne in thy dispensary can now avail. Nought but some potion brewed in the infernal Lethe can medicine me to that

sweet peace I owned when I was a child—would I were a child again!—Would I had never grown a man.—But 'twill be soon over, the last must come at last, and there's an end. Ah! death, thou chilly thing, thou'rt cold, and damp, and moist. Go back and spend your cures upon others more worthy, and if my last moments are to be witnessed, the chaplain is a fitter person than thou art; bid him come, that is, if he be firm—if he dare venture upon these burning torments.'

The physician retired, and soon after returned with Dr. Truman, when they found the prisoner in a worse state than before. 'Oh! thou good man, witness the end of the unrighteous, the death of the greatest of sinners,' said the prisoner. It is at hand, (here he threw himself upon the floor with all the wildness and violence of a maniac.) Oh! how have I debased my nature! In what sins have I not been a partaker! Murder, parricide, heinousness, blackness! Nay, glare not on me with those eyes of compassion—I deserve no pity, none; nor will I accept of aught but unqualified abhorrence. I am a coward, but

the word is too mild and seemly ; a murderer, an adulterer. Behold their death-bed ! The forms of those whom I have sacrificed to my vile ends stand yonder beckoning, fixing their ghastly frowns upon me, and now they drag me down to my dreary destiny. Oh ! mercy, Great Father, pardon ! No, not pardon ! I will receive no mercy, my crimes deserve it all.'

Here the prisoner raised himself a little, and directing his regards towards the Doctor, inquired in a more subdued voice, if his friend lived ? The Doctor shook his head and turned to the physician, to urge him to use every means to prolong, if possible, his time ; if even so few his remaining sands, let not one be lost, said he ; how can this man enter into eternity with this harassed soul ? They accordingly attempted to bleed him, but to no purpose, the blood scarcely came. The physician thereupon cast a mournful look at Dr. Truman, and assured him that all must soon be at an end. Speedy death was inevitable. A deep and hollow groan from the prisoner, which followed this announcement, gave a fearful

emphasis to its purport. Again he grew wild, and like a maniac, 'I will not die,' he shrieked, 'but death, alas ! is too strong for me ; what is it thou my mother, on whose lap I sat when young and innocent ; and from whose eyes, deep fountains of love, I drank in the natural blessedness of the morn of life, from whose bosom I inspired and from whose very nutriment I drew my first existence ? My mother ! canst thou have the heart to join this rude and inexorable band, and with thy gentle motions beckon me onwards. Oh ! that look, I cannot endure it, the scorpion's sting's more mild, and the tiger's fang's less crushing. Spare me this, oh ! God, annihilate this wreathing worm, rid the world of a villain, or let this be the expiation, if so thou deignst to will.'

'Where lies your pain ?' demanded the chaplain, in sympathising accents.

' 'Tis here and there,' made answer the wretched man, (placing his hand alternately on his head and heart.) Oh ! now indeed they tear me. Sir, there is a furnace rages in this heart. Oh ! down revengeful

flames, down to your native hell; there abide awhile—there shall you rack me.’

The physician here interposed, he had brought him a soothing draught, and pressed him to take it.

‘No,’ exclaimed he, ‘it is not in the power of all your medicine to save me, (and then he dashed the cup upon the ground.) There is no opiate for a guilty conscience, nor can brandy intoxicate on one’s dying bed. Death hath too strong a clutch on me for such antidotes. Oh! gracious heaven, give me rest awhile, but for a short space, that I may disclose my hitherto undivulged crimes.’

‘Calm yourself,’ said the chaplain, in a soothing tone, ‘there is one in heaven who can give you rest, and will yet, rely upon it; repentance and contrition may soften vengeance.’

‘Peace! be still—only hear me,’ replied the prisoner, ‘and then if thou darest whisper hope—hold out a chance of peace. Had I lived unshackled till this hour, these hands would have been envermeiled in the blood of innocence. True! they have already been stained.

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In an enraged hour, as you know, I deprived one of my oldest friends of his existence. I have sent the grey hairs of many in sorrow to the grave, and blasted the otherwise unsullied reputation of the pure and spotless. But these, though awful in their consequences, are but trifles to what I contemplated, had I been spared this prison-house. Oh ! I cannot tell you, it is too horrid, too villainous ! And now my spirit tears me. Oh ! those last and bitter moments, the pains of hell which they anticipate are surely weak to their gnawing vengeance.'

Dr. Truman, as if he had been struck by some unseen power, fell upon his knees and raised his clasped hands in fervor to heaven, 'Great God, Almighty Father,' cried he, 'spare this man in this fearful hour, have mercy on him.'

'That prayer is useless,' interrupted the prisoner, 'there is no mercy in heaven for a guilty wretch like me. But oh ! listen if ye can endure the recital, to my last dying confession ; and then, oh have pity on me, for save me you cannot. Hearken !' and the unhappy wretch sunk his voice to a whisper—'I

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meditated, had I breathed the air in freedom—how can I tell you—words clog my utterance, and my heart almost bursts with remorse, shame, and agony—I had resolved—let not the *fiends* catch the sound—oh! there will be merriment in hell anon—my heart was bent upon the murder of Julia!’

Both the chaplain and physician were struck aghast, and started from the prisoner with horror.

‘Nay,’ continued he, ‘do not stare at me; I deliver the naked truth. I have something more to add—often have I watched for the innocent maiden to tear from her her brightest jewel, as I have done by many more—but heaven’s will be done! thank God! she never passed the spot where I lurked; she lives—and in respect to her I am no murderer. It is the only deed of villainy I ever failed in. Oh! ’twas jealousy that racked my brain, and made me mad through love; forgive me, sir;—but no, I dare not ask it. Nay, weep not for me, I am too base a coward, and don’t deserve those tears! May Julia live, if the hopes of a poisoned man be blasted not.’

‘Poisoned!’ repeated the physician.

‘Yes;’ said the prisoner, **‘I have taken poison—(as he held up the bottle which had contained the deadly draught) I am a suicide!! my long career of crime I have wound up with vengeance on myself. And now I die the worst of deaths. I have confessed all, and that, if in this sad hour I dare call it so, is a comfort. But oh! I die! I die!’**

The physician left the cell to procure a stomach-pump, but it was too late. The prisoner threw himself back upon the ground, imploring heaven to have mercy on his guilty soul—and was no more!

Thus have we witnessed the inevitable lot of the determined and resolute gambler and libertine; a death-bed of remorse and anguish. Led on from folly to crime, precipitated into the vortex of sin, this young man, whilst yet the beating of his heart was strong, and his step haughty upon the earth, rushed headlong into the embrace of death and became the victim of the grave. Never did man experience greater agonies and torments than those, beneath which Harry Seymour writhed in his

last hours. But crime hath a reflex justice of its own, and carries ruin and destruction in its train. The wicked may evade retribution until death, although it is seldom or ever that they do. Either by private calamity or public censure, a commensurate punishment is pretty sure to await them, and if they will persevere in their iniquitous course, it commonly finds its natural consequence in ruin. Oh! what a contrast do the life and death-bed of the pious Christian present. We may discover about his hearth misery and wretchedness—the canker worm may pass over his brow, but it cannot gnaw; care may flit about his forehead but it cannot consume; sin in its most besetting aspect may lay its bait, but it cannot springe its quarry—the net of destruction may be thrown in his path, but it cannot ensnare; the meshes of vice may be cast in his way, but he will trample upon the meshes of vice, and cut to shreds the nets of destruction. Truly, the Christian finds peace in his religion, the most exquisite peace—that of a quiet and smooth conscience! nay, more, from the same source he is endowed with enterprize and for-

itude. View him closely amid a wicked world, sitting tranquilly under his own fig-tree, not unmoved indeed, but unscathed by trouble and distress; just mark how he makes head against the difficulties of life, see how he is supported while the wicked sink. His thoughts flow, not “*like a troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,*” but like a summer streamlet which glides smoothly and unruffled. His mind, like the placid bosom of some inland lake, is so composed, that no tempest can long disturb it; the violence of no storm hinder its return to serenity. It is not like the waves of the mighty ocean, subject to every wind that blows, or to every gale that rises, but it rests securely calm in its power of endurance, and can buoy itself up, be the trial ever so difficult, the burden ever so hard. If the clouds of despair and anguish threaten to overshadow him, he can see through the clouds “*the sun shining in his might,*” and hear the voice of consolation and comfort proclaiming the glad tidings, and bringing peace to his troubled soul. If worldly loss come upon him, he finds the loss suddenly turned into gain;

if the storm of adversity darken his prospects and embitter many a solitary hour, he finds a wind dispersing the storm, and that storm succeeded by a sweet and lovely calm. If his friends frown sorely upon him and abandon him, or point with the finger of scorn at his godliness, he remembers that he has a greater and more constant friend, one who "*will never leave him nor forsake him.*" And should grim death in his native horrors enter his domestic circle, and lay his chill hand upon the brow of one of those little ones whom he loves, dragging without warning his dearest possession to the cold tomb, or to the bed of consuming sickness, he meets the trial with the smile of faith, he bears the blow, and murmurs, though perhaps faintly, "*The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

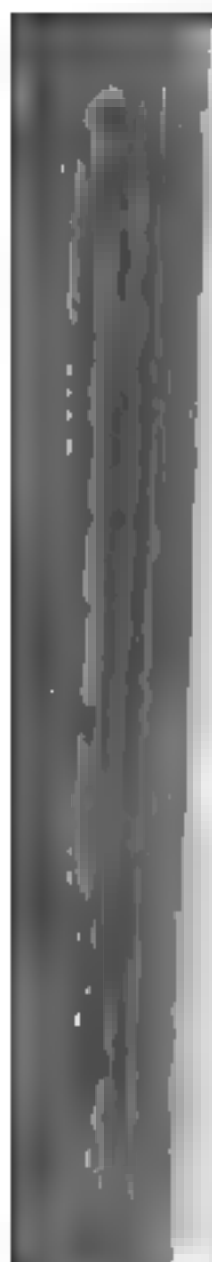
And view the Christian upon the bed of death. What see you there? One pouring out his soul in remorse, in anguish, or in tears? do you discover a convulsed body like a trampled worm writhing in agony? Do you recognize a spirit departing, caught by demons

bearing it to torture? Nay! you perceive there a Christian, you observe a spirit departing with hovering angels around, waiting to bear it to paradise; you may distinguish one, who like the martyrs of old, has fought his way through glittering blades to heaven's portal; your regards are upon one who has fought valiantly under Christ's banner, and is just at the threshold—across which confessors shall enter into glory. Aye! you recognise there a Christian, not stretching out his hand to blasted hopes, or to a hold without a foundation, but to a rock, which rock is Christ; you shudder not there at the deep-drawn groan from the heaving, agonized bosom, but you hear a voice murmuring like Stephen, the leader of the martyred band, “*Lord Jesus receive my spirit.*” There all is quiet, calm, within, no torment of a troubled conscience, no sudden rush of recollection reviving guilty days, or mis-spent nights, but all like an unruffled sea, flows calmly and serenely. And would you still gaze upon that form after the spirit has returned to him who gave it, would you still contemplate the lifeless clay, you will

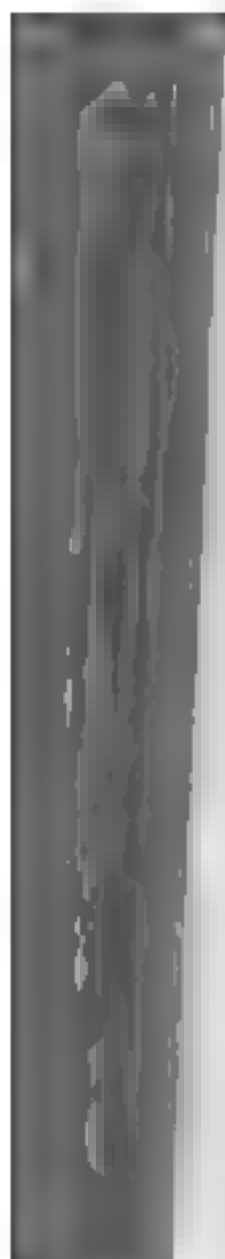
not see the visage marked with agony, or convulsed by a guilty conscience ; you will not view upon the cold brow, furrows ploughed by sin, but you would discern the glimmering of that star, and the impress of that cross which were stamped upon him when he was made a Christian. You will fix your eye indeed on a lifeless trunk, but one that having sent its spirit to the bosom of its Redeemer, is waiting till the trump of the archangel shall cause a shaking among the dry bones, and life to enter, and glory again be visible !

Oh ! reader, meditate on the contrast, between the latter end of the wicked, and that of the righteous—of piety rewarded, and sin punished—the contrast of the abode for the wicked, and the rest for the righteous. Imagine the spirit of the one benighted with agony and torments ; that of the other illumined with smiles, and waited upon by cherubs watching for souls to bear to paradise. Ponder on the contrast between vengeance, and wrath, and tribulation ; and quiet, and peace, and happiness. Oh ! will not even the slightest consideration cause a shaking among our dry

bones, and a resurrection to newness of life? and will not an energy burst forth within us, and a feeling of delight—an effusion of gratitude rush spontaneously from the heart, which overflows with joy and peace to think that we are not reduced to that extremity wherein the mind, ignorant of its own self, meditates, and would insure its own destruction. No state can be more utterly wretched, none more gnawing than the condition of such a one. Iron bars curtain his bed-chamber, and the cold stone is as his couch. Images of distraction hover around. His thoughts are of anguish and utter despair. Too bad to live, and unprepared to die.



THE TRINITY.



THE TRINITY.

It had long been the custom of Dr. Truman to walk every day into the country, partly for the sake of exercise, and partly with the view of retiring into the sanctuary of his own thoughts, and feasting on those reflections, so consonant with the natural sentiments of a learned and pious mind. Dr. Truman could not exactly say with the philosopher, that *'he was never less alone than when alone,'* for he was fond of mixing with his fellow-men, and took delight in hearkening to, and revolving the opinions of others, as well as in delivering his own. Intercourse with rational society afforded him a very high gratification: he found it conduce to the exercise and improvement of his faculties, and to that inward

complacency on which, in a great measure, the health of the human mind depends. He would often be found conversing with men, who were his inferiors, as well with respect to education, as original talent, upon the commonest topics of the day ; for he loved to unbend his powerful mind, and took as much delight in eliciting their ideas, as in imparting his own, and thereby instructing and correcting what he considered erroneous, prejudiced, or destructive. He might have affirmed with Solomon, “ *I learned diligently, and do communicate wisdom liberally ; I do not hide her riches.*” Nevertheless, as we have said, the treasures of his own mind were unto him an unfailing source of satisfaction, and he seized every suitable occasion to indulge in ‘ *Heavenly pensive contemplation.*’ In surveying the works of nature, he would derive therefrom many a touching lesson, which he well knew how to apply to his soul’s good. He would meditate on the characters of men, whose mere human part had long since mouldered away in the decomposition of the sepulchre, and who had left their history for a moral to all time, and

would scan the disposition of his contemporaries. While he acknowledged their virtues with an eye to his own benefit, he possessed too deep an insight into human nature, not to descry those specks, which will cross the surface even of the brightest luminary. He would, where circumstances recommended the experiment, endeavour to remove them, and in every case would regard them as warnings, not to let similar imperfections dim the lustre of his own glorious career. He could muse with admiration and wonder, on the different improvements at which the world had to rejoice, even in his own recollection, more especially the country in which his lot was cast, one distinguished above all others for the advancement of arts and manufactures. He was competent to recognize the kind hand of providence holding out assistance, and co-operating with his creatures in works, solely calculated for the melioration of their condition. By natural association of idea, he would reflect that to every condition of society, through which nations are destined to pass, capabilities of moral and intellectual improvement are

attached. Those scientific improvements which only serve to minister, however amply, to the physical enjoyments of most men, afforded to Dr. Truman the means of those higher gratifications, which spring from the exercise of taste and the imagination. He would study the relation of the arts and manufactures, and in his walks would philosophize upon the causes to which their having reached their present eminence should be ascribed. He would descend to the depths of that sacred well, whence scientific truth had its source. He would mount up to the principles, and retrace, step by step, the progress of the arts. In chemical analysis, he would recur to the laws of that molecular attraction which binds together the elements of the substances with which he had to do. With the mechanic he was led to examine the process of the arts in connexion with the general laws of matter. He would instruct the miner or land-surveyor with respect to the physical structure of the globe, and the thoughts of agriculture would naturally suggest the principles of vegetable physiology, and the occult relations of plants.

Thus the mind of Dr. Truman was an instructive and communicative companion in those hours of retirement and relaxation, when disengaged from his more arduous and indispensable duties. How great a blessing is a mind thus stored with facts on which to ruminate, that can expatiate in its wanderings through all space and time, whilst its very change of occupation contributes to the strengthening and restoration of the physical powers ; so intimately is the health of the body and that of the mind connected, and so certainly do they act on each other. Indeed it was to this circumstance that the Doctor attributed the general good health which he enjoyed. He judged the *mens sana in corpore sano*, to consist in a conscience void of offence, faculties developed ; but varying their object ; and regular bodily exercise. Whatever happened to him, whether of weal or woe, he knew invariably to refer to its proper source, and casting an eye of faith through the dim glass of time, was satisfied that it was sent by God to answer some beneficent purpose.

It chanced a few mornings after one of the

Sundays on which the Athanasian Creed, as appointed, had been read, that the Doctor whilst taking his usual ramble, half abstracted, his reflections having subsided insensibly into reverie, (no uncommon case) was accosted and aroused by the voice of a parishioner, yclept Mr. Hall.

‘I have been occupied,’ said Mr. Hall, (after certain observations upon the weather, and other such common-place preliminaries had been interchanged) ‘in revolving over in my mind the possible explanation which can be given of several passages of the creed which you read on Sunday last, and the more I consider, the more am I bewildered and astonished at its doctrine, nor can I but demur to its damnatory clauses, to which none, I am sure, except a bigot, can subscribe. *Par example*, who would not be startled at its opening sentence. ‘*Whosoever will be saved ; before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.*’ And it goes on asserting, that ‘*the Catholic faith is this, that*

we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. If my mind repudiates this dogma, I am doomed, according to the denouncement of the church, to '*perish everlastingly.*'

'Hold!' interposed the Doctor, 'as the Scripture assures us, you must know, Sir, that the belief in the Trinity is the sum of all orthodox divinity, and that the Scriptures condemn those who hold heresies and false doctrines. St. Peter says in the first verse of the second chapter of this second epistle, "*But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction,*" and we are told that "*he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.*" So that you perceive that the church, in condemning persons who do not believe, only acts in accordance with scripture, to which she is bound to defer. Hence, if I demonstrate the doctrine of the Trinity to be scriptural, you will cease to discover aught of uncharitableness in those clauses, which you

consider damnatory. The grand feature of the creed is ‘that we worship *one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity,*’ what follows is only adduced in illustration, *and therefore requires our assent no more than a sermon does, which is made to prove or illustrate a text.*’

‘That,’ interrupted Mr. Hall, ‘is a great relief to my mind, I only require an explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity, and I shall be satisfied.’

‘I am truly happy at the opportunity,’ answered the Doctor, ‘and believe me, I will endeavour to make the best and right use of it. Now, Mr. Hall, you and I are comparatively strangers, you having been resident only a short time in the neighbourhood. Allow me to ask you, if you believe the Bible conscientiously, and if that book be the guide of your faith?’

‘I do believe the Bible, I regard it as the sole index to futurity. By it alone am I directed how to work out my salvation;’ replied Mr. Hall, ‘nevertheless I cannot conceive the mystery of the Trinity, nor

can I find even the word Trinity in the Bible.'

'*Great is the mystery of godliness,*' returned the Doctor, 'and I must confess that there is a mystery in the Trinity which baffles finite apprehension, but it behoves man not to wander too far within the secret counsels of God; let us not however disbelieve that which we do not understand, being above our capacity; let us rather fall down upon our knees and pray to be made wise unto salvation, and God doubtless will enlighten us so far as in his infinite wisdom he deems desirable. With this conviction, and in reliance on his goodness, let us rest contented.'

'It were our wisest course beyond a doubt,' observed Mr. Hall.

'And,' continued the Doctor, 'with respect to the creed, upon which we are communing, I am inclined to believe, indeed I may say, I am certain, that it has been received as a treasure of inestimable price, both by the Greek and Latin churches for almost a thousand years. And, for my own part, I find no greater difficulty in *worshipping* three Gods in

one, and one in three, from a consciousness that they are so, than in believing that the soul and body, though two distinct things, form one identical being.'

'That is certainly a pertinent remark,' interrupted Mr. Hall.

'But let me proceed,' continued the Doctor, upon such firm though cautious foundations as are but fitting in so important a topic. Though, as you have observed, there be no mention of the word Trinity in the scriptures, still is the doctrine therein laid down, explicitly. In the very first chapter of Genesis, it is written "in the beginning GOD created the world," in the original, you will find a *plural* noun joined with a *singular* verb. The plural noun of course implying more persons than *one*, and the singular verb shews a unity of action, as of *one Being*. This plural noun must refer to two at least; hence God and the Word, *who* "was in the beginning with GOD." are these two. And we read that the Spirit *brooded over* the waters, here then are the Three Persons. The true sense of the Hebrew plural name *Aleim*, or as it is more commonly

pronounced *Elohim*, is not expressed by the Greek Θεός, or by the English GOD, any more than the word Jehovah is adequately rendered by Κύριος, or Lord. The Hebrew word Elohim, in its plural signification, implies persons engaged by an oath, i. e. confederators. Had the singular sufficed, had it fully defined, according to the peculiar interpretation of Hebrew proper names, the designation whereby the Creator chose to make himself known as the God of both Nature and Grace, of course the plural noun had not been used. But it did not suffice, and obviously for no other cause but that it was not comprehensive enough; whilst the plural, the word Elohim, is employed to express the Supreme Being, above two thousand times in the scripture. This fact is not only remarkable, it is decisive. It must have been intentional. It can only bear one explication. There could have been no mistake or accident in the choice of this plural appellation, by which the essential characteristic of the Great First Cause is notified, and conveyed to the mind. He himself inscribed it on the tables of stone, and pro-

nounced it to the people. Is it in possibility that the Creator should designate himself by a plural name when he might have employed a singular, unless he designed from the first verse of the Old Testament to intimate that plurality in the Divine essence, which subsisted before all worlds, and of which we are certified in the New Testament? He who believes not this can only be compared to the fool in Psalm xiv. 1. who said in his heart there is no Elohim. In Deut. iv. 35, we read "Know that Jehovah he is Elohim, there is none else beside him." The announcement in Deuteronomy vi. 4. "*Hear, O Israel! Jehovah, our Aleim* (i. e. OUR SWORN ONES, OUR CONFEDERATORS,) *is Jehovah alone,*" was wont to be inscribed by the Jews on their phylacteries. "*The three that bear record in heaven,*" (i. e. OUR SWORN ONES, OUR CONFEDERATORS,) says the Evangelist, "are *One.*" It should be observed that the last letter of the Hebrew word *One* in Deut. vi. 4. ("*Aleim is One,*") is particularly large.

‘ The Jews indeed lost sight of the veritable

import of the name Aleim, and confounded it with Jehovah ; and where is the wonder, when they overlooked and came to forget the main design and nature of their religion ? So with respect to the modern Jews, they have no idea of the purpose of God in having appointed sacrifices. But as long as Hebrew is Hebrew, all who are taught by the Holy Ghost will plainly see that the Jews by their own language were, or should have been initiated into the fundamental doctrines of the Trinity.

‘ At the epocha of the creation God said, *‘let US make man in OUR image after OUR likeness’*—we read also, “ *Behold the man is become as ONE OF US,*” i. e. one in the divine nature, according to the devil’s fallacious promise, “ *Ye ‘shall be as gods,*” and their own expectation. The Pagan nations clearly recognized in the Scriptures the doctrine of the Trinity. This universal opinion is a strong argument for its truth. Indeed it is impossible for a creed like this, with so much of the divine breathing in its essence, the very mainstay and prop of the Christian religion, to be the result of human invention. But let us see

what we can gather from the New Testament. Our Saviour directed his disciples to “*Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*” Here are three persons, neither of which can mean an attribute or a quality. And in these three persons there must be equality, as it is not likely that God would be joined *to two creatures* in so solemn a rite. You observe that the Son and the Holy Ghost are closely and co-ordinately joined with the Father, in the act of admitting converts to the religion about to be established. The primitive Christians were dipped three times, and each time asked, “*Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty? in Jesus Christ the Lord? in the Holy Ghost?*” Thus the converts were not baptized in *their names*, but in the name of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Ghost, which is *one* name. And they were put *three* times under the water to represent the Trinity, yet is it *one* baptism. Athanasius asks, “*If the Holy Ghost be not of the substance of the Father and the Son, why did Christ join them together in the symbol of*

sanctification? They could never have been supposed to coalesce, unless they had the same attributes and powers.

‘ Again the last verse in the last chapter of the 2nd Corinthians, “ *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you.*” Now we can only have these blessings, *grace, love, and fellowship* from persons, not from qualities.’

‘ Excuse my interrupting you, Doctor,’ said Mr. Hall, ‘ but I cannot conceive how a Spirit can comprehend a person. Can you shew to me that the Holy Spirit partakes, like unto God and the Son, of personal qualifications, if you do this it will tend so far to remove from my mind a deal of difficulty.’

‘ Ah ! my friend,’ exclaimed the Doctor, ‘ it is impossible to comprehend the nature of the Trinity unless you apprehend thoroughly the personality of the Holy Spirit. But this stumbling-stone in your path I hope to take away. First then, we are exhorted in the New Testament not to “ *grieve the Spirit of God,*” for “ *HE maketh intercession for*

us.” Now these are *personal* actions, for it is impossible to grieve a quality, and as impossible for a mere quality to make intercession for us. Again Christ says, “ *the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, he shall testify of me.*” Does not this passage imply a person *sent*, and it cannot mean God the Father, as God himself is never *sent*. Nor can it mean Christ, as Christ could not send himself. Again he says, “ *If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart I will send him unto you.*” Again, we have mention of sin against the Holy Ghost, and how, I ask, can man sin against a quality? He can only transgress against one of personal attributes. In our baptism we are baptized in the name of the *Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*. Unless the Holy Ghost be a person, why is he joined with the Father and the Son? “ *The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.*” Thus we may conclude that there is a distinct personality vested in the Holy Ghost, from the Father and the Son,

and that these three are *one* God. In fact, unless we believe this, there are many passages in Scripture which would be quite unintelligible, and inconsistent with reason. And, as I before observed, because we cannot comprehend the fact of three being in one, and one in three, we are not to disbelieve it, we have divine authority for it, and it is sufficient, and if we were to endeavour to unravel the mystery of godliness, we shall find ourselves at the conclusion, just where we were when we attempted our useless undertaking, or which is far more likely, involved inextricably in its mazes.'

'I am of your opinion there,' replied Mr. Hall, 'and I must thank you for the information which you have afforded me in this difficult point; but I should wish further to ask if the *operations* of the Spirit be not taken for the Spirit himself.'

'Sometimes,' answered the Doctor, 'but this is not repugnant to our argument, since, unless the Holy Spirit was a person, many passages in Scripture would be absurd. And the *operations* of the Spirit came from himself.

It is he who sanctifies us ; thus you perceive in our salvation the three distinct persons have three distinct offices—by the office of the Son we are *redeemed*—by the office of the Holy Ghost we are *sanctified*—and by the office of God we are accepted and *glorified*. The Holy Ghost inclines our affections to the will of God, and renews all the decayed parts and faculties of the soul. He also governs all our actions, and teaches us how to pray, and “*maketh intercession for us.*” These are what are termed *the ordinary* operations of the Holy Spirit, and which Christians in these our days enjoy ; and the effusions of the Spirit, which enabled the disciples to work miracles are called the *extraordinary* operations ; these have long ceased, because the Christian religion being more firmly established, their influence became no longer necessary.’

‘ I can now with confidence affirm,’ rejoined Mr. Hall, ‘ that I easily comprehend from the texts cited, the personality of the Holy Spirit. Before you drew my attention to those passages, their import was never impressed upon

my mind. So far then, I have attained what I consider, a grand stepping-stone towards the doctrine of the Trinity; but with respect to the main mystery, I believe I had better, as you recommend, waive it, making up my mind to believe that, which I confess, passes my understanding. Should I wish for any further elucidation of this or any other important subject, I hope to have the good fortune of meeting you again on some future day, in this beautiful walk.'

'At any time, or in any place, command my services, and they are your's,' replied the Doctor with dignified obedience.

'Many thanks, Sir, for your kind consideration,' was the equally polite response.

Here the two gentlemen separated, Mr. Hall pondering in his heart the knowledge he had unexpectedly acquired, and the Rector premeditating what good he could next accomplish.



HAPPINESS.

VOL. II.

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HAPPINESS.

AT sight, gentle reader, save that of a
as congregation pouring out praises and
vers to the great Father Almighty, can
vey more grateful emotions to the mind
the members of a family assembled
and the homely and hallowed hearth, inter-
municating their ideas and delivering their
ral opinions. To give a zest to the con-
ation they will affectionately agree to dis-
se on minor points, conscious that upon all
more material, the sentiments of one coin-
[with those of every other individual. It is
at time, the time when the ideas flow purely
the kind, generous, and frank heart.
real comfort, perhaps, only to be truly
rienced by our countrymen and women, is

enjoyed. The mind in those moments will feast upon the intellectual sources of happiness, and drink in with almost enthusiastic zest, the joys of relative intercourse. Who but the member of a united family can feel and estimate the comfort to which we allude? Who but the father or mother of a well-ordered family can appreciate the soul-stirring satisfaction, which Doctor and Mrs. Truman, with their whole heart and mind experienced in witnessing the discussions *a l'amiable* of their family party. There sat the venerable Rector, his amiable wife by his side, anxiously listening to the different topics of their children's conversation, teaching their young ideas "*how to shoot*" by occasional observations, and the interjection of exciting remarks, bearing upon the question at issue. There, on the one side were the Misses Truman conversing upon works of interest and utility, while on the other, sat the charming Julia in all her native beauty, like a precious stone of ray serene, or rather some choice floweret unconsciously surpassing, if possible, the loveliness with which she was surrounded; or like a

conspicuous star in the distant firmament, contributing its beautiful light to a galaxy of beauty, but by no means eclipsing their radiance. And there too, the more infantile little one, ambitious to walk, but only able to crawl, and in its voluble inarticulateness, stammering out the faint mimicry of father, with the innate will to love, without the power to express its feelings. Oh! we require the brush of a Raphael or the pen of a Shakespear to depicture to the life this truly interesting *ruelle*. But whatever our inability, we desire not to shrink from this subject, or to leave it until rich imaginations invest the theme with kindred colouring. We will do our best, though we only draw the outline, and leave our feeble suggestions for those to complete in idea, whose minds, either by experience or quickness of apprehension, can appreciate the pure delights of an English hearth. We wish to draw the bachelor, or him whose character is most abhorrent to our minds, we mean the misanthrope, from his uncharitable plan of leading a life of seclusion and selfishness, unblest by the tender care of the fond wife or

the affectionate endearments of happy and dutiful children. Unless a man, in a condition and circumstances to enjoy them, be connected to this world by these endearing ties, home is indeed a wilderness; the melancholy hours of the hermit must lingeringly pass, and the *convenances* and intercourse of society be a mere mockery of rational and heartfelt communion. In the waveless calm of the life of such a man, self is the pole to which every object turns—his heart is barren and cold as rock, his loveless wisdom mailed in self-adoring pride, to cater to which is his only occupation and his only solace.

‘Peace-enamoured !

’Tis his unmoved to sever and to meet.’

While to the man blessed with an affectionate family, the generous feelings of the soul and the heart-stirring impulses of nature expand and manifest themselves. He becomes of consequence in the sight of those in whose society he moves, and in fact to all the world. What would, let us ask, have been our hero had he not acted up to our

y of thinking? To be sure he could not
ve been otherwise than zealous in the dis-
arge of the onerous duties appertaining to
holy profession, but the kind-hearted and
ling manner in which he was wont to fulfil
m would never have existed. His mode of
cedure must have wanted something of that
ceful sympathy which a man insensibly and
consciously acquires, under the tender and
ht hand (not controul) of an affectionate
e. With insinulative tact peculiar to her
, she moulds the rough uncompromising
position of her husband, into one bearing
ertain similitude to her own, fostering the
ate virtue which, without her skilful ten-
ce, must degenerate into rudeness, or
se, a callous indifference.

t has been affirmed, and that by men of no
inary sagacity and knowledge of the world,
t it is by women that this nation is governed ;
ugh we cannot exactly agree in opinion
h the authors of this idea, still it is
ain that the decencies of life, the little
prieties and elegancies of society are in a
at measure under the entire controul and

influence of the sex. Endued with mildness and affability, she tames the ruggedness of man and renders his naturally harsh disposition servient to her own, thus securing a conformity whether in her children or her husband, of tastes and habits, formed and fastened after her own mild nature. It cannot be denied that the females guide and direct the actions of men in ordinary affairs to an amazing, and almost incredible degree. A doubtless is it designed by God to be so, for man he has given a noble intellect, and ever his helpmate may surpass him in ability and constitutes the grace, the poetry of human life. he is commonly far superior in the attainments of mind. Still all the nobleness is too often alloyed by an unthinking harshness, and requires to be mellowed down and polished before it can sympathize with and reciprocate that blessed purity and amiableness, characteristic of the females of this country, and essential to all social happiness, built on this basis.

The family group to which we have alluded, even to one of small observation, must

afforded pleasure, if it were only to look upon the countenance of each beaming with conscious unsophisticated happiness, springing from a pure internal source. Indeed each inhabitant of the Rectory partook largely of that indescribable and almost sacred feeling of security and comfort, which could only be exceeded by that of our first parents, ere they compromised their native innocence "with loss of Eden." Though we do not affirm that their "wild bliss of nature" was uninterrupted, or without alloy; since perfect happiness is as little to be looked for in this sublunary sphere as perfect purity, wisdom, or intelligence; it is the privilege of angels, and not competent to any finite being, but the wholesome bitter only enabled them the more to value the sweets, while in the same cup was mingled the palatable contrast between the one and the other. At the time to which we now draw the reader's attention, there was nothing to ruffle their enjoyment; they were feasting upon the intellectual banquet provided by their social intercourse with each other, and frankly revealing in their flow of soul the thoughts

which came uppermost—the spontaneous opinions of their inmost hearts. In that deep recess all was calm and serene, like a tranquil sea, whose waters glide gently to the shore, casting forth their sparkling foam in unrestrained liberty. The smiling wavelets just excited by the strength of the stream which supports their lightness, and so are they carried round to return on the eddy whence they first began.

The subject of conversation, which at the period we speak of, interested this enviable group, was far from inapposite, it being nothing less germane to the point than the nature and characteristics of happiness. One contended that it was to be found in one object, and one in another, while all agreed that correctly speaking, it was not purely to be ascertained any where.

Miss Truman said, ‘that it consisted in a freedom from the cares and anxieties of a bustling and busy life. In being removed far away from the temptations of an attractive world, or the fashionable exactions which are considered the very life and soul of an exclusive and dissipated clique.’

and contended, 'that the cares of the world are absolutely necessary to our happiness, and by their intervention we are enabled to enjoy and appreciate the blessing. ' Were it not said she, 'for the chequered spots which are added about our path, life would present only a monotonous surface, while the satiated hunger for contrast, would grow dim with satiety upon the same interminable void. I allow that taken at the best this world is a world of probation, and consequently happiness is very imperfect; but knowing the nature thereof let us rest contented, and through the attainment of an earnest of the felicity hereafter, our life is as pure as the author of it, and as permanent as it is eternal.'

The second Miss Truman considered happiness to rest in contentment—'a contented life' observed she, 'is a perpetual feast. In the fruition of such a boon, one can smile at the inevitable cares of a terrene existence, looking forward with certain hope to the attainment of a firmer nature, not subject to the vicissitudes and blights, incident to a pilgrimage on

A third was inclined to think, 'that it consisted in enjoying an inward consciousness of having done that which is right, so far at least as our depraved imaginations will allow us, and for the rest clinging to that hope, which "*springs eternal from the human breast,*" an anchor rooted on foundations which cannot be ejected in the most violent and inauspicious storms. That,' said she, 'is an unlimited happiness which animates the soul, while it strengthens and refreshes the body, as it goes panting onwards to its destined haven. It is that hope which Cowley calls

' The first fruits of happiness !

The gentle dawning of a bright success ;

The good preparative, without which our joy,

Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroys !'

Upon hearing these lines, Julia, roused by poetry, which she so passionately loved, from the reverie into which she had unconsciously fallen, while musing upon her happy state of existence, or perhaps contrasting it with that of others, and worked into a pitch of enthusiasm, ejaculated, ' Ah ! those lines ! they call

to my mind the language of the immortal bard Thomson, who, after telling us that he is not the happy man who is blessed with a plenteous fortune, whose table flows with hospitable cheer,—whose full cellars give their generous wines, and whose fields pour a golden tide into his swelling stores, adds—

‘Ev’n not all these in one rich lot combin’d,
Can make the happy man, without the mind;
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.’

‘Those are beautiful lines,’ exclaimed Miss Truman, as the fair rhapsodist came to a pause, ‘but I think Pope has two very concise and much to the purpose—

‘Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.’

‘Pope was wrong, my dear,’ said the Doctor, ‘for Revelation teaches us that no man can be happy with. ‘*Virtue alone.*’

‘Nay ;’ replied Julia.

‘The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue’s prize.’

‘But, Papa,’ she continued, for she always called Dr. Truman by that endearing epithet, ‘I should like to hear the definition you give of the term happiness. You have been profiting by our wisdom all this while, it is but fair that you favor us by philosophically explaining wherein you consider it consists.’

‘I have, indeed,’ replied the Doctor, ‘for some time been paying attention to your several opinions, and partly concur and partly differ with one and all of you. I consider that there is no such a thing, strictly speaking, as perfect happiness in this world. There was ample joy whilst man was in a state of innocency, hearkening to the ærial notes which charmed the silent love-delighted bowers of Paradise. That happy state consisted in, as Milton says,

‘Nature’s whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth.’

‘Every thing around was with a studied

order adapted by an Almighty contriver to the utmost desire of man. There was not a wish but Adam and Eve had it all together—there was not a desire but what fully and graciously received its proper gratification. No care or trouble sat upon the brow; no pain or evil passion moved the heaving breast; no disease or griping torture interrupted their joy; but all, like an unruffled sea, flowed calmly and serenely.

‘Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem’d lords of all:
And worthy seem’d; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone.’

‘In this blissful condition our early parents lived—lived in that state of felicity which now we are unable to define, and can only dimly conceive. But in this enviable position man could not continue. He wilfully refused to heed the only command of his all-bounteous Maker. All his pure delight—all his *absolute rule* over his inheritance of Eden, availed him nothing; he yielded to a sad and deadly temptation, and thus forfeited all his native joy

and entailed misery and death on all his heirs for ever. Ah!

‘Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind,
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish’d from man’s life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!’

‘Yes, Adam,’ continued the Doctor, ‘impaired our first nature severely; by his hands it received a blight which marred its beauty and spoiled its loveliness. Ever since his fearful lapse, man can only feast upon an adulterate happiness.’

‘But speaking morally,’ interposed Julia, ‘wherein do you consider that happiness, impaired though it be, to consist.’

‘A modern philosopher,’¹ returned the Doctor, ‘has wisely observed that *any condition may be denominated happy, in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain; and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of excess.*’

‘Then am I happy; oh! truly, exquisitely happy,’ ejaculated Julia.

‘But let us’ proceeded the Doctor, ‘first

¹ Paley.

see what happiness does not consist in.— Although unto me, and I am sure to you all, the gratification of the senses affords a certain pleasure, still I do not imagine that our happiness consists therein.’

‘What are we to understand by your phrase, the gratification of the senses, Papa?’ inquired Julia.’

‘The act of supplying our bodies with the necessaries of this life, in whatever way enjoyed, and the delight flowing from music, drawing, poetry, and the like.’

The young ladies at this last *ipse dixit* raised their heads simultaneously, as if the Doctor were speaking treason, and libelling the excellence of those acquirements which they had ever considered to conduce so much to their happiness.

‘Are you serious, Papa?’ demanded Miss Truman, ‘in affirming that happiness is not to be ascertained from these delightful sources.’

‘Quite so,’ replied the Doctor, ‘because they are of so brief a duration that they cannot contain in themselves a sufficient quantum of permanent pleasureable emotion to constitute

happiness. We can conceive of perfect happiness unassociated with any adventitious circumstance, such as hearing music or reading poetry, else happiness, comparatively speaking, would be limited to a very few indeed. Take the case of one suddenly plunged in misery, and let him in his sea of sorrow catch at the gratification of his senses for relief, and then see how little all their vain appliances tend to alleviate his grief or restore his lost happiness; it is simply because their balm and inspiration are of so evanescent a character.'

'But,' observed Julia, 'that which affords a pleasure to certain dispositions, would prove only an object of disgust to others, so that I conceive different men must require the gratification of their appropriate tastes and predilections, to assure their happiness.'

'Not happiness, but pleasures,' replied the Doctor, 'you can derive pleasure almost in the interval of a moment, but happiness can only be so called when it assumes a lasting character.'

'I think I see the distinction,' answered Julia.

‘ Still I perfectly agree with you,’ continued the Doctor, ‘ that in this life, happiness cannot subsist free from occasional anxiety and trouble, because most men are so constituted, that unless they have some variety wherewith to chequer their lives, imaginary sorrows will usurp the place of real, and thus will follow *the whole train of hypochondriacal affections*: so that unless men contrive an employment which must necessarily yield care, the mind of a nature active, finding its faculties unexercised, becomes miserable and dejected. I think I may anticipate your all agreeing with me in opinion, that happiness does not consist in living in a high station in society. Daily experience convinces us that riches, power, and honours, are generally sought after by very indirect means, and more is expected from their fruition, than they can possibly afford. Nor does happiness consist in greatness, even when of that right sort which is acquired by one’s own industry and talents, else would it be limited to a small part of the community. Nay, our happiness would mainly depend on our success in ascending the suc-

cessive rounds of ambition's slippery ladder. The higher we got, the more supreme our felicity, regardless of the antique classic truth, 'The nearer the heavens, the nearer the lightning.' Yes, my dear children, let it teach us the blessedness of contentment, to reflect that even royalty, willing to yield to that delight which the possession of wealth, and splendour, and lofty state naturally inspires, ere stale custom intervene, 'desire fail,' and satiety palls the banquet, must tremble to perceive the naked sword pendant over their heads by a single horse-hair.'

'But have you not just observed,' asked the youngest Miss Truman, 'that the interposition of care is necessary to the excitement and perfection of sublunary happiness, and if it is to be thus measured, why not, I submit, for the sake of argument only, the greater the care, the more perfect the happiness, and if this be granted, we must presume, royalty, after all, luxuriate in *'that gay to-morrow of the mind ;'* as Barry Cornwall words it, 'which never comes.'

'That, my dear,' replied the Doctor, 'by

no means follows. There is a peg loose in your hypothesis; the cares of life, when many and severe, partake of the nature of sorrows and miseries, the experience of which is of course incompatible with tasting even the diluted felicity of this vain world; and this is one reason why happiness seldom hangs out her favours in the palaces of princes, (to say nothing of how difficult it is without the powerful aid of divine grace, to be at the same time great and good ;) their cares are too extensive, which militate against that diversity of occupation and thought, which both Julia and myself maintain to be the grand ingredient of happiness.'

'I understand you perfectly, papa,' replied Miss Truman.

'Then let me proceed to tell you,' continued the Doctor, 'wherein I consider happiness does consist. And first, I think you will allow that it is to be found *in the indulgence of the social affections*; and secondly, *in the exercise of our faculties either of body or mind*. By the first, I mean the actual enjoyment of wife, children, and friends; the having those around

one witnessing their sinless gratifications, beholding them partake freely in the small pleasures of domestic life, giving scope to those unsophisticated blessings proper to a family, which piety and refinement have enshrined in a serene air, above the worldly cares, vain strifes, and vulgar contagion which deform and disturb the moral hemisphere. This is a happiness which none but an affectionate and loving soul can rightly feel, which providence hath destined only for the single-hearted and simple-minded, who walk with God in the world, who can sympathize without cloying, with the emotions of those dear to them, and reciprocate their attachment, and who almost, in the deep-seated consciousness of peace, might forget or reckon not of the loss of Eden. Yes, domestic felicity is one of the blessings which the Saviour achieved for us when he came into the world.

‘ To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance,’

and brought life and immortality to light. It was then that the affections of the soul, degraded in paradise, revived out of their mouldering embers, and burst forth with somewhat

of their original purity. The love-delighted hours which Adam and Eve enjoyed in their state of innocence, were spent in the society of each other, and from that circumstance they derived their roseate hue. The

‘ Fair couple link’d in happy nuptial league,’

partook freely of the endearing companionship of each other. Each blest with no other wish but what was centered in the soft endearment of unreserved affection, was all in all to the other, and though earth-born, their communion was little inferior to that of angelic spirits. If then the mediator recovered for us what Adam forfeited, we are almost authorised to infer that the proper enjoyment of the social affections is vouchsafed to man now, though perhaps impaired from that pristine form, granted unalloyed to our first parents in their cozy solitary homestead in paradise.

‘ Contemplate the parents of a virtuous progeny, blessed with health and competence, and you will perceive the social joys connected with an obedient offspring, loving and cherishing their parents, looking up to them with fond

and implicit reverence for that training which their inexperienced years demand. See the natural blessedness of the infantile state, the little ones and the more youthful rejoicing in the protection of their rightful guardians ; see the parents cherishing their feeble innocents, and watching with anxious eye the mind of each, as it begins to expand, to enlarge, and to show good fruit. How will they hang over the closed bud, gradually developing its sweetness in the soft sunshine of a happy home. Note how they muse upon—*first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear*. Oh, where lives the human being who deserves that holy name of parent, who has not felt this soul-stirring joy pervading the whole man, and filling with pure rapture the mind, as it feasts upon these invaluable treasures, and lets itself loose to a love, which has come down to us unadulterated from paradise, as the oil of Arama will keep itself clear and unmixed with the base puddle into which it may chance to fall. The soul stripped of its natural defilements, becomes in a manner pure; all that is gross and vile is purged and disap-

ears, and a happiness near allied to perfection,
the glorious consequence.

‘ And what shall we say of those joys subsisting between a fond husband and a loving wife, whose hearts are the mirror of their reciprocal devotedness ?

‘ Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil’d and chaste pronounc’d,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used,
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear’d,
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
Mix’d dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starv’d lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.’

‘ The soul of Milton, however in his own lot

unfortunate in matrimony, might well apprehend its joys, or he never could have penned these beautiful lines. Joys, I tell them not, because my dear wife sits by my side, but otherwise—I cannot, they are too mighty! If happiness visits earth, she comes in social form, and through very gratitude stirs us to virtue. If aught on earth can approximate humanity to the blessed state of angelic natures, it is the delicate presence of the beloved consort smiling in ease of heart. Ah! that smile, which an elegant writer¹ has pronounced vocal to God's Holy Spirit, descends holily on the heart, tranquillizes the troubled pool, and calms the raging waters. I know indeed of nothing which so alters a man as attaching himself to the roadstead of virtue and honour by those moorings of the heart, implied in the acquisition of a good and virtuous wife; the base passions previously only controlled by a proud conscience, now insensibly ebb away. Virtue and heartfelt peace, before in their dim twilight, now burst forth like the sun from his pavilion of gathered waters, gradually dispers-

¹ Rose.

ing the rimy frost, and the hazy fog of the most soul. All the innate virtues, before noblest, rise out of the dawn, and contribute to the sum of happiness, scarce felt at first, ere matrimony shall have brought its train of comforts. Here the loving spouse at the time when man most needs her sympathising aid, vinces her anxious care and inbred purity, by administering with tender hand those thousand nameless and delicate attentions, scarce felt in every individual instance, but not the less appreciated in the gross, and replete with comforts which yield so much of heavenly calm and holy love. By her companioned, man is lessened by a second self, and is 'heart-bare to the being who there finds her bettered likeness.' His will is her's and her's his. Holy endearing compact! whereby the cords of matrimony are strengthened and become indissoluble! Mutual affection! which, like some ancient cement, the longer it is exposed the harder it becomes, till time renders it infrangible!

'And after loving and being beloved by wife and children, those who are near and dear to us, contribute in no light measure to our sum

of enjoyment, for they, by being next in our affections, fill up to the brim the cup of social happiness; dear is the helpless creature we protect against the world ;—'

The worthy man paused, overpowered by his feelings. The allusion here made by the truly pathetic sympathy of the kind, feeling Doctor, moved the tender heart of Julia; the silent tear rolled down her beautiful cheek; she called to mind her happy state, and felt her whole soul flow again with gratitude to her beneficent guardian. The pure vestal heat shone reflected on her lovely countenance, and the touching smile played in the midst of tears, she could not repress, upon her ruby lips. These were no tears of bitter anguish; no bursting springs of tormenting conscience; no evidence of sorrowful contrition was visible, but tears of heartfelt gratitude and inward joy. There the lovely Julia sat with a countenance, on which were portrayed the inward emotions of her soul, glowing with that interesting tint, which nature's hand can only paint. What sight could be more fraught with delicious associations; the other works of

Deity are but dull and unaffecting in the comparison.

The Doctor observed the emotion into which he had thrown Julia ; for a time all was still, not a breath was heard. He who had been the occasion of the general ferment was himself too overcome immediately to proceed, and scarcely dared one look up to the other. Only he, whose breast knows to swell with social love can sympathize with the situation in which our amiable circle were all so suddenly thrown.

After a time, the Doctor, without appearing to notice, or venturing any remark on what had passed, thus continued.

‘ I have observed,’ said he, ‘ that happiness consisted, in the second place, *in the exercise of our faculties, either of body or mind*, and who knows not the delight of bodily exertion, when directed towards some engaging and virtuous end :—when consecrated to the benefit of our fellow-mortals? And if this be the case with the discipline of the body, what source of delight must the exercises of the mind present to an individual, who is engaged in some exciting occupation with an important

end in view: even the lowest and most uninstructed of God's creatures must derive unspeakable joy from that mental companion, with which he hath endowed them, which renders them the arbiters of the brute creation, and little lower than the angels. Yes; the mind contains within itself a perennial spring of delight. A man's thoughts, which are as it were the airy children of the mind, are entirely his own, and might never have existed, have never been bodied forth in shape, form, and substance, had they not occurred to his individual apprehension. The creating power of the imagination can '*make the meat it feeds on.*' It will wander along the earth and admire the beauties of the universe with a freshness which nothing can restrain. From the vicissitudes of time it can transfer its gaze to heavenly objects, feasting on conceptions, which are neither the immediate result of external impression, nor of recollection.

' The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,

Will glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

He can view in his imaginative flights, standing in calm stability and immutable duration,

the abode of the great Jehovah ; and is carried forward from this world of care, and folly, and of crime, to hold commune with a Being infinitely good and great. In short, the mind can exult at large, unconfined to space, and unbounded by any limit. Immaterial and universal, it will expatiate wherever its own strength can bear it, “ *bodying forth the forms of things unknown.*”

The being absorbed in some active pursuit, for instance, the gaining the eternal state of bliss hereafter, is a circumstance very requisite to happiness. Herein indeed consists the grand secret ; although any employment, provided it be rational and innocent, which occupies the mind, must essentially contribute to our happiness.

‘ The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He *walks with Nature* and her paths are peace.’

As Young says. Indeed I would go farther, and taking the converse of the proposition, will be bold to affirm, that a freedom from

misery is incompatible with inactivity. A state of active hope, i. e. where in order to ascertain our object, it is incumbent upon us to exert ourselves, is a source of perpetual delight to the mind, which were it damped and extinguished, immediately lapses into wretchedness.

‘There is another thing not to be omitted, which greatly promotes our happiness, and upon which indeed it is dependant, and that is, health. I mean that condition of body which implies a present exemption from pain, and all kinds of diseases and afflictions. In fact a body of healthy constitution and a sound mind have nothing to fear, they should be able to bear up against every difficulty, to present an embankment against the influx of almost any calamity. It amounts to nothing short of cowardice to relax one’s endeavours and succumb to circumstances, possessing these strong preventives, to any thing that happens. And yet how many individuals do we hear of every day, whose minds are thrown out of their natural course by the slightest intervention of misfortune, or occurrences out of the ordinary

course of things. Yet do not mistake me, I would not have you infer from what I have said, that the mind of man is to assume a hardness and callousness which no event can affect, but to endeavour after that true and firm consistency which takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks.

‘Blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

‘There is only one more thing I can at present call to mind, which yields an indescribable gratification almost amounting to happiness, and that is, the giving others our assistance in the time of need, either pecuniarily or by any other means ; and the satisfaction is in an amazing degree enhanced, if we find that those who have been the objects of our bounty are grateful for the services rendered them. This supplies an eternal source of delight for the mind to ruminate, and feast upon. In a case of this kind we can go any lengths to serve our fellow-creatures. Situated as I am, I have it

in my power, merely by fulfilling the ordinary duties of my profession, to gratify my mind considerably. Whether I succeed to the utmost of my wishes in using the talents committed to my keeping for the benefit of others, as well as myself I cannot say, but whenever a consciousness pointing to that conclusion bursts upon the feelings, no words can describe what joy and satisfaction the thought induces; while it lasts, the emotion owns all the fulness of happiness, and though of a temporary nature, it is not the less exciting and heart-cheering.'

Here again the Doctor touched upon a tender string; at these observations Julia became excited, a blush rose upon her cheek, she half appeared as if she wished to speak, but partly owing to mental emotion, and partly to physical sensation, could not. The Rector paused, perhaps unconsciously. All again was still, and so hushed was the quiet, that the little child who had been disporting upon the floor, raised his gentle eyes as if to seek the cause, and learn what had happened. All indeed was mute, but thought, and so sacred

seemed the occasion, that it dared scarcely whisper.

At length the Doctor resumed, ‘ But after all, where is substantial bliss to be found? we may in vain search for it on this side of the grave.

‘ All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*, the reverse is folly’s *creed*;
How solid all, where change shall be no more.’

are the lines of a Christian bard.

‘ True happiness, (as another poet says,) is not the growth
of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it here,
’Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of paradise! thy seeds are sown,
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould,
It rises slow, and blooms, but ne’er was known
To ripen here—the climate is too cold.’

‘ Yes, we may indeed talk philosophically of earthly happiness, but after all, it can only be found, by encountering time and chance with an eye of faith, by casting our anchors into the waters of futurity, and so acquiring an *active*

hope and *trust* of living hereafter in that state of bliss, which the Son of God has gone to prepare in heaven for all his faithful followers.

‘ Where momentary ages are no more,
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire.’

THE SEPARATION.



THE SEPARATION.

LITTLE reader! do you happen to know by experience, the real meaning of the word separation. You have never, peradventure, been separated from those whom you love. There are many things which cause a separation.

Even in your younger days, you must remember with almost pleasing melancholy, the time when your parents, by a kind and gentle hand, led you from the homely hearth to the roof of him whose lot it was to expand your youthful mind. You may remember, though perhaps faintly, those moments of heart-burst-sorrow, when you kissed, for the last time many months, a period to you an age, with the affection and innocence characteristic of our tender years, the pressing lips of the

authors of your being, the natural guardians of your days. You must have felt then in your young heart, however you might have for the time suppressed your emotion, the loss of those whom you loved, or in other words, THE SEPARATION. But those days are past, almost erased from the tablet of the memory. What then? Have no other separations been undergone by you? You now who glance over these pages, Are you a female? Are you married? And if so, can you not remember (indeed will it ever be forgotten by you?) the time when you parted with your dear parents to commit yourself entirely to the guardianship and protection of one, who you could only hope would exercise his marital authority with a gentle hand. You could not be sure of having administered to you the same kind tendance, the same indulgence and forbearance to which, from the very hour when you first drew breath, you had been accustomed. Can you not then readily call to mind the heaving bosom excited by those anxious moments, the throbbing heart, the starting tear? Can you not recollect the scene when the time for your depar-

ture was announced, the parent's blessing, the sister's cry, the brother's look, and above all, *the silence*, the chilling silence which reigned throughout. Why was this? THE SEPARATION was at hand. The house in which you now stood, endeared to you by so many sweet and bitter *souvenirs*, wherein all the tender affections of the heart had been exercised, the house in which parental and brotherly love had first dawned upon your young heart, in which the elixir of life had been quaffed, and where your sportive play, mingled with that of your sisters and brothers, made this sterile world a perpetual holiday, the domicile so long regarded as your own dear home, that nestling-place of the affections, was hence forward to be no home to you. For why? the hour of separation had arrived. But you have never gone through this trying scene, your sex or circumstances have precluded it? What then again? Have you never witnessed in your family circle, or amongst those whom you hold the dearest upon earth, the descent of the hand of death? Have you not seen the rosy tint of health

chased away by the livid touch of the destroyer? Have you not beheld the breath sink, the eye which sparkled in sympathy with your young joys, and which wept to witness your lightest grief, grow dim and close? The tongue, which erst shaped out such bright hopes for your future lot, and whilst you lay still, and unconscious of the vigil, hath prayed and poured forth blessings over your untroubled sleep, mute, stirless? The lips! oh, so often pressed by you in tender affection, livid and chill? The ears, which had drunk in, in joyous fondness, the sound of love from those around, stopped! and the heart which beat so fervently, within whose deep recesses you were cherished, oh how warmly! cold? that bosom where you were nurtured, throbbless? the limbs stiff? the body dead? Oh! it was the SEPARATION, but not eternal; only for awhile; it was another state of existence to which all of us must pass; it was a separation of the body and soul, till the trump of the archangel should arouse the corrupted mass from its dusty sepulchre, and cause new life, and a new state of being to exist for ever!

There are few families, we believe, in whose circle death's cold tread has not approached—indeed in some he may have been a frequent visitor, singling its members out one after the other, till hardly a last victim be left to shed a tear for the rest, ere he follow in the same inevitable wake. But these repeated strokes are for some good purpose; it is no harsh decree—his is no unkind hand that aimed the fatal blow—'twas God's: at his appointed time, he calls man to his death-chamber, to become food for the gnawing worm. Oh! it is a trial, a severe trial upon nature, to lose those on whom we delight; on whom the soul loves to expatiate—to see them gradually, or, perhaps, suddenly, sink into an untimely grave—to observe the pure glow tint of health succeeded by the moist dew of death—to behold the livid, dull, and heavy corpse dissolve fast into corruption. The well-fortified Christian cannot bear witness to such a sight as this without a tear. What then? It is the holy and contrite effusion of the soul. The feelings are softened, subdued by the spectacle of mouldering mortality. Like the pliant ash,

or young, but sturdy oak, they will only bend to the storm, they will not be utterly cast down. And these are holy tears : the Saviour of men, when he foresaw the overthrow of the city of Jerusalem, “ wept.” And on hearing that his friend Lazarus had been dead four days, although he knew that he could raise him from his bed of dust and restore him to vitality, he did not attempt to restrain the exhibition of his natural tenderness, but in all the feeling of a compassionate sympathy, “ Jesus wept.”

Still a separation, caused by death, is a severe trial, even to the firmest Christian. Just at the moment of the most poignant grief the mind can with difficulty bring itself to believe that the parting is only temporary ; so soon as it can do this, the feelings become calm and resigned to the awful stroke. By an admirable principle of nature the mind will soon reconcile itself to what cannot be avoided, and all the sooner when faith whispers, that it was for some good purpose unknown to the creature, that the fatal arrow was directed.

But the separation in Dr. Truman’s family was owing to none of those causes. We have

already informed the reader that he was the parent of a numerous progeny, comprising sons as well as daughters. The separation, then, to which we have referred, was of one of these sons, who, through his father's interest, had lately received a valuable appointment abroad, which, awaiting his arrival, would separate him from the family circle for several years. This to the young heart was a sore trial, but it was one in which, more or less, every individual member of the household participated.

At length, the morning arrived which was to witness the melancholy parting—all hearts were full to bursting—every eye was dimmed. There stood on one side the venerable sire, with a knit brow, controlling the overflowings of his benign heart. Near him was the mother, unable by any means to conceal the poignancy of her grief,—and all around were grouped the sisters and brothers of the youth, mingling their common sorrows. Who remembers such a solemn scene as this? which of my readers has not witnessed a parting of such a nature? is it not a trying ordeal? In the case we record, the open and frank heart of him about

to quit his home, and his country, prompted him to encourage by every means those whom he was about to leave behind, and tended in some measure to disperse the chilling gloom. It is, however, the mother who feels most acutely upon such occasions, when the off-set of her womb is thus transplanted, 'ere the bud had expanded, or the tree ripened into maturity—'ere yet the tender instructions given upon the lap had had time to produce their wished-for result. It is at that age when a man, unformed in character and inexperienced in the world, stands most in need of the superintendence of a parent, or the providence of a kind friend, that he is often thrust forth to make his way in life, and achieve his fortune.

But young as this person was, the virtues he inherited from his parents had already dawned—good qualifications had already discovered themselves in every trait and feature of his disposition, affording a true consolation, and almost an answer to the pious prayers of his dearest relatives! Happy are those parents who have children kind, affectionate, and obedient! happy, who perceive, 'ere they die,

the full and plentiful harvest of all the seed thickly sown in the hearts of those who have been the objects of their anxious and tenderest care ! and thrice happy they, who when they have to consign the hoary hairs of their parents to the grave, are comforted in the reflection of having been dutiful and affectionate children—of having administered to their revered guardians those endearing cordials which old age, in all its withered beauty, naturally demands ; and who can witness the earth close over them in “ *sure and certain hope*” of meeting them in the eternal and blessed abodes of heaven.

By such pious sentiments were all the children of Dr. Truman actuated at all times, and it was that confidence, that inward trust, which bore them up under every trial of their constancy, and supported them under every pressure of calamity.

The parting which was about to take place was hard to bear, but they trusted that the blessing of God rested upon it—they felt that his Almighty protection would be with the way-farer, however distant, and that he would be unto him a father and mother, a sister and

brother. It was only with this faith that they could consent to THE SEPARATION—yes, this conviction, as we have observed, was a barrier against the evils which threatened from without, and enabled them to endure with firmness those which rebelled within.

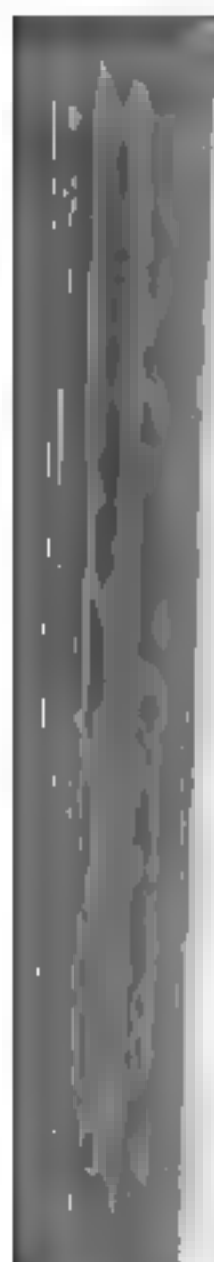
But the long suspense was over, the vehicle was at the door to bear the young adventurer to his destined port, from whence he was to take ship to his new abode in another hemisphere. The anguish of his relatives had now arrived at its height. It had hitherto been silent, but now the sobs and cries of those around, bursting from the overflowings of the heart, became sadly audible. The mother's blessing could only be expressed by the convulsive pressure of her beloved child to her bosom ; her tongue refused to tell the feelings of her inmost soul, and the last fond farewell was signified by tears, drawn from the deep fountain of her heart. His sisters, more or less, were deeply affected, and even the youngest child of the family, instinctively threw his little arms around, leaving its own innocent kiss upon his brother's cheek, taught

by sympathy, that nothing less than a separation impended, which might perhaps disunite them for ever on this side of the grave.

We can contemplate no longer this interesting scene, it is too affecting for the human mind to dwell upon. But how shall we treat of the separation which cometh unto all! The separation of the soul from the body: the time when the spirit, no longer content to be confined to the clayey tenement, takes its flight from the brittle fabric, and rises to its God. If to the good man the separation be trying, the passage to the grave dreary; what must it be to the reprobate;—to him who has passed his pilgrimage on earth in active and passive sin, in omission of those sacred duties which he owes to his Maker, his neighbour, and his own soul, and in the commission of all the iniquities, which an imagination prone to evil could suggest;—indeed “*if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?*” Well for him were it that this separation were for ever; the body may moulder some thousands of years within the hollow tomb, but the all-conscious soul antici-

pates or forebodes its sentence, and at the last trump shall return to the recombined elements of the body; and thus united, shall stand in the presence of an adjudging God, to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, after which no other separation shall take place, but whither it is doomed it shall rest for EVER.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

7 things present a greater contrast, or are
opposed as to their influence on the feel-
of the parish priest, than the death-bed of
pious Christian, and that of the reprobate.
all times the departure of a soul from this
of its probation, is more or less trying to
sufferer, and that trial is not so much pro-
oned to the pain which the body has to
re, as to the ease or discomfiture of the
. With the generality of men on this
an occasion, all the energies of the mind
sufficiently alive to enable it to contem-
the passage to the grave, to which the
is fast hastening, there to resolve to its
nal particles. In its native soil, out of
h it was originally moulded, it discom-

poses by a loathsome and humiliating process ; but the soul is immaterial, and, by the forbearance of God, immortal, and if well directed, ascends and fixes its might and its whole strength upon imperishable abodes, which will never pass away, or by familiarity lose a jot of the happiness which they afford.

The scene we are now about to describe, is one which, we are well aware, can present no novel feature to the conscientious pastor, who, in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties, and acting from the dictates of a devoted heart, takes every opportunity to benefit his brethren, and administer those holy comforts and requisites, of which all men at the point of death stand so much in need.

Dr. Truman was wont to consider himself most blessed in the effect which his visits commonly wrought in the sick chamber. People who in the glow of health would despise his ministry, and neglect the means which he took to entice them to salvation, at the eve of the soul's departure, would send for him, imagining that from the blaze of Christian

h, he could miraculously shed those effulgent rays, whereby the sinner might discern his true abode, and ascertain the raptures of a future state. But how miserably did they deceive themselves: for instead of operating miraculously, the very sight of the good doctor harrowed up their feelings. The number

of opportunities which in their ignorant ignorance they had let pass, of attending the courts of the Lord, and profiting by his ministrations, hurried to them, and by natural association, long-forgotten but unexpiated and unrepented sins, would flash in agony and distraction upon their brain—the selfish deeds done in the pride and lust of life. But even in this sad hour

he partially restore peace to the bosom, resigned and self-condemned, and in apprehension of the terrors of the Lord. The Gospel of Jesus Christ presented an antidote to the worst disorder, and as he proclaimed it in all its fulness, he infused into the soul of

the expiring criminal, that calm halcyon of peace, which rendered him indifferent to the torments which sin forges for her worshippers, and which erewhile bound the natural man to

the sordid concernments of life. He knew when and how to touch the heart, and to enforce contrition ; an admirable talent, which Dr. Truman, by the seasonable application of the divine word, would turn to the best account ; to the downfall of the reign of Satan, and the accomplishment of the kingdom of God. Consolation and remorse were at his disposal. To the oppressed he would whisper forgiveness of injuries, to the oppressor he would preach restitution and repentance. To one and the other, he would lift the curtain which shrouds eternity from the eye of time, and disclose to the startled senses of the dying, the lazar house of eternity,—a spectacle to appal Dives at the banquet, and console Lazarus at his gate ; profound enough for the philosopher in his pride, yet intelligible to the beggar in his humility, and which, like the stroke of the angel in the night of Egypt's visitation, is felt at once by Pharaoh on the throne, and by the captive in his dungeon. On this theme he would dwell, till the mind would recoil from this low theatre of mutability and decay, and fix itself upon that solid foun-

dation which time never can wither, nor death in his greatest havoc destroy.

The melancholy occurrence which suggested the foregoing remarks, we will, by the reader's patience, proceed to record.

Dr. Truman, about the hour of midnight, was suddenly called to the bed-side of an individual, respecting whom our pages have before furnished some particulars. We speak of Mr. Soames, the once hard-hearted infidel; but now how changed his every characteristic! He lay indeed at the point of death; the eleventh hour had arrived, but Mr. Soames was prepared; he had been a sinner, but those sins which formerly had gnawed at the very root of his soul, he had truly repented of,—they had been washed thoroughly away in the blood of him whom before he had derided,—and atoned for by his Redeemer's merits. Still the conscience, always watchful and sensitive, would frequently sting him into the bitterest penitence. Even to the good man, the examination and reminiscence of past acts are trying tasks, more particularly when, on the bed of death, the grim tyrant obtrudes in the back-ground,

eager for his victim. At the time when the soul is caught hovering in the last moments of its separation, there is nothing will enable it to bear up against its apprehensions, and meet its fate with equanimity, except the soothing consideration of the reconciliation which has taken place between the Almighty and the sinner, effected by the redemption of Jesus Christ. ‘To name merits there,’ as Hooker says, ‘is to lay their souls upon the rack; the memory of their own deeds is loathsome to them; they forsake all things wherein they have put any trust or confidence; no staff to lean upon, no ease, no rest, no comfort there, but only in Jesus Christ.’

But even to the individual, who, by having mortified his appetites in the flesh, can look forward, through faith, to an eternal inheritance of bliss in the life to come, who, pre-armed against the apprehension of death, ‘*Contra mortis timorem et contra metum religionis*,’¹ even to him death is not unappalling—the cold dampness of the brow—the livid paleness—the relaxed nerves—the slackened fibres—the

¹ Cicero De Fin.

stiffened limbs—the fixed, glazed, staring eye—the pinched nostril—the unspeculative and vacant look—the breathless bosom—the stagnant blood. Oh! all these, concentrated in one cold corpse, is a touching lesson to the proudest heart, and unless it be cased in adamant, must melt when nature is letting down the springs of life.

When the Rector entered the sick-bed-chamber, all the horrors of the grave were gathering round Mr. Soames, but as we have already intimated, he was dying a Christian; the rainbow for his emblem, the cloud of his penitence and tears, illuminated by the rays of faith. Who can describe the scene? the dying man was sitting up in bed, his hands clasped with energy, imploring mercy in the tremulous moan of death; there by his bedside knelt the Rector, as in mockery of monumental stone, and pointing to heaven, from whence mercy was to be expected; standing at the foot of the bed, was the sick man's wife, with posture fixed, and face averted and covered with her handkerchief, all inadequate to restrain the gushing tears; near her stood the

physician, surrounded by the old man's relatives ; whilst, supporting the well nigh exanimate form of the dying penitent, was the favourite daughter, anxiously hearkening to the last faint words of her sire, whilst the outstretched form of her body evinced the excess of her emotion. At times she would turn her attention to the inquiries made by those surrounding the physician, and was plunged in deep grief by his answers. At a little distance was an old lawyer, mending his pen with the greatest *sang froid*, ready to commit to parchment, the last bequests of the dying man. On the foot of the bed sat a wicked son, the companion of the late Harry Seymour, who with callous indifference, seemed to be impatient for the father's decease, unmoved by the scene before him, untouched by the reflection of an expiring parent. One would have thought that a heart of stone must have been melted, and have had engraven on it such a lesson as time would never efface, or even death obliterate. But we must leave this young man to settle as he can, his account with his own heart; turn we to the almost breathless father, and

to the venerable pastor, directing the sinking eye to the abode of bliss.

‘ It is needless for me, I am glad to find,’ remarked the Rector, mournfully lifting up his voice, ‘ to remind you now of your only hope, of your redemption by Jesus Christ, and that he came into the world to save sinners. I have had long proof of your being a Christian, an opinion which has been strengthened by the regular and pious life, which you have lately been leading; yet after all, our most praiseworthy works are as filthy rags, and our endeavour toward perfection in the sight of God as nothing. I can only desire of you then to place no confidence in your own doings, but hope and trust in the atoning merits of your Saviour, and to the very last rely firmly upon him who hath said, “ *he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*” And when speaking from the very bottom of your heart, you have assured me of this hope, we will pray that the sacrament, which I am about to administer, may have its due and rightful effect upon your soul, reminding you of the benefits which you obtain by it, and that as the bread and

wine strengthens the body even for a short duration, so may the soul, by the advantages received from the Eucharist, be strengthened unto life everlasting.

‘ The confessions of a man now on the verge of the grave, must be short,’ said Mr. Soames, and his speech was momentarily interrupted with the hard sobs of mortal strife. ‘ I can only exclaim in contrite bitterness, that I am a sinner, the greatest of sinners, but if there be redemption in heaven, of which I have received sufficient evidence, I trust I shall, through the mercy of my Saviour—’ Here the strong inward emotion of the penitent disabled him from proceeding, the words expressive of his heart faltered on his tongue, he had not the power of articulating them, tears flowed down the old man’s visage, all voices for a time were mute, nothing was heard, save the convulsive sobs of the dying, mingled with those of his sorrowing wife; the Doctor remained in the same angelic position on the hallowed knee, pointing to heaven, from whence cometh to penitent sinners, hope and life for ever.

Mr. Soames at length proceeded. ‘ I trust I shall, through the mercy of my Saviour, whom I once denied, receive pardon and forgiveness ; the works of man, even at best, I know, are but polished sins in the eyes of him whose principal attributes are perfection and love. I am a mass of iniquity, but God has been gracious to me, for though he has afflicted my body with the most excruciating pain, still has he left the immortal part with its faculties entire, and with sufficient strength to enable me to do my part towards repentance. How thankful ought I to be for this dispensation of mercy ; for what heeds it, if the flesh, during the process of decay which precedes dissolution, be tortured, if the scattered particles of the natural body rise a spiritual body, and formed after the Redeemer’s own glorious body. Though I am suffering the greatest pain, my mind is fixed upon him who died for such as me, which produces the greatest comfort I can enjoy, and supports me firmly to the tomb. But I feel my time is short, let us pray, before I receive the holy sacrament, and oh, great God, spare me for this good work.’

The Rector then offered up a prayer to the Father Almighty, who was about to receive the soul, in which the penitent heartily joined, and then received the sacrament, feeling inwardly a benefit like unto that which is produced upon a faint and declining body, and then sank through exertion and fatigue, almost lifeless upon his pillow.

The physician, after a few seconds, administered a draught to animate and afford him strength to communicate his wishes to the old lawyer, who had been on tenter hooks during the solemn sacrament, fearing lest death would interpose to deprive him of his fee, which, being somewhat considerable, would have proved a disappointment; the interval was propitious, and with the quickness of his craft, he failed not to seize the opportunity. What Mr. Soames had taken considerably revived his sinking frame, and he signified, like one with a mind robust, his last dying wishes, which with professional celerity were taken down by the man of law, and attested by those who were unconcerned as to the property left.

When Mr. Soames had accomplished this,

the physician clearly perceived that no drug in his dispensary could avail to protract much longer, the term of his existence. DEATH was upon the penitent ! He therefore summoned the Rector from the adjoining room, into which he had retired whilst the earthly concerns of from the dying man were being arranged, and committed his patient to his holy care. Doctor Truman, although he had been absent but a short while, perceived a striking alteration in the countenance of Mr. Soames, still his eye as soon as it rested upon the venerable pastor, lit up for a time, and appeared to beam with fresh hope and courage.

The rector taking the sick man by the hand, affectionately inquired how he felt, and if his mind was at length thoroughly composed.

‘I am at ease now, God be praised,’ responded Mr. Soames, ‘I have nothing of an earthly nature that weighs upon my mind to clog my passage to eternity—no care remains upon this side of the grave ; the worldly treasures which I have amassed I have divided to the best of my ability, not forgetting to leave a small legacy to yourself, a trifling acknow-

ledgment of the eternal service which you have rendered me.'

The rector was on the point of making answer, but Mr. Soames immediately proceeded.

'Nay, nay,' he said in accents that grew feebler as he spoke, 'I am the person still indebted, and must for ever remain so, and therefore consider what I have bequeathed you but a small token of my sense of your services, and if you be willing to do me greater, there is one'——Here the eyes of the visibly declining sufferer were suffused in tears, his voice again faltered, but, as for an instant, just before its exit, a spark will brighten up ere it darken for ever, the dying man revived. 'There is one,' said he, 'my dear wife, who soon will have need of some kind hand to uphold, some sweet voice to cheer, some feeling heart to sympathize with and soothe, she will require another protector.'

'God will be that protector,' immediately answered the rector, 'he has said by the mouth of his holy prophet, "*Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.*"'

‘ Ah ! indeed,’ rejoined the expiring penitent, half inaudibly, ‘ God provides at a time when we least expect it and little deserve it ; into his hand I confide those whom I am about to leave behind ; may he defend them from the vanities of the world, and in his own good time receive them into his eternal mansions.’

‘ Oh ! father, you must not die !’ cried his daughter, almost frantic with grief at the sight of her departing parent. ‘ You must not die, or if so be, let me follow close, and be buried too in the same tomb.’

Immediately after pronouncing these words the affectionate girl went off into violent hysterics, from which it required all the management and assistance of those around to relieve her. As she became more composed the dying man pronounced amidst audible moans, his last benison upon his family, and besought God of his infinite love to take under his benign protection, those objects, upon which his blessing might for ever rest.

The ELEVENTH HOUR was now past, the twelfth was about to strike ; the venerable pastor clearly perceived this, and kneeling of-

ferred up the commendatory prayer, appointed for those at the point of departure, at the conclusion of which the poor old man grew faint,—now he cried—

‘ God be merciful; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit: oh! mercy! oh! this is easy: this is not death; it is life, oh! God, vouchsafe the continuance of thy mercy—mercy—mercy—Lord Jesus receive my spirit.’

At this moment the darkening film of death passed over the countenance—the eyes grew dim—they fixed—they closed, and all was cold, and mute, and still. Mr. Soames was no more!

Thus died a sincere Christian, a man, who had been among the greatest of sinners, but who, doubtless, obtained at last, a seat in those eternal mansions, which the Redeemer of the world has gone to prepare for all who believe in him.

DOMESTIC LIFE.



DOMESTIC LIFE.

There are few things which afford greater comfort than the quiet security of home, when surrounded by a virtuous and smiling family. A man surrounded by affection purchased only by the sacrifice of his passions, and the endearments of those who are intimately connected with him by the strongest ties of nature, experiences for the time a feeling the nearest approximating to happiness which this world admits of, and which bids him forget the earthly cares to which he is subjected, and the arduous labours which, in accordance with the lot of mortality, he necessarily has to undergo. She, whom a benign Providence has formed as his last and best gift, relieves his sorrows by participating them—strews along the path of thorns the roses of happiness, and

from her very heart emits those rays of hope, which so strongly reflect upon the fortunes of her husband, that his cares become dispersed or considerably lightened by being divided. And while she administers, with a delicate hand, the soothing cordial of sympathising love—the strong antidote of woe, winning him back from care and sorrow to fire-side happiness, she can endure without a murmur the solitary anguish, which too often secretly preys upon her spirits. However acutely the canker-worm may gnaw, she can buoy herself amidst all discouragements, conscious that she is administering comforts to a declining head, and solace to a harassed bosom. Oh! it is astonishing, when we reflect, what a woman will undergo for her husband; a guardian angel presiding o'er his fortunes at a time when perhaps mental or bodily pain forbid his acknowledging, even with a placid smile, the strongly-marked affection of his wife;—yes, she shines within his chamber, when all without is night, and will bear the knitted brow, and the cold or averted look without a sigh; her conduct will evince such perfectly unselfish love, which one

Would think might convert the harsh look into the grateful smile, and melt the cold heart of stone into thankfulness to the Father of mercies for so benign a boon. What has man to apprehend, possessed of such “*a help-meet for him*” on the one side, and on the other a rising family, whose sole object is, when nature becomes exhausted, to step in and minister to the necessary wants of their aged parents? Oh! the fasting swallow flying with her mouthful to her gaping young—or the wild bear tearing the carcass for her hungry cubs—or the majestic swan diving in the liquid stream to find the meat to support her crying cygnet—these are instincts of nature, beautiful and strong. But oh! to contemplate the grateful youth administering to the authors of his being in their old age, and remedying by endless little inventions, the deficiencies to which that climacteric is subject; and before man arrives so near his far home, what greater blessing can earth furnish than those chains, which bind together so firmly husband and wife on this side of the grave. To see the bud gradually expanding its beauties to the

light, or the corn ripening beneath a burning sun ; what gratification do these yield, even to nature's closest votary, compared to the inexpressible delight of having virtuous sons and daughters moulded after our own imagination, growing up to man's and woman's estate in fond obedience to their parents, and happy in the social enjoyments of each other. "*Happy*" indeed, "*is the man that hath his quiver full of them.*"

It has been said, and in our opinion the sentiment betrays the greatest ingratitude, that the troubles of life weigh so heavily in the balance against its pleasures, that God, so far from intending happiness, has inflicted the greatest miseries on his creatures. That man is born to suffer in consequence of the sin of our fore-father we all experience, but that our afflictions are more than we can endure, considering that they are relieved by the greatest enjoyment, we are far from admitting. We know that half the miseries which men have to endure in this world, are either fanciful or of their own making—not God's ; but every pleasure, every enjoyment, and every

comfort proceeds from his merciful hand. What then shall we say? doubtless God sends us trouble, but for why? not as intending misery for his creatures, but only to tempt them, or rather *try* them in the hour of adversity. This life we are told is one of probation, consequently we are in a course of trial, we are constantly being proved, and the severer the ordeal it may be the will of inscrutable providence to subject us to, the greater our happiness, if *the trial of our faith be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.*" "*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.*" And if our limited intelligence did but rightly apprehend for what purpose we are brought into this state of existence, we should accept the infliction of heaven as an earnest of immortality, nay almost welcome our privations as the assurance of the favour of our God. And be it for ever remembered, that whenever God does tempt or try men, he always leaves a way by which they may escape, and never suffers them to be tempted above what they are able to bear. Circumfused in faith they may tread the rough paths of this life in safety, and

come out of the fire in which they have been cast, like the gold from the furnace, free from the dross and bastard metal with which it was contaminated. Of one thing we are perfectly clear, there would be no inquietude in this world but for the operation of sin. It is almost useless to enumerate the blessings with which God has endowed the human race, his ways, his love, his providence; the more they are examined, the more will they be found characterized by the greatest mercy towards his creatures. In the creation we discover no instance of useless grandeur, but find every thing contributing to the general good, and adapted to the exigencies of man. The sun, the moon, the stars are all placed in the heavens for the benefit of man. The seasons are made regularly to return, all nature's course is revolving solely for the enjoyment of the human inhabitants of the earth. And even were we pressed down with the greatest load of misery, more than half of which it has been observed is of our own making, we have little cause to repine when relieved by the affectionate sharer of our woes, and the partner

of all our troubles. The cares which a family produce are not burdensome, but conduce considerably to our happiness. What would life be unless chequered by those interesting events which break its uniformity. We have no other name than coward to designate him by, who would shrink from the changes of this life, whether of weal or woe, and in despondency impiously cry out against the Deity, that his chastisements are more than he can bear. But if well looked into, the inflictions of God are indeed few. The man with a moderate competence and a domestic circle should tower above them all. But what if there be no moderate competence? or what if death invade the domestic circle, leading its members to the silent tomb, till hardly one be left to shed a tear for the rest?

‘ When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been.’

If the first should happen, we need scarcely observe, that we hardly ever heard of an instance in which poverty was not either occasioned through extravagance or idleness. God

has given to every man some means, some kind of a talent by which he may go and make other ten talents. But we may be told that the case we have instanced is far from being the most fearful shape that Proteus misery can put on. There is indeed no bottom to the cares of man—other sorrows time brings silently yet visibly forward in its even lapse. We may find ourselves deserted in this vast wilderness of souls, and all the nearest and dearest connections of our blood may subsist only in memory. We may have none to meet our enemy in the gate. We may frown over the utter barrenness of the bright and sanguine prospects which in days gone by seemed to unfold themselves to our ambition; or the fulfilment of our fondest prayers may light upon our house, when we are in sickness and do not regard it; when we are senseless and do not know it; when we are childless and solitary, *and cannot tell it.* We may brood over the naked sublimity of our bosom's solitude, with reminiscences like to those of the stern Roman, as he sat alone amidst the dismantled towers and crumbling palaces of Carthage; we may be blessed to-day with

our soul's content unto repletion, and to-morrow the current of our veins may be dammed up as we hearken to the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, of our destiny. We cannot turn from the writing on the wall, even at the banquet. Then through what artifice, through what fascination, by what sophistry, by what allure-ment shall we bribe the tongue of memory, and wipe away from the tablets of the mind the remembrance of former happiness? Shall we resort to the precepts of Epicurus? They may silence but cannot console. Shall we heed the dictates of Zeno? They may instruct us to conceal our affliction, but how will they assuage it? Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but what shall offer resignation?—RELIGION. We have sufficient evidence in Scripture to assure us that though our friends and relations die in the flesh, yet does the soul live, and that both shall again be united in the day of the Lord. We know, yea! and have felt that death for the time is able to mar our happiness, but the sincere Christian will not allow his constancy to break upon any trying occasion, although like the young oak, it may bend

to the storm. He knows that it is not death, for the victory over death and the grave is gained, but merely a temporal separation; merely a change which the body must undergo before it can enter the passage into eternity. Those he loved and still loves, are not dead, but gone before; and thus does he assure himself that the domestic circle is not in reality broken up—we are not to be everlastingly left alone at our desolate fire-side; it is only for a season. We are but separated till the trump of God shall again congregate its members, and thus will they be led into a second Paradise, not of a terrestrial, but of a heavenly nature; where no chill blast can come sweeping over our garden to blight its fruits, and buds, and blossoms.

In this persuasion the grim tyrant loses all his terrors. Trust us, from Dan to Beersheba there is no wilderness, there is no barren spot. Let our readers satisfy themselves that while a man be suffered to exist, Providence directly intimates, and beyond a doubt, he has some duty to discharge, which it were criminal to decline. But to return.

Oh ! it is a fine spectacle to see a domesticated family enjoying thoroughly all the blessings with which their life is crowned—to see them almost spontaneously as they grow up, walking in virtue's paths, and delighting in that home-felt joy—the social intercourse of each other. But we do not affirm that a man is to be so wrapped up in his family, as to exclude himself from all other callings, Oh ! no, the pure pleasures of the domestic circle are to relieve him from his ordinary pursuit ; they are far from being intended to engross his whole attention and time, they are merely subordinate—a respite from the more laborious works of the day, a refuge to him after having laboured for their benefit and welfare, and moreover his solace in his declining years. It is there more particularly that he requires the auxiliary hand of his consort and his children to administer those endearing tenderesses, which he in that stage demands. The nature of the woman would appear to be designed by God, if we may judge from the delicate and soothing administrations in which she delights, to afford to man a prop in his

old age, upon which he may lean with confidence and hope before he yields up his spirit to the God who gave it ;—‘ And earth recedes and heaven itself appears.’ Yes ! the delicate hand of the female is so adapted to comfort and to cheer in the sick chamber, that man would seem almost to be inhibited by the customs of society from attending upon his fellows. Indeed were fashion for a time to introduce the novelty, necessity would soon compel him to retire, the patient not being able to endure his roughness, and he would have to make way for the softer and gentler tendance of the female.

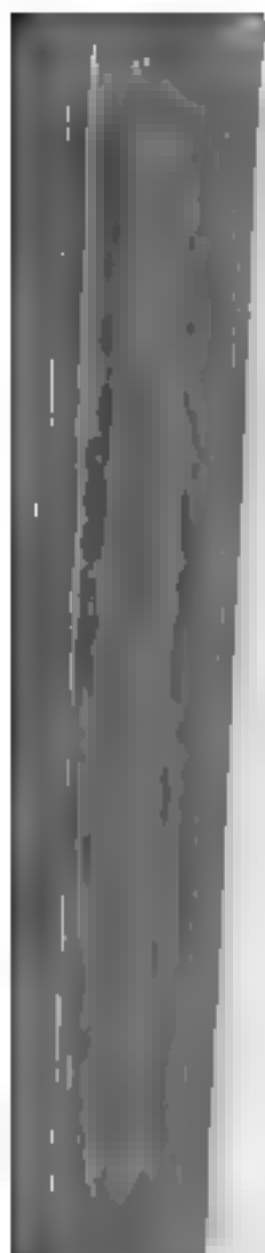
We know not, and little do we reckon, what the man of *ton* or the *rouè* would say to these observations, or one unacquainted with the enjoyments of a domestic life, but the time must arrive, should they be spared, when the want of these blessings will be most woefully felt. The pleasures which the *rouè* fancies he enjoys will scarcely allow him to consider soberly and impartially in what real pleasure consists, did it, that passing thought would soon burst out into the open flame of social

affection, and the man thus warned would speedily renounce his dangerous course, and seek a comfort by the happy hearth amidst those true blessings which it involves and implies. It is this sober thought, this mature consideration that brings us unconsciously within the pale of the happiness which this world affords, and when the outward man decays, raises up for us those blessings which strengthens the inner man. In short, a domestic life purifies the passions of the young man, and gives them a virtuous direction, kindles his latent susceptibilities—developes his natural affections,—enlarges his ideas—ushers out of the dawn of reason the full and perfect out-pourings of his very soul—fits him for every society, and marshals forth into action the latent characteristics of the heart,—thus displaying a glorious creature, obedient to one of the very first commands of the Almighty. And when declined into the vale of years, the having led a domestic life permits him to look back upon by-gone days with pleasure and delight; he can revive, without alloy from the stings of conscience, those scenes of his past life, that breathe a peculiar

enchantment in their reminiscence. Thus is he supplied with those endless comforts, all indeed that earth can give, at the time when he needs them the most; and thus doth he taste an earnest, through love, strong as death, and faith that anchors on immortality, of meeting those in heaven, in whose close embrace and endearing companionship he delighted when on earth.

It was one day that Dr. Truman was musing upon such thoughts, and summoning up to his contemplation the blessings with which he was surrounded, that after a double knock Mr Clark was announced; this was the same gentleman who, it will be recollected, travelled with him, and with whom, during the journey, there occurred the conversation upon CHURCH DISCIPLINE and DOCTRINES, detailed in a former chapter. The Doctor received him with all the warmth natural to him, and the welcome due to an old and tried friend; after a few preliminary observations on either side were passed, the following happy incident evened, very much to the credit of the party concerned.

THE PROSELYTE.



THE PROSELYTE.

WHILE Dr. Truman was engaged with Mr. Clark in the slight chat which custom requires to be antecedent of the more grave matters which succeed, he could not help observing the knit brow of his visitor, evidently wrinkled by care and thought. For some time the humane man conjectured that an event had occurred of a serious and distressing nature; he feared that some family loss or domestic affliction had fallen upon Mr. Clark, to occasion the inward poignant grief evidenced upon the outward man.

Some length of time elapsed before the Rector's delicacy would allow him to inquire respecting the cause of the great grief which appeared to hang over Mr. Clark, who still

seemed backward to communicate the object of his visit. Time at last, as it does with all things, unfolded the mystery.

‘I have been turning over in my mind,’ broke out Mr. Clark in a serious tone of voice, ‘the subjects we discussed together when we had the pleasure of travelling in company, and although I cannot exactly at present state to you the result of my ruminations, still I am free to confess that it has produced an extraordinary effect upon my mind, which must evidence itself, ere long, in the face of the world ; but before I signify my final determination, there remain a few things to submit to you, which have prejudiced my mind against your Church. If I obtain a satisfactory elucidation of these, the consequence, as regards my future conduct, will not be long in manifesting itself.’

‘The question last on the tapis concerned the discipline and doctrines of your church ; time then forbade my extracting from you an explanation of certain of the *minutiæ* and appendages which belong to the Establishment. If you are prepared as ably and eloquently as

on a former occasion, to prove to me, in the first place, why the surplice, which is commonly called a ‘rag of Popery,’ is retained; and wherefore you deem it so essential to your worship to have organs, both of which appurtenances are, as you are doubtless aware, discountenanced by the Dissenters in general, you will do me, it may be, an eternal service.’

The mind of the apprehensive Rector felt considerably relieved by the above disclosure, and for the disastrous tidings he foreboded, was substituted the pleasing task of weeding from the visitor’s mind, that absurd prejudice, so carefully harboured by those who differ from our Church.

‘I assure you,’ made answer the Rector, ‘that what you have just delivered, has had a most happy effect upon my feelings. You look surprised, and would ask me how so? Strange doubts took possession of my mind upon your appearance. I misconceived the cause of your evident discomposure. So being prepared to receive some evil tidings of what had befallen, judge, sir, of my delight, on nothing being communicated which I can for

an instant consider distressing. I am informed of the working of my ministry, at a time when I should have considered its operation out of the question, and its best endeavours unavailing. But mark you ! how God brings about his ways, observe the means which he takes to direct us from that path which he considers wrong, and the opportunity he vouchsafes to us of becoming sincere followers of his ordinances, his discipline, as well as believers in his doctrines. I feel no astonishment, and so express none, at the happy result of our last discussion, and that simply because I have long been convinced, that whoever, without prejudice, will examine for himself the doctrinal and other points belonging to our Establishment, must shortly become its advocate, and for ever after adhere to it. Indeed I am bold to affirm that this must be the result, if the examination of the truth be accompanied and preceded by fervent prayer to Almighty God for his blessing to rest upon the resolve, and for his assistance to accompany the investigation.

‘ But without further preamble, let us at

once canvass the points which you cannot at present reconcile to your mind, and see if we cannot make you—not almost, but quite a **CHURCHMAN.**'

'With respect,' continued the Doctor, after a pause, 'to the habit worn by the ministers of our church, I must turn your attention to that part of the Act of Parliament made in the second year of Edward VI. in which it is ordered *'That all and singular ministers in any Cathedral, or Parish Church, &c. shall, after the feast of Pentecost next coming, be bounden to say the Mattins, Evening Song, &c. and the administration of the Sacraments, and all the Common Prayer, in such order and form as is mentioned in the said Book, (viz. First Book of Edward VI.) and not other, or otherwise.'* And if we refer to this book, we shall find two Rubrics relating to them, both of which I will read you.

'In the saying or singing of Mattins, or Evening Song, Baptizing and Burying, the minister in parish Churches and Chapels annexed to the same, shall use a surplice. And in all Cathedral churches and colleges,

Archdeacons, Deans, Provosts, Masters, Prebendaries, and Fellows, being Graduates, may use in the choir, besides their surplices, such hoods as pertain to their several degrees which they have holden in any university within this realm; but in all other places, every minister shall be at liberty to use any surplice or no. It is also seemly that Graduates, when they do preach, should use such hoods as pertaineth to their several degrees.

‘And whenever the Bishop shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the church, or execute any other public ministration, he shall have upon him, besides his Rochette, a Surplice, or Alb, and a Cope or Vestment, and also his pastoral staff in his hand, or else borne or holden by his chaplain.’

The other rubric runs thus.

‘Upon the day, and at the time appointed for the ministration of the Holy Communion, the Priest that shall execute the holy ministry, shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration, that is to say, a white Alb plain, with a Vestment or Cope. And where there be many Priests or Deacons, there so

many shall be ready to help the Priest in the ministration, as shall be requisite. And shall have upon them, likewise, the vestures appointed for the ministry, that is to say, Albes with Tunicles.'

‘ This, Sir, is whereby we are guided, and although you have a subsequent act which *tolerates* a non-observance of this, still do we, as his Majesty’s subjects, deem it absolutely incumbent upon us to keep as close as we can to the *meaning* of that which the former is intended to convey.

‘ As to the particular habit to which you have made objections, I can give no better account of it than that given by Durand, who derives it from the Latin word *Superpelliceum*, because anciently this garment was put *super tumias pellicas de pellibos mortuorum animalium factas*, upon leathern coats made of the hides of dead beasts, symbolically to represent that the offence of our first parents, which brought us under the necessity of wearing garments of skin, was now laid and covered by the grace of Christ, and that therefore we are clothed with the emblem of innocence.

(Durand Rational, l. 3, c. 1. numb. 10, 11, 12.) Wheatley observes, ‘ If it be thought necessary for princes and magistrates to wear distinct habits, in the execution of their public offices, to preserve an awful respect to their royalty and justice ; there is the same reason for a different habit when God’s ambassadors publicly officiate. And accordingly we find that under the law, the Jewish priests were by God’s own appointment to wear decent sacred vestments at all times, (Exod. xxviii. and xxix.) but at the time of public service they were to have, besides those ordinary garments, *a white linen Ephod*. (Exod. xxviii. 4. 1 Sam. ii. 18.) From the Jews it is probable the Egyptians learned this custom, to wear no other garments but only of white linen, looking on that to be the fittest, as being the purest covering for those that attended on divine service. (Apul. in Apol. Part I. p. 64. Paris, 1635. Vid. Hieron. in Ezek. xliv. 17. Tom. iv. p. 476. D.) And Philostratus tell us, that the Brahmins, or Indian priests, wore the same sort of garment for the same reasons, (Philostr. Vit. Apol. Izan. 1, 3. c. 15, p. 106,

Liepsic 1709.) From so divine an original, and spreading a practice, the ancient Christians brought them into use for the greater decency and solemnity of divine service. St. Jerome at one and the same time proves its ancient use, and reproves the needless scruples of such as oppose it. ‘What offence,’ saith he, ‘can it be to God, for a Bishop, or Priest, &c. to proceed to the Communion in a white garment. (Adv. Pelag. I. 1. c. 9. Tom. ii, p. 565,) F. G. The antiquity of it in the Eastern church appears from Gregory Nazianzen, who adviseth the priests to purity, because ‘a little spot is soon seen in a white garment.’ (Orat. 31. tom. I. p. 504. A.) And it is very probable that it was used in the Western Church in the time of St. Cyprian; for Pontius, in his account of that Father’s martyrdom, says, that ‘there was a bench by chance covered with a *white linen cloth*, so that at his passion he seemed to have some of the ensigns of episcopal honour.’ (Pont. Diac. in Vita S. Cyprian. p. 9. præfix. Operibus Cyprian.) From whence we may gather, that a white garment was used by the clergy in those times.’

‘I know not,’ concluded the Doctor, ‘how to give you a better account,—what say you?’

‘I can now see how absolutely necessary it is to make research, and give due examination to things which appear obnoxious before we suffer ourselves to object to them,’ answered Mr. Clark.

‘The surplice,’ continued the Doctor, ‘has very ignorantly been called by our enemies, ‘*a rag of popery*,’ but be it known that the wearing the surplice existed long before the seeds of popery were even sown. We grant you that idolatrous priests have arrayed themselves in the surplices we use, but that fact does not invalidate the propriety of continuing the vesture, else, upon the same principle, we should be authorized to reject the Bible itself, because every sect, however wild they may be in their interpretation of it, have taken it, (we may say from *us*, for it is the church who has preserved from the Jews a faithful interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures,) as upon what they profess their creed to be founded.

‘Let it also never be forgotten,’ continued the Rector, ‘that the surplice or white gar-

ments are countenanced by God himself, and Daniel, in figurative language, represents God as wearing them. Our Saviour also endued himself in vestments, and we read that the angels themselves were habited in white, therefore I am satisfied that there cannot be any thing objectionable in the use of the surplice; if on the contrary it be not almost absolutely necessary, for the sake of preserving that *decency* in the church which we are most desirous ever to witness.'

'I have no wish,' proceeded the Doctor, 'to remind you of the fact, that a certain denomination who have dissented from the establishment still retain the surplice, and also that many dissenting ministers are clad in our habiliments during their celebration of divine service. I say I don't remind you of this circumstance, as an argument wherefore we should persist in wearing that vestment; although as a general rule, the things which are not discountenanced by those opposed to our practice and opinions, it can hardly be very erroneous to adopt. Thus although the Jews are opposed to us, we are ever ready to receive

any documents from them, which like the enforced prophecies of Balaam, might be turned to good account—to the support of Christianity—and indeed they are very valuable. The testimony of an adversary is, I repeat it, always most valuable, because unsuspected. But let it not be gathered by this remark, that the church considers dissenters as their adversaries. No, my dear Sir, the dissenters are opposed to us, not we to them; and I am certain that few gratifications to a churchman can equal that of proving to the dissenters how shallow are the grounds upon which they consider themselves authorized to withdraw themselves from our worship. I think, Mr. Clarke, that you have had sufficient evidence of the charitable feeling, with which I am uniformly actuated towards those who may not be of the same religious creed as myself. The disposition with which God has gifted me would never allow me to treat individuals who do not conform to my sentiments, otherwise than with kindness and affability. And if ever I have acted contrary to this principle, it has been unwittingly, and may God forgive me.'

‘The extreme popularity,’ replied Mr. Clarke, ‘which Dr. Truman has gained, and the great esteem and respect which he has earned for himself from persons of all denominations, are quite sufficient to evidence the truth of what you have just stated; indeed, had it been otherwise, you and I would, in all probability, at the present moment find ourselves differently engaged; but the truly kind and considerate manner in which you met my objections on a former occasion, I may say, invited me to this interview. I will only add, that I shall feel myself indebted to your candid elucidations to the end of my days.’

‘To your own unprejudiced good sense be all the credit, under God,’ immediately made answer the Doctor, ‘but before we separate, I would wish to advert to the other objections which you have started to our service, namely, the use of organs. It is likely from your strictures thereon, that you will be surprised, when I inform you of their antiquity. To do so, it will be sufficient for me to call your attention to the fact, that musical instruments were used in the very earliest ages. If you refer to

Exod xv. 20, you will find that the Psalm in which Moses and Miriam joined, after the Exodus of the Israelites, was sung to a timbrel. And we are told in 2 Sam. vi. 5. that “*David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals.*” Also in 1 Chron. xv. 16, we read that “*David spake to the chief of the Levites, to appoint their brethren to be the singers with instruments of musick, psalteries, harps, and cymbals, sounding, by lifting up the voice with joy.*” Also in 2 Chron. v. 12, we have “*The Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets.*” Again in 2 Chron. xxix. 25, we read, “*And he set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and*

of Gad the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet: for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets." Thus you perceive that musical instruments were constantly used at the public service after the temple was built at Jerusalem. And, as Wheatly observes, most of David's Psalms were committed to masters of music to be set to various tunes, as we discover by the titles of them; and in the hundred and fiftieth psalm especially, the prophet calls upon the people to prepare their different kinds of instruments, wherewith to praise the Lord. And we know from Ecclesiastical History that this has been the constant practice of the Church in most ages, as well since, as before the coming of Christ.'

'When organs were invented, no doubt they were forthwith introduced into those churches whose congregations could afford to buy them. It is not known exactly how soon they were brought into general use during divine service, but it is recorded that about the year 776, Constantius Copronymus, Emperor of Constantinople, sent a present of an *organ* to King Pepin of France, (cited in Gregory's

Posthumous Works, p. 49.) But independent of the antiquity of these particular instruments, some kind of music would seem indispensable in praising God by singing of Psalms, an opinion in which all Dissenters, who admit of instrumental music in their chapels, must assuredly concur: why then object to the organ, whose very tone is so solemn, and at the same time so majestically grand, and which is so peculiarly calculated to suggest religious emotions, and directs, I may say, both the heart and the soul to the Creator. Far be it from me to assert that the organ should be the great cause of attraction to the house of God, still I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that its use does in an extraordinary degree promote the cause of religion, and hundreds have been induced to attend divine worship in the first instance, for the sake of the music; and how many, who came to gratify an almost sensual predilection, have been moved by those thrilling tones, to desire the knowledge of that God, to the praise and glory of whom they are sounded. We have heard wonderful instances of the impression

produced by the very first burst of that sublime instrument. Tears have been made to roll down many a face, under the excitement of the deep majestic bass. Others have been so acted upon, as instantly to have fallen down upon their knees to the Deity, in adoration.

‘Oh! sir,’ continued the Rector, ‘have you never felt in our great Cathedrals, the peal of the organ as it rolled upon the ear, thrill the very soul, summoning up all the holy passions, moving the dormant man to piety, stirring your lethargy, and warming with a pure glow the previously cold and torpid temperament? Who, that has stood on the hallowed marble, or within the venerable shrines, and beneath the ancient domes of our Cathedrals, has not perceived, as it were, the long sounding aisles tremble as the swelling organ pealed out those thundering notes of what—of eloquence! oh! no. The word is too weak to express the ecstatic movement? Who has not literally shook when the tone stirred up the very inward man, whispering to the soul, and impelling it through very sympathy to devotion. Oh God! thou hast

indeed taken means to call thy creatures to serve and praise thy holy name !’

Mr. Clarke was apparently amazed when he perceived the Doctor gradually warm into eloquence, and after a considerable pause made answer—

‘ Had I, Doctor, your imagination, did I own your research and erudition, I should labour no longer under my present difficulty; but much superficial learning hath made me mad. I must have been mad,’ reiterated the visitor aloud, ‘ to have’—

‘ Hold,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘ these things demand our calm, our sober thought, it is not on the spur of the moment that the whole blaze of Christian light bursts upon the creature, our eyes would ill stand the glare; the Apostle first fed the Corinthians with “ milk,” and then afterwards gave them stronger food. And as the sun, gradually rising on the horizon, displays by slow degrees to the admiring eye the gorgeous works of creation, so the economy of the Gospel is so arranged, that its beauties and effects may gradually fall upon its followers, awakening them out of the dead

sleep of the soul, till at last by reflection, their “light so shines before men, that they see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven.” But, if I remember rightly, we have before canvassed the question of miraculous conversion, which ceased when the extraordinary operations of the Spirit were withdrawn from the Apostles, on the church of Christ being firmly established.’

‘What you offered on the occasion you refer to,’ said Mr. Clarke, ‘has not lost its effect, I assure you; however at the time I might have appeared to doubt the validity of your arguments or disrespect your averments. I cannot,’ proceeded Mr. Clarke, after a pause, ‘impress upon you sufficiently, the gratitude I have ever since entertained for the benefit which I received at your hands.’

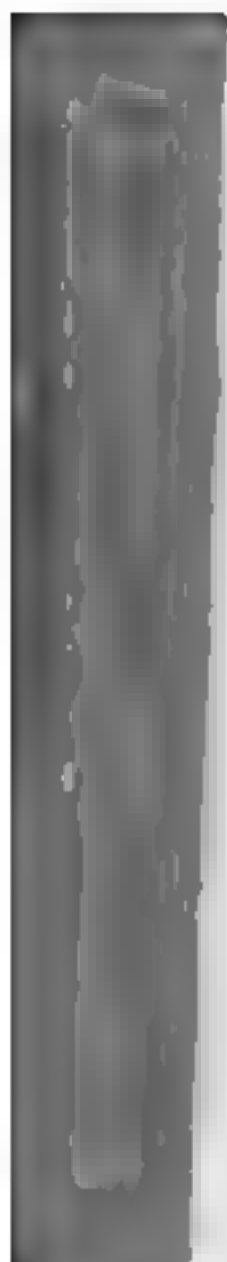
‘I assure you, my dear Sir,’ exclaimed the Rector, ‘that not the slightest is due to me, if I have been the humble means of effecting any advantageous change in your opinion, or if you now see things appertaining to religion in a clearer light than previously you had been in the habit of, God’s name be praised—unto

him, Sir, is your gratitude due—to him be all honor for his providences when we learn to look for them, and those various means which at his own appointed time he vouchsafes, in order to enable us, through faith, to work out our own salvation.’

The visitor here took his leave, signifying to the Rector the gratitude which he felt for the trouble he had taken with one, who had spontaneously abducted himself from the ministrations of the church, and who, in consequence, had not the slightest demand on that considerate charity which had been so unexpectedly extended to him.

It may not be altogether irrelevant to state, that Mr. Clarke became thenceforth a constant attendant at the courts of the Lord, nor had he only embraced the doctrines and discipline of the church in outward observance, but inwardly become her sincere and staunch convert and champion.

MENTAL AFFLICTION.



MENTAL AFFLICTION.

BESIDES the numerous families who were located within the orbit of Dr. Truman, and with whom he was on terms of the closest intercourse, there were several mansions in the neighbouring parishes, whose doors were hospitably thrown open to our high-minded hero. One in particular, situate a few miles from the Rectory, offered every inducement to Dr. Truman to visit, whenever those duties which called him into the vicinity would allow of it. This was the house of a merchant, who had not long since retired into the country, from the scenes of a busy and indefatigable life, having amassed a large fortune in a concern which, associated with a name of respectability and honour, he had consigned to his

eldest son. With the blessing of abundance to procure for him comforts wherewith to soothe his declining days, and alleviate the sharp incommunities which beset old age,—possessed of houses and lands, and equipages, and capacised for all the gratifications which this life, in its plenitude of profusion, could furnish,—with a family comprising dutiful and intelligent sons, and amiable and affectionate daughters,—all these advantages to meet the small hostilities of private life, and smooth its downward pilgrimage, availed Mr. Tremain nothing. He appeared a considerable sufferer, although he never complained of any acute bodily pain afflicting him. The family had called in one physician after another, but obviously to no purpose; the malady lay too hidden for any drug in the dispensary of the mediciner to get at. In an easy chair would he recline for hours, evidently suffering from some disease, which, gnawing at the very root of his soul, seemed more deeply seated than was right; and which bid defiance to

“Poppy Mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world.”

Day after day passed, and year followed

year in harmonious cycle, and each revolving Christmas found Mr. Tremain still gradually growing worse. Varying the scene, and frequent change of residence were in vain resorted to. Every means which affection could suggest were taken by his family, with the hope of restoring their father to convalescence, who, however, was at length rapidly drawing nigh to his last bourne. The most eminent men who were consulted concurred in opinion that a rapid decline was hastening the invalid to the tomb. What then remained but to submit with resignation to the will of a disposer whose wisdom it behoves us not to dispute?

From the uniform misery which had long brooded over the house of Tremain, the decease of the proprietor would have offered a happy release. The medical men who had been in constant attendance, came at last to the conclusion, that they could administer to nature no longer. They therefore, not very discreetly, signified their intention to allow her to spin out her course without further interference. The family perhaps, were never more surprised in their lives than at such an instance

of professional disinterestedness. On the melancholy tidings being shortly after reported to Dr. Truman, he was as much affected, as if the dying man had been his own relative. He, however, forthwith set about obtaining the consent of the clergyman, under whose cure the invalid at the time sojourned, to make him, what he termed, a professional visit. With this design, accordingly, he proceeded to the house of Mr. Tremain. The portentous gloom, bordering on despair, in which the Rector found the family wrapt, indicated the awful state of the unhappy man, which hardly allowed the worthy divine any hope of his visit being crowned with success. The family evinced the greatest satisfaction when the Doctor apprised them what were his intentions in calling. A ray of hope shot athwart the despondency of the little circle, and perhaps never did our hero so soon succeed in conveying consolation to a dejected heart as upon this occasion.

From many slight indications that could scarcely escape their observation, the family suspected that their sire owned certain *reservations* which he was unwilling to divulge, and

it these, even more than mere physical bility, lay at the root of the disorder. It is only an imagination, for nothing had presented itself in the conduct of their father warrant them in such a conclusion. The doctor had long entertained a similar idea, and inwardly resolved to arrive at the source of Mr. Tremain's distemper, in order that the effect might be alleviated. On Dr. Truman's coming ushered into the room where the invalid was sitting, that wretched individual hardly appeared conscious of his entrance, his eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground. Not in the vacuum of repose, but fixed in a way, which rather betokened the restless distraction of a brain fraught with fearful objects of rumination. After some seconds, receiving his visitor, he arose and welcomed him in the most cordial manner, appearing truly delighted at being so agreeably disturbed. A very evident alteration for the worse had taken place since the last time the doctor had set eyes on him. He was considerably fallen away. A pallid hue was spread over the whole countenance. The hand was

cold, the eye sunk, and the flesh wrinkled, tokens that the hand of death was upon him. The spirits, however, of the invalid, perhaps excited by the visit of the Doctor, were considerably raised. For some time the chief topics of discourse turned as usual in such cases on the tidings of the day. When presently the Doctor, mindful that he had to dress a soul for a funeral, and that the work pressed, motioned the two daughters, who had previously joined in the conversation, to retire. The good physician now proceeded by a sort of inductive process, to sound Mr. Tremain with a view of ascertaining the weak point which affected the whole man.

‘It is a wretched thing,’ he began, ‘for man to be so reduced as to be unable to rightly enjoy in his last moments the benefits which he hath received at the hands of a gracious Providence.’

‘Nobody can tell,’ returned Mr. Tremain, ‘the sufferings I am constantly enduring. I am harassed with thoughts which like a gnawing worm seems to be preying upon my very intestines. It is a feeling which no

words can describe, and which I cannot account for; I only know that the little strength I have remaining will soon be spent in the internal struggle.'

'To what cause,' affectionately inquired the Rector, drawing his chair nearer to the invalid, 'do you attribute this melancholy languor?'

'I can only attribute it to an accident I met with when young,' made answer Mr. Tremain, 'and which although at the time I conceived to be of no moment, I am now inclined to look upon as the origin of my debility.'

A hectic flush spread over the countenance of the invalid as he pronounced these words. The Doctor noticed the tell-tale suffusion. He made no remark, however, and although persuaded that his question was evaded, he thought it would not aid him in his object to press it any further.

'I am well convinced,' presently he resumed, 'from observation, of the change which has taken place since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, that your sufferings have been indeed great.'

'Beyond what you would imagine, Sir,' responded Mr. Tremain.

‘But how thankful,’ proceeded the Rector, ‘ought we to be, when distressed either in mind (here the invalid involuntarily started) or body, when we reflect that affliction is a messenger of heaven to draw us off from this vain portion of our life to reflections upon our prospects in that state of being where the goods of this world cannot serve us. God’s chastisements, my friend, are mercies in disguise.’

The hectic flush which we just noted, was succeeded by a livid paleness, resembling that which is observable upon the face of one whose vital functions have been suddenly arrested. Mr. Tremain, as in the former instance, would have gladly avoided giving an answer, and after a pause, sought to turn the conversation, but the Doctor, not so easily diverted from his aim, presently subjoined, ‘Is it not worthy our deep consideration, that these arrests of sickness are in many degrees eligible to every man, and unto many purposes? They are opportunities vouchsafed, in order to be turned to account. They proceed from a gracious God, and doubtless, whatever

our querulous weakness might suggest, proffer a good, compared with which, the evils of any indisposition are light indeed. As in the case of David, who found in the end that it was good for him to have been afflicted, for the opportunity presented itself of his learning the statutes of God.'

Mr. Tremain made no reply to this observation, but seemed to be casting about how to insinuate another thread in the conversation which might lead it from a topic which obviously discomposed him ; the Rector, perceiving his purpose, not the less persisted in directing his attention to the object he had at heart, confident, if he could only fix him to the point, of a happy issue.

'The dispensation of providence,' he resumed, 'by which means his creatures are brought to a knowledge of his attributes, are apt to be doubted in our afflictions, and sometimes flatly denied, particularly when our sufferings have arrived at that height, that the mind, naturally degraded, refuses to discern whence the affliction is sent. An unstable temper, hovering between hope and fear, at

this time becomes especially unsettled, and consequently miserable, unless it be leavened and taught resignation by that substantial ballast—RELIGION. Indeed I know of no better test to try the sincerity of a man's faith, and prove his reliance upon the mercies of God; than the measure of his endurance, when he is labouring under some severe affliction. If he be firm, however the feelings, like the young oak, may bend to the blast, they are not to be utterly depressed and cast down; they will scorn to murmur or repine, and in the depth of despondency, will not refuse consolation from the only true source. If a man be so constituted as to undergo this, he will come out like sterling gold, all the purer from the chastening fire, without relying in vain confidence upon being infallibly perfect, he may hope, through the instrumentality of divine grace, that he is on the road which leadeth unto life.'

The only answer to these observations given by Mr. Tremain, was an exhibition of strong emotions, which they appeared to excite, throughout his whole person. Upon his countenance, paleness and floridness alternately

contended for mastery, and all along might be discerned a dissatisfied expression, no slight indications of what was passing in the inward man. The Doctor, however, was determined to push his inquiries as far as he could with propriety, being bent upon finding out, if possible, the seat of the disorder, which he more than ever felt persuaded must lie in the mind ; with this intent he thus continued,—‘ Every one must allow, that it requires uncommon fortitude on the part of an individual in the excess of his suffering, to discern the hand of a gracious providence, when, humanly speaking, he is the creature of his wrath, more especially while he beholds others pass comparatively unstricken ; but we are instructed that “ whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,” and that consideration should of itself be sufficient to pour the balm of Gilead into the bosom of the true Christian, when visited by any description of trial, whether in respect to health of mind or body, or touching his circumstances in this world.—Yea, my dear Sir, or in a hypochondrial point of view, bearing upon the relations of eternity. It appears to me astonishing, with

the impress of Revelation as the key and elucidation of every page of human history, how the minds of some men can ill bear up against even ordinary pressures ; seeming like a leaky vessel upon the waves, which threatens at every swell and commotion, to find the bottom ; thus by their faint-heartedness injuring the very soul from whose source, hope, and all that is opposed to despondency, should spring up eternal. Others again there are, who meet the difficulties of this life, with an assumed courage, at variance with the suggestions of their nature, and wholly inconsistent with every rational idea of bravery ; whether this arises from their physical conformation, or a callous indifference of mind, it would be hard to determine. A third class of people there are, who more praiseworthy and inspired with nobler sentiments, attribute every thing, whether happy or distressing, that happens to them, not to fortuitous circumstances, but to the dispensation of an all-wise providence ; so that knowing and bearing in mind by whom the trial is sent, they are enabled to bear it without a murmur, and through faith to give utterance to an earnest

supplication, that if it accord with God's purposes it may be removed, or otherwise, that a fresh supply of divine aid be vouchsafed. And I am inclined to hope, that this class of persons is very large, and that its numbers are daily increasing. A confiding trust in God's goodness under every circumstance must necessarily constitute the happiness of the creature, and promote the glory of the Creator. And it is useful to notice the means which God takes to induce his creatures to embrace the benefits of his gospel. Often by domestic affliction are men humbled, and induced or impelled to trace the cause of the visitation to his chastening hand—often by illness or accident are they brought to the bed of contrition, and thus afforded a good opportunity to learn the statutes of the Almighty. Often are men in their pride and haughtiness, suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and sometimes raised from the lowest depths of penury to the possession of great wealth. The ways of the Almighty are marvellous, and divers are the modes whereby he converts sinners. He never leaves us without having recourse to sufficient

means (if we please) to induce us to turn to him ; it is his wish that his creatures should be saved, for “ he willeth not the death of a sinner.” How far these means are resisted by the stubbornness of men, depends upon themselves, but we trust that there are few who have not after their probation and suffering, come out from the merciful infliction better men and better Christians. And we ought to make it a rule ever to regard it as an indubitable fact, that chastisements are sent by a beneficent God, not altogether for the sake of punishing offences committed, although in one mode or other they entail their consequent train of evils ; but either to try us, as was Abraham, or to excite and move us to turn unto him, so that we may be converted and live. The effect which is produced by a domestic calamity, I think generally corresponds with what was intended, for how often see we men, heedless and full of sin, till either the partner of their life, or the children upon whom they doated, be torn from them untimely. The affliction in this case is so great, as to cause a thorough reformation in the habits and inward constitu-

tion of most men, leaving upon them that marked impression which neither vicissitude can efface, or time can obliterate.'

The Doctor had now pushed his point to the fullest allowable extent, and fortunately this last remark compassed his eagerly wished-for object. Hitherto and throughout his preceding observations, his companion evinced no correspondent emotion or sympathy. Now, however, that the holy man touched upon domestic misfortune, a silent tear rolled down the wrinkled furrows of the invalid, which was quickly followed by hysteric sobs, which affected him to that degree that the Rector at one time became alarmed for his situation.

'Sir,' said he at length, after he became somewhat composed, 'you are the only true physician whom I have consulted since my debility; the diagnosis of my disease lies far beyond them. Not in the body is the prime cause of this suffering to be sought for; it is seated (laying his hand hastily upon his forehead) in the MIND. You are the first person to whom I have ever acknowledged, and an hour ago I should have deemed my making

such a confession impossible ; that MENTAL AFFLICTION is the sole cause of the state unto which my body is reduced—my existence hanging as it were, upon a thread. My mind, shattered like a vessel in the storm, scarcely holds together a single fragment of hope, my heart has been broken, my feelings blasted, my brain maddened. But wherefore, dear sir, should I sear your ear with such wild discourse ; only one hour ago I would have scorned to pour forth my grief—a grief which for years I have harboured in my own bosom, and endured without a murmur, until nature, exhausted by my woes, plainly told me that—I MUST DIE.’

‘ May I not venture,’ affectionately interposed the Doctor, ‘ to ask the nature of this sad affliction ? From the prudent confidence which you have already put in me, I am sure you will not, cannot refuse to proceed with your communication.’

‘ Were I to do so,’ answered Mr. Tremain, ‘ I should only divulge my folly, and prove to you my extreme weakness.’

‘ I can have no other motive,’ continued the

Doctor, in the most soothing tones, ‘ for pressing you upon this point, than to turn my knowledge of the cause to your advantage, by removing the effect.’

‘ The effect can never be removed,’ cried the old man with no little emphasis. ‘ My spirit is too deeply depressed, ever, even temporarily to rally ; it is too heavily pinioned down by reflections, whose pressure can never be relaxed ; were that possible, and did it occur, the excitement would be so great as to infer an aberration of the intellect.’

‘ I cannot allow myself to suppose,’ gently made answer the Rector, ‘ that the state of your mind touches so sad a crisis,—indeed why should it ? Religion in your case, cannot have lost its efficacy.’

‘ Alas !’ sighed the old man from the very depths of his heart, ‘ it never had any.’

‘ Gracious heaven !’ ejaculated Dr. Truman, ‘ are you indeed reduced so low as to entertain any doubt of your heritage as man ? Have you no insight into your own nature, which involves a foresight of immortality ? Do you disclaim’

‘ I am not what you imagine,’ interrupted Mr. Tremain, ‘ Oh ! very far from it. I have long studied cause and effect, and if through a heated imagination I have deduced causes from strange and unnatural sources, it is the result of too deep philosophical research. Not that in my wildest flight I ever could bring myself to allow the self-existent principle of the creation, or that it hath been formed from all eternity. No, sir, I believe absolutely in the existence of a triune Jehovah ! in the interposition of God in human affairs, in the redemption by Jesus Christ, and in the distribution of future rewards and punishments. When I examine my mind, I find that I am perfectly sound in the orthodox faith, if the opinions of the apostolic and ancient fathers of the church are to be relied upon. But with all this, there remains a depression on my spirits, which baffles every exertion which I make to contend against it, and whereby my mind is not only lacerated, but my outward frame worn and torn to that degree, that death must speedily and inevitably ensue. Never was the fact, of the health of the body depending upon

that of the mind, so clearly and so visibly exemplified as in the living object now before you. 'What, sir,' almost frantically, proceeded the wretched invalid, 'What is the pain of the body compared to that of the mind, Oh ! let the rough hand of the inquisitors, or the furies of Hades with hot burning instruments tear my flesh, piece by piece, till they come to the very bone ;—let tyrants, such as that ancient emperor had at his back, arise from their sepulchres, and with avenging cruelty, set me in their pitchy shirts, to lighten the way of the passing traveller ;—or let the rack be brought with unheard of appliances for torture. The spiked barrel and instrument for physical agony, are faint emblems of those terrible stinging pains which memory and reflection conjure up to crucify the mind.'

'It is your giving way to such thoughts,' interrupted the Doctor, 'that is the cause of the sad distraction I grieve to witness; never did I suspect you of holding opinions, which were dangerous to your soul, although I tell you plainly that I did entertain an idea, that the mind was the seat of the disorder. I am

now satisfied. I know the cause, God has blessed me with vast perception, perhaps above my fellows, and I can often pierce causes, which whole lives might be vainly spent in trying to ascertain. By my observations concerning the providences of God, I gained what sometimes seems even unto myself an intuitive cognizance of things. It is not enthusiasm that mars your brain, nor is it too deep a research into metaphysical hallucinations that have so unhinged your mind, and jarred it from its centre. It is not domestic affliction, as I well know, that has discomposed your feelings; it is not exactly bodily pain that is the primary cause of this visitation; no, it is none of these, but it is the impotency of your faith, which is of the head, and not the heart. You have not grown in the grace of God, nor have you known how to apply the religion which, theoretically you possess, to the occasions as they arise. Your heart and senses do not take their tone from the influence of your creed, it has been of no effect. Whatever you might hope, and wish, and endeavour, you have found insensibly counteracted by a strong and perverse nature;

your learning hit the truth, but the hidden springs of feeling were not loosened. Your sensibility, however great, had no touch of effluence from above. Your great knowledge forbad doubt, and your determination of arriving at the truth of every fact, only upon conviction, taking nothing for granted but that which, upon the strongest moral testimony, would conquer incredulity; this habit of mind never would allow you to refuse credence to the concurring truths of revelation, but as I have already observed, unless all these be laid to the heart, even the most transient troubles of the world, and the trifling accidents of this passing scene, must more or less affect the mind, and occasionally weaken it to that degree, that it is unable to resist the smallest evil, and thus by repeated shocks, madness will supervene, which terminates very often in death. Repeated attacks upon the strongest fortified tower, must end in its overthrow, unless redoubts be continually raised, and commensurate energies be exerted for its defence and preservation.

‘ The cares, and troubles, and afflictions of

this world, require stabilities to meet them. The misery to which Adam was doomed, was more than he could endure; God knew this, and therefore in his mercy provided that, which would enable him to suffer the sentence, and bear up against its execution. And so it is with his descendants; the sensitive mind cannot of itself, from its very nature,—it is incompetent; it is not strong enough,—sustain the burden, however lightly it may fall, unless it be supported and assisted by that, which God designed for the relief of his creatures. Alas! I fear that some men look upon religion as a dry system of theology. They arrive at, and may be conversant with it, but there they stop short, they seek no further, they view their faith as an inapplicable science, which they have made a study of, and mastered to be sure, but want the power to apply its precepts, and they put it to no use. They arrive at the height of divinity, but it is only a moral inoperative skeleton divinity, a galvanized corpse, it lacks speculation, it is a divinity which never strikes or touches the heart, or moves or actuates the senses. They look upon it as upon all other

sciences, considering that when they have by their investigation, worked out, as it were, the arguments of their creed, and proved their solidity, they have deduced all that the gospel can afford. It is not that they refuse to go deep enough mentally into the hallowed contents of the book of life, but their knowledge is partial, being confined to the intellect, and not embracing an understanding heart; and thus their partial knowledge, as Bacon observes, inclines them to atheism. Divest yourself of the idea of the extinction of animate objects, and suppose the world to have existed from all eternity, and perdition hovers at once over the soul. But believe the world to have been formed, and ascertain the attributes of him who created it, and perceive in these attributes a benign deity who has given us every thing, not only to secure rest hereafter, but mitigation to sorrow in this world of mingled good and evil; you are led to embrace the doctrines of life, and no failure can possibly intervene. It is, I repeat, their defect in not knowing how to apply the knowledge they have obtained, that is the cause of half the misery which men suffer.

Few men in a Christian land, deny the power of the Saviour's intercession with the Father in their behalf, otherwise they must be prepared to overturn the whole scheme of redeeming love; but then few take advantage of that intercession; "they will not come unto me," says Christ, "that they may have life;" consequently their own nature continually inclined to evil, drinks too freely of the anodyne of the world, and the unavoidable lot is death. The labours of the body would be unbearable, without the hope or the certainty of something to be gained, much less can the miseries to which the mind is exposed be encountered, without being forearmed with that consolation which it can only derive from a right application of the gospel, which so bountifully bestows its blessings upon all who are woe-begone and heavy laden. I know that it is a delicate thing to call into question, to express doubt as to the soundness of a man's creed with respect to the Deity, and still more so to intimate to him a full conviction that he practically denies his existence. This would be to draw down upon yourself his immediate anger, for the

generality of these characters feel the disgrace of entertaining such an opinion ; but, Sir, we cannot refrain from speaking out, when occasion requires it ; from letting men who evince by their conduct, their ignorance of the dispensations of providence, know that they are little removed from the atheist. Here is the danger of reducing religion to a system, as if all things happened, as in certain sciences, by necessary deduction ; only let this be taken for granted, and the whole world, heretofore regulated by eternal and immutable laws, (as witness the revolving day and night, and the seasons returning in due course,) becomes as it originally was, a rude chaos, “ without form, and void,” its inhabitants in a very short time extinct, and all simply because providence had withdrawn his superintending care. Things cannot go on by second causes without an over-seeing Deity being implied. They must be guided and arranged by some superior power. And if men would not only acknowledge this sway which the Almighty has over the whole world, but be influenced by that consideration, in the place of despondency, hope would again

descend upon the earth, and men would gaze with a steady eye into the very realms of bliss.

Oh, if men would but understand that not a sparrow falleth, but God is omniscient of it; doubt would be soon merged in faith, envy and malice give place to charity, and hope would steep her wings in the bliss of paradise. Indeed such is the constitution of our religion, that this hope keeps alive the senses, frees the mind from every foreboding, and impresses it with that perfect complacency which discovers itself in the outer, as well as in the inner man; whilst stripped of hope, and left to the infidel despair, the mind is destroyed by one constant gnawing meditation, and the body dependent thereon, sinks gradually into a state of misery and restlessness, and thence into an untimely and horrible grave.'

At the conclusion of this sentence the Doctor paused, in order to ascertain the effect which his words had produced upon the unhappy invalid; for some time both remained still; the Doctor fearing that he might have gone too far, was about to apologize for what he had delivered, which only Christian anxiety and

kind feeling prompted, when Mr. Tremain suddenly turned round in his chair, and fixed his eyes sternly upon his reverend companion, but unable any longer to resist the natural impulses of the soul, gave way to his emotions, which for some time like strong athletes, had been contending for mastery in his feeble frame.

It was long before the aged man in his agitation of mind and body, could succeed in giving voice to that which, years ago, he would gladly have poured into the ear of a sympathizing listener. The mere narration of a tale of woe, even to an indifferent listener, affords at all times a relief to the afflicted mind, but to make a confidant of one whose heart we know to be open to the crying wants of his fellow-mortals, conveys not only a sense of consolation for the time, but leaves a lasting and soothing impression on the mind of the sufferer, and in the result alleviates his distress, and enables him to brave with more stern endurance ‘the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.’ Had Dr. Truman happened to enter long before into the same topic of discourse with Mr. Tremain, which he now so happily discussed, many an

anxious imagination, and many a desponding thought might have crossed through the mind of that unhappy individual, but would have left no sting behind them ; but God is never-failing in his providences ; he knows best the time and the seasons when to administer his holy aidance, and he only can discern at what stage of the disease the mind is fitted to receive that peace, and imbibe that knowledge, which passeth all understanding.

When the excitement caused by the Rector's probing observation had a little subsided, Mr. Tremain, with tears still rolling down his cheeks, thus addressed our venerable hero.

‘The many physicians whom the wishes of my family have prevailed on me to consult, have one and all failed in producing any salutary effect on my constitution. They invariably prescribed to no purpose ; the disease they promised to eradicate baffled all their ingenuity—indeed their medicaments commonly induced a still more pitiable condition than ere I used them. My complaint in truth lies out of their track ; and having no idea of the cause or nature of my malady, they were of course

unable to effect a cure. I am fully conscious that my sufferings, although they would seem to arise from ailments of body, have their origin wholly and solely in the mind. **MENTAL AFFLICTION**, my dear Sir, I candidly confess to you, is the real cause of this debility, the seeds whereof were sown at the death of my poor wife; and I have suffered them to spring up without (as you just now pointedly observed) without applying the only antidote which could eradicate them. Had I sought that consolation I firmly believe **RELIGION** would have yielded, never should I have sunk thus under my misfortune: but like the philosophers of old, I endeavoured callously to confront my woe, and smother my sorrow, but the grief was too much for me; and my proud thoughts, however they seemed even to myself for awhile to deaden and obscure my cause of woe, did but as it were, veil it from my immediate perception. Alas! Sir, philosophy is nothing but a passing cloud, that will float across the light of day, involving the spectator without even for a single instant affecting the scorching power of the luminary. Philosophy is a vain thing,

it disposes us to hide our anguish, but contains no balsam to assuage it. It infuses stubbornness, Sir, but cannot proffer resignation. Despite my fine shows of philosophy, I am now falling a prey to the present generation of worms to feast and revel upon. Though the melancholy event I referred to took place twelve years ago, I feel the loss I then sustained quite as acutely, as if yesterday she had been torn from this distracted bosom. You, Doctor,' continued the old gentleman, as his eyes glistened with tears, 'know not the loss, the irreparable loss of that invaluable jewel, which God must have given as the utmost and strongest pledge of his love to his creatures. You have not experienced, and must vainly essay to sympathize with, the void that is occasioned by such a death. You can only imagine, but alas ! what is imagination to reality. What is the sound of the dullest toll for the departed, or the death-cry ushering its shrill accents through the brain, to that shadow where all before was substance—to that empty seat once filled by self, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. Oh ! Sir, misery is but a faint

name for such hopeless, helpless anguish. Had I never loved, never poured out all the affections of the soul upon that being which should, as an humble sacrifice, have been offered to God, I should not have suffered this. But in idolizing the creature, I forgot the Deity ; blessings upon blessings I poured upon her head, but prayers I never uttered ; and now I feel, now I suffer, and God only grant that this punishment may commute that which I deserve hereafter. It is now in my old age that I require most those real comforts which an affectionate wife alone can administer. She should now give the cordial—she should adjust the pillow—she should ease the declining head, and support these feeble limbs ; but no, these trembling hands must do all these things, and this drooping body rest contented with what it alone must needs supply. There are indeed my daughters, but ah ! what hand, however willing, affectionate, or kind, can equal hers whom death has taken from me. Each day, yea, each hour inflicts another stroke, and bends me to my native soil. Sir, I am a dying man ; the animal functions have long given

warning that their course is run. The last sand in the glass is about to fall, and then'—

‘Nay,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘you shall not so despond, there is no need or occasion; happy am I, in being the humble instrument in the hands of God, of restoring, I trust, that peace of mind, which you evidently have lost. It would indeed be more than I dare promise to prolong your life, with the Almighty are the issues of life and death, but to his ministers has he doubtless given the power, through the gospel, to cheer the broken-hearted, and to supply that confidence which depressed minds have lost.

‘My penetration never was so at fault as to consider you deficient in those doctrines which the Christian should observe, but I must candidly inform you, without meaning offence, that I always supposed you to be a systemarian, if I may be allowed to use the expression; I have apprehended that you look upon religion as a matter of course, arriving at the cause, and clearly perceiving how that cause produces its effects. The metaphysical part being thoroughly understood by you, but the other part, the spiritual—that which is, as it were, by

means of prayer and through faith, an inspiration or insight from the Holy Ghost—the other part, whose definition I must needs confess passes the power of words, being entirely wanting.

‘ Now with respect to the particular calamity which it hath been the will of God that you should undergo, I am quite aware that no woe can equal it, and yet why should we despond, as men without hope? The afflictions of this present world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in heaven. They are images incommensurable. All that bears relation to this life are of a momentary nature, felt for a while, and then vanish into air. I know from my own experience, that when trouble ariseth, were I to let that trouble get the upper hand, I must ere long become the victim of despair. But my dear Sir, in such a case I immediately look to the author by whom all things are governed, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven;—I at once know and feel convinced, that it is sent to tempt or rather to *try* me; and thus do I have recourse to the only

weapon, which is *prayer, prayer, fervent prayer*, to resist that which cannot be avoided in this world. You must be aware, Sir, that in my situation the strongest mind would bend, yea, and actually break, unless supported by some divine influence. It is no false doctrine, it is no enthusiasm to believe, that God does order and direct the affairs of this world, else men being so inclined and bent upon sin would almost instantly sink by their own homicide. And once granting that God does, by the means and motives of secondary causes, direct the events of men's actions, we ought to look up to him for that strength and consolation which he vouchsafes to his petitioning creatures. And if we do this sincerely, he will soon convince us that he grants by whatever ordinary means, yet extraordinary, the power to bear up against the losses and afflictions of the world ; if we do not know, it is nevertheless truth, that the mind of man in its barren state, however rough it may seem to have grown by callousness, however barbarous by example, cannot endure of itself the woes entailed by the apostate Adam.

‘ It is quite needless for me to handle at any length the nature of your disease ; you know it and feel it, consequently my only object shall be to see if I cannot point out a remedy ; which I trust under the blessing of God I shall be able to do. The mind is oppressed. In a few words, religion is its cure, but that is speaking in general terms ; the greatest caution must be used lest the other extreme do not prove as injurious to your soul’s health, as that which it must be our endeavour to alleviate. It is now the mere application of a principle (of which you are already *mentally* possessed) to the heart, which I am certain will effectuate wonders ; not, mark you, that the heart will not resist such applications, oh ! no, the heart is deceitful above all things, it is callous, hard, naturally hard, spiritually speaking ; but it is of that substance whose ore, however stubborn, can be melted. It is the appropriate recipient of the gospel, but only by earnest prayer to the throne of grace will you imbibe that blessed conviction. By way of analogy I would compare your case to that of the medical man who prepares a most

excellent prescription. He is aware of what it is composed, for he himself mixed it; he further is acquainted with the properties of each ingredient, and the effect it necessarily will produce upon the patient, but this knowledge can have no physical influence at all upon him individually, although the draught may be peculiarly adapted to cure ailments to which he is constitutionally subject: the mere theoretic conviction of this circumstance, cannot, I say, affect him, but let him take it inwardly, and it will produce the desired salutary effect. So, Sir, with you; you know as well as most men the ingredients, (if in this comparison I may be allowed to use the term,) of the Christian religion, but you have never taken them inwardly, consequently they are to you as a dead letter, and can never produce any benefit at all. But just apply the medicine, the only restorative to the disease, and a cure is wrought, not suddenly and miraculously, but the blessing of the Holy Spirit being on the endeavour, by a slow and ordinary process. A ray of light passes over the dark mind, and as the sun ushers in the morn, first the dawn,

then the twilight, and at last, as he ascends on the horizon to the meridian, the full and perfect day, so the moral darkness of the mind is enlightened, and under the influence of the gospel, shakes itself free from its pressure, and gradually emerges into effulgence, endueing the whole creature with a new and glorious life.

From David we may learn that the afflictions of the righteous are many, “*but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*” He also says, “*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*” And that “*the Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.*” And our Saviour’s invitation to all those “*who labour and are heavy laden,*” that is, to all those who are oppressed either in mind, body, or estate, must, to one who indeed feels the power of the Saviour, to cheer and to cure, be a source, if the right application be made of the promise, of unutterable joy. The Lord has promised to strengthen us upon the bed of languishing. And “*even to your old age,*” says he, by his prophet Isaiah, “*I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you : I*

have made, and I will bear : even I will carry and will deliver you." Oh no, my friend,' continued the Doctor, and tears almost burst from his eyes as he spoke, ' we can never allow such despondency as this, if our dearest earthly objects be taken from us, we may confidently hope to be partakers in the blessings which they, we trust, are enjoying, if our heart fail us, we should wait on the Lord and be of good courage, and he will strengthen us. Never was man afflicted more than Job, and yet he cried out, "*Happy is the man whom God correcteth ; therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty. For he maketh sore, and bindeth up ; he woundeth, and his hands make whole.*" With such promises as these, what have we to fear? surely not temporal woes, but rather those which come after.'

' I am perfectly convinced,' said Mr. Tremain, on the Rector pausing for a few seconds, ' that I shall derive consolation by a right application of the gospel ; the few texts which you have repeated, have indeed restored considerable peace to my mind, but I fear it is too late in the day to bring back the lost health

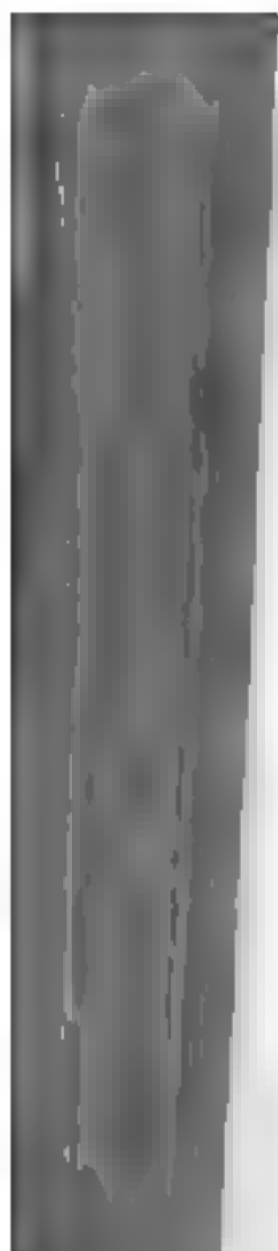
of the body, nevertheless, I shall eagerly grasp your kind recommendation, and apply my remaining time to that particular study; if I derive the consolation which I so needfully require, then God's name be praised, but if on the other hand, my mind is too great a wreck to feast upon any thing like hope, then God's will be done. Had I made this resolution, and determined on this step years ago, you would not have had before you an object so truly deserving of pity, but alas! on earthly treasures I had set my heart, and if this world's good be in those fleeting baubles, then have I obtained that I sought. Alas, we require something less frail, fleeting, and false than these; they cannot purchase ease to the mind, when the canker worm has fixed its hold, or the caterpillar of destruction has laid its eggs.

‘ If, my dear sir,’ ‘ continued the old man, ‘ a promise of attending faithfully to your injunctions will afford any gratification to your benign mind, then I most solemnly make it, and may God spare me if it be only for you to witness the salutary influence of his gospel upon your heretofore unhappy convert.’

‘ I can require nothing more,’ replied the Doctor, as he rose from his seat, ‘ my hopes in this regard will be fully realized, and my prayers abundantly answered, if I find that I have been God’s instrument in restoring peace to your afflicted bosom.’

The Rector then took Mr. Tremain by the hand, and after having repeated in the most affectionate manner, his earnest wish for his temporal and eternal happiness, and given his assurance that he would take an early day to see him again, withdrew to report to the old gentleman’s anxious relatives the good work he had succeeded in accomplishing, and then retired, overwhelmed with blessings, to other duties which demanded both his presence and attention.

MATRIMONY.



MATRIMONY.

WE have before had occasion to make some mention of the different members which composed Dr. Truman's family. His three eldest daughters were, about this period of our tale, strange to say, on the eve of marriage, their father had given his consent for them to place themselves under the protection of men, well approved for their amiable dispositions, and being possessed of every blessing, humanly speaking, which this world could afford. The gentlemen who had solicited the hands of these truly amiable girls were no strangers to the Doctor, he had known them from infancy, they being the sons of three of his most intimate College friends, and who had proved themselves worthy of that title in after life. At

all times, marriage, to a female, brings with it something of woe. It is a difficult thing for a girl brought up under the paternal roof, to throw off the protection which from her earliest recollection it yielded, and henceforth to confide implicitly to that of another, and oftentimes a comparative stranger. But nature does her work—she relaxes none of those affections which exist between parent and daughter, she exchanges them not for the love of him who is destined to be her husband, however close and sacred the ties which bind her to another. The female child is destined by providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Her filial attentions remain to the end of her life unimpaired, and though her hand and heart be given to her husband, he looks upon the cares she bestows upon her parents, as only the assured pledges of her fidelity to him, . . . the unerring tokens of a good disposition. Admirable economy of nature! whereby filial affection and a wife's devotedness can flow distinct together, enhancing one another without intermingling. At that important epoch of her life, new

notions arise, a new love kindles and bursts forth, which she centres in the bosom of him, whom she considers most deserving of it. She now assumes a fresh character, a holy fire burns within her, which is continually fanned by the consciousness that those instinctive feelings which she cherishes are indicative of God's pleasure, and thus does she devote her whole soul to the principle which God laid down in the days of creation. The man, too, becomes a new creature, his old habits which were rendered dear to him by the associates of his by-gone pleasures, now come to have that sickening taste of bitter which gradually grows more and more nauseous, till at last, nothing will do for him but the casting off of those frivolities which his whole life was previously made up of. And even he, who has no living companions to amuse him, who possesses within himself all the ingredients to make, as he would say, life comfortable,—Alas! what is he? Amid the pile of books with which he may have surrounded himself; amid the machinery which may have engaged his inmost thoughts—amid the avocations and the duties of his own

home, his own freehold hearth ; alas ! we say, what are they without that bright ornament, wanting which his home is but a foreign land, and his hearth a wilderness ? What is he without that companion whom God in his richest mercy gave to man, as his last and best of gifts. Slowly passes the melancholy day, without those endearing offspring, those tokens, those pledges, those binding objects of mutual affection, HIS CHILDREN ? He is a mere wanderer in life's dreary pilgrimage, a comparatively unknown object, and when he dies, the void is scarcely felt, there are no descendants to bear the honours he may have acquired, no wife to close the dying eye, or to commit to God at that trying hour the soul, about to leave its fleshly sepulchre.

We have already perhaps descanted too much at length in favour of that state so productive of real blessings, but for our own part we cannot enjoy them without taking this opportunity to express these our sentiments, and we are almost confident that we only speak those of every one of our married readers. At all events we are verily persuaded

that the institution was ordained by God himself, and he who would prostitute our daughters by aiding any plan by which that sacred obligation may be laid aside, and in its place set up a human compact, without the blessing of the priest, is only fit to dwell in a land where savages are its inhabitants, and heathenism their highest ambition.

The Doctor congratulated himself that as yet, amid the innovations of the day, there was left to the church of God that sacred celebration of marriage, which can only be pleasing in the eyes of the Almighty ; sooner would he have bound down his daughters for ever to the state of singleness in which they hitherto so happily lived, than give them up to any form of modern invention, which might tend to overthrow the discipline of the church, or otherwise leave untied that knot, which God alone joins between man and wife, when placed before his hallowed altar.

Dr. Truman was no bigot in the church to which he was so bright an ornament. He was willing to correct, but not by means of forcible innovation, to destroy. He would alter for

the better, according to his judgment, contrivances which were human, but would never infringe upon divine ordinances. On this determination he invariably acted. Here he took his stand, and never perhaps did any man, at that time when he stood forth publicly to defend the cause of his church against those who were her enemies, acquire by his upright line of conduct, more staunch and zealous friends. His labours were not confined to that particular parish over which he was set, but when time permitted, his mind and talents, whether by his pen or his voice, were exerted, to negative false opinions which had partially gained credit among the unthinking, and influenced their conduct. He would measure swords with those who impiously resolved by repeated attacks to demolish that sacred institution from which every member of society, whatever creed he holds, or whatever discipline he supports, borrows a prayer and derives a blessing.

The reader must excuse us, if he supposes that we have at all wandered from the matter in hand, but what has been said arises almost

naturally out of the subject with which we are engaged, and when he calls to mind the times in which we write, sure we are that no further apology need be made.

The day fixed upon for these young ladies to give their hands where they had bestowed their hearts, was not far off. A few hours only intervened, and their parents were to be deprived for ever of those endearing attentions to which they had been accustomed. But there would be left one, as before mentioned, who had resolved to supply the place of those daughters transplanted to another home, who had engaged to devote her days in administering those necessary little kindnesses and endearments of which their kind benefactors would some day stand so much in need. Need we say, it was Julia, who, though she mourned to her very soul at having to lose at one stroke those who were her dearest companions, and who had been more than ordinary sisters to her, still rejoiced that the time had arrived when she would be enabled to repay—oh! no, not that, never repay, she thought to herself, but make her foster parents sensible

how deeply she felt her obligation—how grateful was her heart. But any further proof they needed not. She had already manifested herself, and they were thoroughly acquainted with the inmost feelings of the noble-natured girl; the fire which burnt within her could never be hid from the penetrating eyes of those with whom she was connected, they were perfectly sensible that a desire to serve them, a desire not to be conquered or undermined, was the only cause why she turned a deaf ear to the many tender solicitations which had been made for her hand. And although, even unto the present era of our story, these were continually repeated, Julia persisted in preserving that sacred promise entered into when was first kindled in her young bosom, that spark of reverential love which had since broke out into a holy flame, lighting up the countenance of natural beauties, and radiating those lineaments into that glow of affection which betokens an amiable and virtuous heart. Whether the resolution was wise on the part of Julia, we will not pretend to decide, but if gratitude be a virtue, then

indeed she deserves our praise, for she was resolved that that sentiment with which she burned, should manifest its active character, and evidence the love she bore to those whom from the time her lips could first lisp the endearing sound, she had called her parents.

When the eventful morning arrived, on which the young ladies were to quit the home of their earthly nativity, the hearth of the authors of their being, a melancholy cast, such as almost always happens on these occasions, spread over the sunshine which was wont to beam upon the countenance of each individual of this amiable family. Why, at so auspicious a time should clouds pass over the heaven of their happiness : only the hearts of those who have gone through the solemnly interesting scene can answer. Words can ill express the almost portentous feeling that predominates ; they cannot tell of that melancholy joy, nor describe that strange pleasure on whose surface sits a chilling sensation, a deep tremulous soul-stirring awe. They cannot pourtray the heart at the moment when it anticipates future joys, but even so almost dreads the change,

when it is too full, even for tears ; when it throbs with the earnest of lengthened-out delight, but the breath is caught in the reflection, that this is a world of vicissitude and trial. There is the consciousness besides, that the pleasures admit of no sin, being an holy impulse propelled by God's command, and over all perhaps, will intrude the thought of offspring, a deep foretaste of the blessings which domestic life so prominently holds out. The parents are always anxious to see their offspring well settled, under the guardianship of some kind hand, not that they distrust their own, oh, no, but they know that they cannot always afford that protection which females so urgently require from the opposite sex. The children look forward to matrimony, not possibly from any dissatisfaction with home, not because they require any change of those joys which their own paternal hearth afforded, or from a desire to place their fortunes and happiness at the mercy of man, but from nature ; she like a tender mistress directs their thoughts and passions, which Revelation, with its silvery and zephyr-like tones control and suppress, as

“ they grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.” It is useless to attempt the description of that apparent woe which always reigns in the breasts of those who are about to be united in the bonds of wedlock. The parents, though eager for the event, yet dread the loss; it is indeed a trial of a nature so severe for the time, that death only could bring greater trouble to the excited mind, had he stamped upon the bride that pale mark which inevitably secures his victim. When the mother gives up her daughter, she in her distress is almost inclined to imagine, that all the affections which bound them so closely are about to be broken, or at least, that her child will transfer them from her venerable head, to those of her own offspring. She dwells upon the idea of the past, and reckons now that she has HAD so many children, and that those only who are actually under her maternal roof are to be counted as members of her existing family; not that there is the slightest diminution of affection on her part, but in her imagination she conceives that it is so, because of the shock which the impending loss has pro-

duced upon the mind, a shock indeed which naturally prepares it for that greater loss, should she be spared to meet the awful event. But it is only imaginary, though she talks of her absent children as those who *were*, still that feeling, that strong feeling which exists between mother and child, is never wholly repressed, if it even be hushed by the passing scenes in which those who remain behind take part, it bursts out with maternal fondness when she calls to remembrance past days, and when circumstances force the truth upon the mind, that those objects still remain, which in their infancy demanded her utmost attention, and drew down from heaven, in answer to her prayers, the blessings of the Almighty. The silent tear may pour down the venerable cheek, the deep drawn sigh may escape from the heaving bosom, but nevertheless we may be satisfied that God never meant to excite any other than that holy feeling when he joined man and woman together in the garden of Paradise. If there be ostensible woe in the separation, it hath its redeeming thought; it is far from real, it is scarcely momentary, for

even in the very depths of the affliction, if so we may call it, is latent that eternal joy which burns like the great luminary of day, shedding its influence and rays to chase away the mist and darkness of mortality, like a passing cloud.

Dr. Truman had resolved to have the wedding as private as possible, consequently only a few friends nearly connected with the family were invited to witness the ceremony, which was to be performed by the eldest curate. As they drew nigh to the altar a sacred silence prevailed, and never was greater religious awe observed by any party than by these three couple about to invoke the blessing of God on their future lives. On the right of each lady stood her destined partner, ready to devote himself to the happiness of his consort. Such is the usual disposition, because as some pretend the rib, out of which the woman was formed, was taken from the left side of Adam, but perhaps more properly because the man being the head of the wife, takes the most honourable place. And yet, *par parenthese*, we may observe that woman after all is the more

refined creature, which may be owing to her 'nobler birth;' how sweetly she hovers over the 'shrine and shade' of our beautiful world! What a paradise she makes of that world of hallowed associations—Home! Yes,

' Hers was the nobler birth,
For she from *man* was made—man but of earth
The son of dust.'

To return—at a little remove stood the Rector ready to give his daughters away to those individuals, in the sincerity of whose attachment he entertained the greatest confidence. He doubted not but that they would love them, comfort them, honour and keep them so long as they both should live. There was besides the charming Julia, with two other bride's maids, herself surpassing all in loveliness, even eclipsing the beauty of the brides, whose fame nevertheless had extended far beyond the parish of their nativity and residence.

The curate commenced with the usual exordium—the general exhortation which is appointed to be read, to turn the mind to the solemnity of the ceremony, and to remind us

that the action about to be solemnized, although not a sacrament as in the Romish church, is, notwithstanding, of a divine origin. Then came the charge ; and as no kind of impediment could possibly exist, such as *a preceding marriage or contract, or any controversy or suit depending on the same, or consanguinity or affinity, or want of the consent of their parents or guardians*, the priest asked the *mutual consent* of the parties, even as we find that Rebekah's friends asked her consent before they sent her away to Isaac. And in the firmest kind of marriage among the Romans, which they called *coemption*, the parties themselves mutually asked this of each other. This being therefore, so momentous a custom, is for that reason taken into the Christian offices ; only among Christians the question is proposed by the priests, that so the declaration may be the more solemn, as being made in the immediate presence of God, and to his deputed minister.¹ When the questions are put to the party, the duty of each is clearly signified, and by that simple answer, '*I will,*' is

¹ Wheatly.

contained an implicit pledge to obey as far as we are able, the injunctions contained therein. After this little sentence, which sometimes requires all the nerve of the female to pronounce, was uttered in an audible manner, the celebration of the marriages immediately took place. The Doctor in answer to the Curate's question, stepped forward to give his daughters away. 'The foundation of which practice seems to be a care of the female sex, who are always supposed to be under the tuition of a father or guardian, whose consent is necessary to make their acts valid. And therefore, before the minister proceeds to the marriage, he asks, *Who gives the woman to be married to the man?* which shews too, by the way, that the woman does not seek a husband, but is given to one by her parents or friends, whose commands in this affair she seems rather to follow than her own inclinations. For which cause among the nuptial rites of the old Romans, the bride was to be taken by a kind of violence from her mother's knees; and when she came to her husband's house, she was not to go in willingly, but was to be carried in by

force. But besides this, there is a farther meaning intended by the church: for it is to be observed, that the woman is to be given, not to the *man*, but to the *minister*; for the rubric orders, that the *minister shall receive her at her father's or friend's hands*, which signifies to be sure, that the father resigns her up to God, and that it is God, who by his priest, now gives her in marriage, and who provides a wife for the man, as he did at first for Adam.¹ The priest after having received the brides from their father, and delivered them to their respective husbands, caused them, after the joining of their right hands to give *their troth* to each other, and then took the rings from the book, which had been there placed, intimating that they were to receive them from God, and signifying *a token and pledge of the vow and covenant* made betwixt the man and the wife. Each party having received the ring from the priest, placed it upon *the fourth finger of the woman's left hand*. The common belief of the origin of this practice supposes that there is a particular

¹ Wheatly.

vein in that finger which terminates at the heart, but undoubtedly the real reason is, because that finger is the least liable to receive injury. Each husband still holding the ring, gives his wife his assurance, that the ring is a visible pledge that he now takes her to be his wedded wife, and that he worships (honours) with his body, and invests her with the right of sharing his goods. When this was concluded, they knelt down to desire a blessing upon the covenant that had been made, which being concluded, the priest joined the *right hands* of the married persons, and declared in the words of our blessed Lord, that they were joined together by God, and that therefore no human power could separate them. The curate having pronounced to the people that the parties before him were legally married by the authority of *the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*, consummated the whole with a blessing. He then returned to the Lord's table and concluded the service; after which, when the proper registry had taken place, the company returned home. They all experienced considerably better spirits

than when they left the Rectory, where they were received by Mrs. Truman, who had been employing the interval which she had, entirely to herself, in earnest prayer, that God's blessing might rest upon her daughters' heads, and that future happiness, temporal and eternal, might be the portion of each.

After the elegant collation which followed the ceremony, had been mostly discussed, our wedding parties set out, each upon different routes, to enjoy what is commonly called the honey-moon, so named, because it is *supposed* that the weeks which that period embraces, engross more of the *sweets* of matrimony than any subsequent portion of time. But this we have no hesitation in directly contradicting. They are unworthy to partake of the delights of wedlock who would limit them to any fraction of that happy state of existence; who would place any bound to their continuance, save that which death itself sets up, since nought but death can separate those whom God hath joined together. For our own part, we are persuaded that the joys of matrimony, so far from being comprised within this period, are

then but in their dawn, which length of time alone matures into the full and perfect day ; nor do we believe that the sun of that day sets, till the darkness of the grave broods over the one or the other.

We are firmly of opinion, that nature has kindly bestowed on man, and on his helpmate, an ample dower of happiness. For woman, she can love her God, and yet will pray—

‘ To be forgiven for the sin
Of loving aught on earth with such a love,’

as overflows the same heart for that being, whom, next to her God ‘ she looks up to.’ And this is the very essence of woman’s love. In the interval of the honey-moon, she unconsciously commences the abandonment of herself ; her former pursuits, tastes, and habits, for his ; whilst his thoughts and opinions during the same critical period, receive from her’s, new impressions. Meantime each has to con- over, to teach and to be taught, lessons which require all the study and allowance of human nature ; each has to observe minutely the temper, the habits, yea, the modes of thinking of

his or her partner, that they may hereafter so comport themselves, as to make sure of a cheerful mutual denial or acquiescence in all particulars; for it is only by a mode of conduct, founded on assimilation of thought and reciprocal forbearance, that a married pair can look for happiness for the future, but which, if they so determine, they may, under God, confidently anticipate. We are of course aware, that there are exceptions owing to some undefinable causes, of dislike, aversion, and disgust in the matrimonial state. Indeed, the fact is one of every-day observation, that very amiable people, endowed apparently with every requisite for delight in each other's society, do at times appear to be unhappily matched, they are resigned, not content—there is some unaccountable jar and dissonance in their social being, like certain musical instruments, which most betray the imperfection of their construction, when the chords are perfectly in tune; there are also others who are so evidently ill sorted, that all the world wonders how they ever came together; but these are the exceptions, and we are well assured that our

readers will agree with us in opinion, that earth would be “a vale of tears” indeed, despite all its gorgeous colouring; the world would be sad, and this green fairy land worse than a wilderness, if very many blessedly happy marriages were not daily occurring in it. We wish however, that the study to which we referred above, (we mean the practice of forbearance, and the mortification of selfishness in all its Proteus shapes,) was more strictly followed. Then would those clouds and minor differences never rise up to darken the prospect, but time, as in the pristine days of our first parents, flow calmly and serenely.

The great reduction thus made in the family of Dr. Truman, could not be felt otherwise than as a severe blow by those members who remained behind. Julia was the only female companion, to whom the almost daughterless mother might turn to receive that consolation and sympathy of which she stood so much in need. To her also under the superintendence of the parents, devolved the care and management of the younger branches of the family. This proved unto her, not

merely the means of active employment, but a source of real enjoyment. To bring those little ones up in the same paths, to imbue them with the same virtues, and ground them in the same principles which had proved her stay and contributed to her peace, seemed to her the greatest pleasure she could experience. So far from considering it a task, she would have esteemed herself much worse off to have been left entirely without the occupation, and the endearments of those, whom she valued as her sisters and brothers.

The three marriages which had taken place in our hero's family, naturally roused the smothered feelings of Mr. Helps, whom our readers will recollect to have paid his addresses to Julia, but to no purpose, she strictly adhered to her first determination, and assured him as before, in the strongest terms, that until that debt of gratitude was paid, she would never give her consent even to an engagement. 'And,' continued she, smiling faintly through tears, 'now in the time of their comparatively childless state, when the demand upon my watchful care is considerably increased, and

great attention absolutely requisite, to quit their hospitable sojourn, that hath been a shelter to me from childhood—No, indeed will I not!’ Alas! hope beamed not at all for her, but still the principle of Julia withstood the attack which nature made upon her fortitude; well conceiving that it was better to follow nature’s God than nature’s self. Mr. Helps, like one who endeavoured to subdue his feelings, raised to the greatest possible excitement, seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, he sighed indeed, but otherwise silently submitted. With an attempt to a look of more composure, the rejected, albeit beloved suitor, presently afterwards withdrew from the presence of Julia.

RESIGNATION.



RESIGNATION.

As may well be supposed, the remaining members of Dr. Truman's family received a severe stroke from the event which had just taken place, nevertheless it was a consolation to the parents, to see their children with the prospect of every happiness before them. The mother, as was natural, was the severest sufferer, because she missed not only the affections and attentions of her children, but that close companionship which invariably exists between mother and daughter. To be sure Julia, to a great degree, much as she felt the loss of those whom she called her sisters, supplied their place, and did every thing in her power to reconcile the mother to the separation; still the actual presence of those

whom she had been accustomed to see around her table, was wanting, which more or less at times affected her. One scarcely forebodes how ill, when put to the trial, the mind can bear to have torn from it those living objects upon which, in all the holy passion of love, it hath long delighted to expatiate. But the consciousness that they are not gone for ever, is a solace, or if haply they be, from this sublunary abode, then the good work which we endeavour to perform, in confident trust of the Redeemer's merits, keeps alive our activities, holding out the assurance of meeting them again in the Spirit, together to inhabit the mansions of bliss, of which we are persuaded, that those who had been dear to us while on earth, have only gone before to take possession.

The active employment in which the Rector was engaged, and whereon his thoughts were occupied the whole of the day, spared him many an hour of melancholy, perhaps not altogether unpleasing, which must otherwise have brooded over his soul. His indispensable duties, however, demanded the entire of his attention. But when his diurnal work was over,

and its absorbing excitement had passed away, it left him to the bitter consciousness of the great loss which he had sustained. Still, as one mourning for the death of a relative, will suddenly admit joy when the soothing recollection bursts upon him, of the happiness of that state, whither the beloved one hath repaired, so did the Rector, whenever his deprivation threatened that calm repose which constitutes the health of the mind, endeavour to parry the blow, by whispering to himself,—that although his daughters were removed from his immediate protection, still was the same kind hand extended over them, which from their earliest dawn had proved their guide and succour. Indeed this conviction, and the evident happiness which so far as in this world is attainable, the pious parents witnessed in the lot of their children, gradually brought perfect resignation to their bosoms.

There is a redeeming quality latent in all our troubles, which when we come to compare them with those of others, will almost instantaneously have a salutary effect upon the mind. Dr. Truman looked around upon his

fellows, and saw cause to thank God for his mercies. After such comparison he failed to recognize any deterioration the most trifling in his earthly lot,—nothing could have chanced to affect that enviable tone of cheerfulness with which he had heretofore been blessed. The objects of pity and commiseration, in whose way his profession frequently threw him, were alone calculated to nerve the heart to endurance. However depressed at times by passing scenes, they rendered him proof in his own person against the ordinary occurrences, the small calamities of life. There were those living, and with whom he had daily intercourse, who, but for his kind hand, would have been literally overwhelmed by the severest infliction of poverty,—would have been bowed down to the extremity of misery. Others he beheld who had sacrificed their little patrimony upon some undertaking or other, which proving unpropitious, had marred all their future prospects of life. A third class were condemned to mourn over the cold remains of their kindred, by whose aid alone, humanly speaking, they could have looked for ordinary support.

And all, more or less, were obnoxious to those worldly cares and temptations which fix furrows upon the brow, and disturb that tranquil ease which can only be verily enjoyed by those who, with an understanding heart, discern in God, the author of all things, and who act up to their belief, feeling that from his merciful hand come the issues of life and death, and that at his bidding are the various aspects of light and shade, by which the former is chequered, and the latter darkened. To all suffering under their several woes, the Doctor would bring that consolation which passes understanding, and which alone deserves the name of PEACE. He knew how to alleviate by his ministrations, the sorrows of those whom God, in order to bring about some good end, had deemed fit to visit.

Such cases as these we allude to, often, yes, very often, came under our hero's particular notice, for, as we have said, the majority of his parishioners looked up to him as their best friend, and whether they frequented the church or not, would assuredly in all time of their tribulation repair to the Rectory, to

pour out in their pastor's ears their cause of wretchedness, being convinced from experience or information, that they would experience that inward consolation, which he by means of the gospel, could so liberally insinuate. The chamber of death was no new scene to him, he could close the dying eye of the Christian with meet and holy comeliness, he could knock at the heart of the sinner, and after having gained there an entrance, knew to apply that antidote which was the only means to produce that godly sorrow, . . . that faith which worketh by love, whereby alone admission into the kingdom of heaven can be ascertained.

Continual scenes of woe were pressing hard upon the Rector's spirits, and the close attention which he found himself obliged to give to their demands occupied the whole of his time. It was about this period of our tale that one individual whose case involved somewhat of interest became the object of his ministration. One day towards dusk he was summoned to the lodgings on the second floor of an obscure house, in one of the back streets of an adjacent town, to baptise a child who to all outward

appearance was at the point of death. He was received with mournful courtesy by the mother, who had not yet arrived at the middle age of womanhood. Her mind was obviously depressed by the loss which she was about to sustain, and which was only one link in that series of troubles to which she had been uniformly subjected since her marriage. This woman from her exceeding beauty, her native gentility of deportment, and pleasing unaffected manners, excited the most favourable interest in the mind of the Doctor. Her husband too, notwithstanding the circumstances of poverty with which he was encompassed, evidenced in his conduct that superior education which he had received, and which must have been far above his present condition in life. The lodgings were barely furnished with common necessities, every thing bespoke wretchedness. Their vestments indeed were simple and neat, but the materials of which they were composed betokened the small sum required for their purchase. About the room were scattered papers bearing characters of different languages, from which the worthy Rector inferred their

author to be engaged in some literary employment. From the little conversation he obtained before a dying infant was introduced, he ascertained that Mr. Bennet had graduated at one of our Universities, but nothing more could he elicit, owing to the reserve in which this individual and his partner appeared anxious to enwrap themselves. The child was the only one remaining out of four which had successively demanded the ministrations of the pastor. It was very difficult at first to determine whether it belonged to the dead or the living. It was a melancholy scene. On the one side the disconsolate mother bewailed in tears her last dying child ; there watched the father with a knit brow, wild death coldly played upon the front of his remaining hope, without his having the power to rescue his victim. But the Doctor was convinced that this was not the only source of that melancholy which brooded over those who were about to have the venerable name of parent torn from them by the rude hand of the destroyer. He argued from the deep sunken eye, the haggard look, and the emaciated form of Mr. Bennet,

that a yet deeper wound had been inflicted upon his constitution ; but to every inquiry, however gently urged, only evasive answers could be elicited. The more he saw of this interesting couple, the more he felt persuaded that they were the wreck of some adverse fortune, which amongst other instances of ruin, must have reduced them from that station in society in which formerly they had moved.

Mrs. Bennet appeared to the Doctor's eyes without any exception the most beautiful and interesting of women that he had ever had the good fortune to encounter. To this gift of nature were superadded those truly elegant manners and accomplishments which are the certain characteristics of the well-bred English woman. In her anguish and through her tears, beauty shone forth, even more radiant than in smiles, and that outward mein of comeliness which must have attracted the admiration of the dullest beholder, did not require further evidence to impress upon one, quick and vivid like our hero, that essential feminine character of which he was so ardent an admirer. When he looked around him and

perceived the deplorable scenery by which these interesting people were surrounded, the lack of those necessary pieces of furniture which is almost indispensable to the idea of home, and the trial which they had to encounter, he was grieved to his very heart. Gladly would he have placed the contents of his pocket, or a larger sum to meet their crying exigencies, but how dare he do it? Their outward appearance might not correspond with the actual state of their circumstances. Were this indeed the case, the offence which such a proffer must cause would be galling indeed. How, he pondered within himself, could he ascertain the real state of their circumstances? Those amongst whom they lived, he thought might inform him of the condition of these people who had so deeply interested him. He determined immediately upon leaving the house, to institute every inquiry, in order that he might be amongst the first to relieve those who to all appearance, stood so much in need of pecuniary aid. He felt however that his office at once constrained him, and apologized for his enforcing that spiritual comfort commonly so

welcome to us, when visited by the trying hand of sorrow. This he abundantly administered, which was readily and gladly received ; and with all the gratitude of him who has just been saved from the devouring elements, or from some overhanging destruction by the outstretched arm of the compassionate. Upon the Rector's rising to depart, they politely thanked him for the services which he had rendered them, assuring him that they had only one wish, which indeed from the kindness which he had shewn to them, they trusted that they might be allowed to entertain, it was their earnest desire again to receive the comfort which his heart-cheering ministrations conveyed, and which brought them that holy peace, so calculated to still the troubled waters of the soul, and induce a sweet and lasting calm. The Doctor declared that twenty-four hours should not elapse, before they again saw him, and presently, depressed in mind by the scene which he had witnessed, he left the house.

His next object was to ascertain from the neighbours, and of those tradesmen to whom

his new acquaintances might be known, the nature of their embarrassments, and their situation in life ; but his enquiries were all to no purpose, nobody seemed to be acquainted with their concerns, and not many had even heard of them ; they had resided in the town but a very few weeks, and were seldom or ever seen to stir out. The Doctor persevered in his research, still without any result ; the more anxiety he evinced to learn the particulars, the connexions and character of these people, the more certainly was he disappointed. At last he returned home in the hope, that the case would explain itself more satisfactorily upon his next visit. At the appointed time, the Rector proceeded to the lodgings of the Bennets. He was greeted with their hopes that the infant's life had revived, but still their melancholy remained unsubdued.

The Rector, after some introductory talk would have gladly inquired the cause, but with that delicate tact inseparable from a heart and mind like his, he apprehended that any direct manifestation of curiosity would prove disagreeable, he therefore, with whatever diffi-

culty, constrained himself to silence. The next day his wife and Julia were sent upon the same errand. Although they entered into close conversation with Mrs. Bennet, neither could get any explanation, but the silent tear, as it rolled down her beautiful cheek. For several days the mystery was unravelled. No one could tell whence they came. None knew their circumstances, or by what means they obtained subsistence. By strange coincidence however, as the Doctor passed a certain book-stall in the environs, a very old and scarce edition of the Greek Testament attracted his notice. Upon examining the volume, he found in the margins, some able elucidations and notes, which could hardly have emanated from an ordinary hand. Upon further scrutiny, he perceived upon the cover the name of Bennet inscribed. Now thought he, every thing will be brought to light; he at once demanded of the surly old bookseller, from whom he had made the purchase? This person either could not, or more likely did not think fit to gratify his curiosity. The only information he would deign to afford, was, that he had several books

of a theological description, which he had purchased of an individual at different times during the preceding week. The Doctor looked eagerly, but leisurely over the contents of each. There was one in particular which excited, not only his surprise, but we may say, almost his tears—it was a BIBLE. He could distinguish on its cover, although great care had been taken to erase the valuable document, certain words which actually melted his heart, even at the time when he had reason to feel the utmost indignation at the bookseller, for having deemed such a book as little better than waste paper. The words which affected the Doctor, were calculated indeed, one would think, to touch the heart of the proudest Felix. They were these, ‘*To my dear son John, from his affectionate Mother, Catherine Bennet.*’ Who could hold up, without a feeling of indescribable emotion, at reading this affecting sentence. Our gentle-hearted hero owned the working within, even to his inmost core. He moved from the bookseller, and averting his head, was compelled for a moment to hide his excitement in his handkerchief.

Having regained his self-possession, he ordered the bookseller to collect the volumes which he had purchased during the last few days of the person who had sold him that Bible. They amounted to about twelve, and were directed to be sent to the Rectory, the price charged without abatement was a shilling per volume. From considering the profits that these gentlemen are determined upon having, we can conceive how small the sum which he must have paid for their possession. The Bible alone was worth more than what had been charged for the whole twelve. This discovery was not to be passed over without that advantage being taken of it, which it presented to the charitable Doctor, who now had sad evidence of the extreme poverty, to which they, who were about to become the objects of his compassion were reduced. With a determination to turn to account the unexpected information which he had gained, he made his way early the next morning to the miserable abode of the Bennets. The hopes which had been entertained of the life of the poor infant being preserved, had passed away.

Scarcely a sign of life remained ; the mother was disconsolate, and like Rachel, refused to be comforted. The father appeared in a still more wretched state of mind, than the Doctor had hitherto seen him.

‘ What can I do for you in this sad hour,’ enquired the Rector, ‘ only say what you require, and nothing within the capacity of friendship shall be wanting to enable you to meet this blow. One consolation you can reckon upon,’ continued he, as the hectic flush rose in his face, from his strong anxiety in their behalf, ‘ which is, that that infant will escape the trials of this world’s woe, the cares, the dangers, the scoffs, if so it shall please God to take it at his own appointed time into his blessed abode. The infant, my dear sir, is ensured that bliss, purchased by its Redeemer’s merits. Who then ought to give way to inconsolable grief, and wish, against God’s will, to detain on this bad earth the object of his affections? He alone knows the times and the seasons when it is meet and right for us to depart from this earthly tabernacle into the glorious state of an eternal hereafter.

“Thy will be done,” ought to be our first aspiration to heaven, knowing that our will cannot avail any thing when the determinate counsel of the Almighty is fixed, and his irresistible word has gone forth.’

The Doctor here paused ; a momentary flash of hope passed over the countenance of the parents, who had been listening with the greatest attention, and then like a cloud which suddenly eclipses the great luminary of day, obscuring from the eye the brilliancy in which it is set, the remembrances of past and present woes came over their countenances, which the Doctor, by his soothing accents, had the moment before rendered calm. He again essayed sorrow’s antidote, plying them with that medicine which woe can never resist ; he repeated the application, and soon had the heartfelt satisfaction to find that he was gaining considerable advantage over their minds. The word of God was taking effect. They became passive, and after a contention between inward emotions, resignation seemed nestling in their bosoms. Presently all was quiet. It was at this moment that the Rector discovered that

the child was no more. The mother continued to hush and nurse it with the same fondness, ignorant of what had happened. She watched it for some time in death; strong hope forbid her receiving the truth, but at length the coldness in which it was now wrapped, induced her to examine the actual state of her child. Beneath her watchful gaze and eager look, its jaw fell, its eye completely closed. Hope instantaneously vanished. The sight of death was too much for the afflicted parent. At first she uttered a faint scream, but nature soon became exhausted, and she fainted. The Rector had been too long accustomed to such scenes, to lose his presence of mind. With as much composure as though he did not sympathize with their grief, he was capable of rendering every assistance. He learned that cold water was the only restorative which the house afforded. That he directly applied, and it presently produced its desired effect. The Doctor remained some time with them after the event had taken place, and at his departure, had the gratification of leaving them both resigned to the loss which they had sustained.

On his arrival at the Rectory, he packed up the books which he had purchased, and enclosed with them a sum of money, which he deemed sufficient to supply them with common necessities, and the expences of the funeral. This parcel he directed to be left at their lodgings, with particular instructions to his servant not to disclose from whom it came. This injunction was faithfully obeyed, and only themselves can imagine the surprise which it occasioned, or conceive the miserable condition from which it relieved them.

It was not until after the funeral, that the venerable Rector went to see if any good had arisen from his secret beneficence. There certainly appeared a relief from the gloomy shade which before most constantly spread over their countenances. At times Mrs. Bennet would talk freely with the Doctor, and then again the remembrance of her present situation, the sudden consciousness of the loss which she had sustained, would force themselves upon her mind, and she became troubled and affected. Not a word was dropped by either party concerning the parcel. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet

were little aware from whose considerate hand the gift proceeded. It is not improbable they surmised that the bookseller, compassionating his forlorn and emaciated appearance when he offered the volumes for sale, and apprehending it could only be done to procure a morsel, to stay the cravings of their hunger, had, in this delicate manner, evinced his sense of their affliction. ‘ Still I cannot but marvel,’ mused Mr. Bennet to himself, ‘ how this man has become so moved as to return with my books, the coin which I had given him, like Joseph restoring the money into the sacks of the Israelites, on their departure out of Egypt.’

The whole to him remained a mystery. This was not the first time that he had experienced the kindness of the Almighty, in making provision for him at a time when he least expected it. Even in the depth of his grief he felt consoled to think that God would never either leave him or forsake him ; he might indeed try him by afflictions and losses, but he was confident that the fire by which he was tried, would only purify him from the dross with which his whole constita-

tion was alloyed, and better fit him for that state of happiness, which, through Christ, he looked for hereafter.

The Doctor at last, but with all due delicacy, prosecuted his inquiries as to his circumstances, and in respect to the employment which at present engaged his attention. Still the most cautious reserve was maintained, and the reverend interrogator could elicit no information of any import. The Doctor at length assured them, that he would assist them in every possible way, if they would only make him their confidant. It was not for the sake of satisfying vain curiosity, said he, that he required to be instructed in their affairs, but to gratify his yearning to serve individuals, who, he saw, needed his good offices, and for whom he felt so deep an interest.

After having been pressed upon the point for some time, and in the most affectionate manner, Mr. Bennet made answer, ' that he could never allow himself to disclose the nature and extent of that misery with which they were surrounded; for their reverend and kind friend would never give credit to the possi-

bility of such visitations of wretchedness as they would have to pour into his ears, and consequently must either consider them impostors, or at least as acting with the view of exciting his pity, or may be, of extorting his charity.

‘ I have seen too much of the world,’ replied the Rector, calmly, ‘ and of the scenes of wretchedness it often discloses, to allow that danger, or even the idea of it to have a moment’s weight with me. Be your story what it may, I feel that nothing can induce me to entertain a thought contrary to the veracity of your relation.

Mr. Bennet resumed, ‘ Like unto yourself, Sir, I received the most finished education which our land could furnish; I became a Fellow at —— College, Oxford, and entered the church. (the Doctor started) At that period of my life, my prospects before bright, and holding out the promise of the greatest success, gradually darkened. I married,—my fellowship of course was lost, my former friends either were removed from me, or gradually forsook me, on what account I could never ascertain. A valuable Rectory to which I

had long looked up, was actually wrenched from my hands by the treachery of one in whom I confided ; nothing was left but a small country curacy, my family at this time began to increase.' Here the poor man was unable to proceed ; the recollection of those who had been, and who now were not, was too much for his mind, which had received so many and repeated attacks, ' but,' after some pause, he continued, ' it was God's will ; yet wherefore Sir, should I weary you with a tale so fraught with woe. One may throw the pall of temporary oblivion over past misfortunes, but how after what has happened, can we cease to apprehend the future. We are yet, Sir, in poverty, and in its last and most appalling form, without an earthly friend, with a pile of bills before us and no funds, with clamorous and threatening creditors ; and but two days back, our last pence were expended for the purpose of buying bread, the sole food on which we have survived the distresses of the last three months. But, Sir, believe me, it is not idleness, nor imprudence, which has brought down these calamities upon us ; they arise from

an uniform series of misfortunes, the utter failure of every scheme which we had fixed upon for our maintenance. Every effort we made in hopes of arresting the impulse of our downward career, only tended to accelerate our ruin. Fortune seemed to frown with her bitterest look upon us, and in the declivities of life, take our course out of our own direction. Pride, that cursed pride, forbad our feeling that it was providence that shaped our ends, and always prevented me making an appeal to my countrymen, for we have no friends which might move their charity. My wife works her fingers to the very bone to meet our crying wants, but what, alas, does the heedless purchaser give for her valuable productions? Scarcely sufficient, Sir, for one day's meal. My employment, forsooth, is to supply lively and entertaining articles to but a third-rate periodical, (judge of their liveliness.) Alas! Sir, before even the matter for their contents have been thought of, the articles have been mortgaged, till the proprietor says, he cannot encourage such work any longer. This journal, too, is upon the eve of changing hands,

consequently, I have every reason to apprehend that my services will be dispensed with. What then I am to do I know not.'

At this point of Mr. Bennet's melancholy relation, a loud knock at the door interrupted him; without further warning or notice of any kind, two rude fellows burst into the room, and demanded the person of John Bennet. Holding in their hands a *writ*, they appeared to exult that at last they had lit upon the object of their search.

'Not one minute can we spare you,' roughly exclaimed one of them, 'our time is too valuable to be detained here: our orders are imperative, you have only to obey.'

The sudden shock which the circumstance, and the insolent conduct of the men had upon all present was so great, as hardly to admit of description. Mr. Bennet seemed stunned by the blow, and was only roused to recollection, by the necessity which became momentarily pressing, of parting from his wife. This was too much for him; his firmness wholly gave way. The poor woman on her knees implored the officers to have mercy; she

prayed, and she entreated ; she besought, she used every means to melt the hearts of these men, but to no purpose ; their violence became greater, their menaces terrific. The Doctor shortly interposed ; he enquired what was the sum for which Mr. Bennet was arrested, and by whom the cruel deed had been put into execution. The arrest was at the suit of a Mr. Mitchell, for the sum of £50, The Doctor offered to advance the money, and the expences of the proceeding, but for some strange cause, they assured that it was not in their power to accept it ; they had only their duty to perform.

‘ The *duty*,’ interrupted the Rector, ‘ to separate man and wife ! Cruel and obdurate men !’

‘ We have no time,’ again they cried, ‘ for vain vociferations.’

The distracted woman threw her arms around the neck of her husband, and frantically exclaimed, ‘ Now, Sirs, we are ready, if you take him, you shall have me too ; the same prison, the same bars, the same cold bed shall hold us both.’

Again they attempted to use violence to separate those who were so closely locked in each other's arms.

‘No! my friends,’ said the Rector sternly, if you are base enough to treat a woman thus, I will never stand by and suffer it to be done with impunity. The men appeared unmoved. ‘Quit your holds,’ he thundered out at the full pitch of his stentorian voice, ‘If time will not permit you to witness this scene, which would melt the heart of the most savage heathen; if you will tear asunder with rude hand the most sacred tie, then, Sirs, do your duty, but mark you, punishment of no ordinary infliction must inevitably await you.’

The men, as if suddenly struck, released their prisoner; they were actually stupified for the time.

‘Is it your intention,’ asked one of them, after some pause, ‘to impede the execution of our warrant? Do you mean to offer resistance?’

‘Far from it,’ returned the Rector. ‘If your duty, as you say, constrains you to this deed of violence, you need not use force, un-

less the occasion calls for it. This poor man has signified to you his readiness to follow, he has only requested one moment's forbearance, whilst he implores heaven's blessing and protection upon his wife; yes, on that object of pity, that delicate and fainting form which your hard hands, even now outraged, and against which your harder hearts would have done violence.'

'Sir,' made answer one of the men, 'our duty *must* be done; if you can point out any milder way in which it can be performed, then do so,' evidently moved at last by the Rector's interposition, and the scene which had at length touched upon the chords of their sympathy.

'This unhappy man,' observed the Doctor in return, 'if you speak truth, must even accompany you. All I require is, that you do not tear him away at a moment's notice. Will you seat yourself for a while in the adjoining room; only do so, and I will undertake in a few minutes to deliver into your hands, your prisoner.'

The men felt ashamed of their previous

harsh conduct, and muttering a dubious kind of apology, fell back to the far end of the apartment, unwilling to retire further, imagining with the low cunning of their craft, that Mr. Bennet meditated an escape, The Doctor was completely overcome at the parting which followed. It is too melancholy to relate, suffice it to say, that the poor woman fainted in her husband's arms. Mr. Bennet committed his wife into the hands of the Doctor, and having imprinted a kiss, to her unconscious, upon her pale forehead, and implored for her heaven's protection, withdrew with a firm step in the custody of the officials.

Dr. Truman shortly afterwards called the landlady of the house, with whom the Bennets lodged, and consigned the unhappy young woman to her care. Slipping a guinea into her hand, he begged her to do her best towards the restoration of the fair insensible, and afterwards to take every care of her in her power, engaging, if she heeded his injunctions, to remunerate her to her very heart's content. This bribe was all-powerful, and the woman of the house gave the Doctor to understand that

nothing should be wanting that was in her power, towards the assistance and consolation of her unhappy charge.

In the evening, Mrs. Truman went to see her, and was sorry to learn that she had been insensible, with intervals which had been almost filled up by violent hysterics, ever since her husband had been taken from her. On her return to the Rectory, Mrs. Truman sent her own medical man to the house, together with the nurse who had been in the habit of attending upon her own family, so that she was charitably persuaded that the instructions which she had given would be obeyed, and that nothing should be wanting of which the forlorn sufferer in that wretched hour, stood so much in need.

The next morning the Doctor stood bail for the prisoner, who at once was ordered to be released; but how changed was he even in that brief space of time! A visible and affecting alteration had taken place in his constitution; his whole frame was altered; a discomfiting weakness had seized him, which appeared to have palsied his limbs. Even

upon first setting eyes upon him, the conviction that death was busy at his heart, involuntarily rushed into the mind of the Doctor. He feared the result, nay more, he almost trembled for the melancholy end which threatened poor Bennet. His wife, by the kind attentions of those around, had considerably improved, and was able to welcome the return of her husband; but the sight of his deathly countenance was too much for her. Like the Doctor, she at once observed the change, and felt convinced that another and more fatal separation impended over her. This foreboding threw her back into her late hysteric state, and the unhappy woman for some days afterwards remained without the slightest hope of a recovery. Bennet himself was fast sinking into the grave. Day succeeded day, but each found him weaker than the last. The hoarded woes of the past, the pressing miseries of the present, and the gloomy prospects of the future, combined to destroy him, and proved too much for his shattered frame to bear. He drooped and desponded; the dejection of the mind was not to be overcome; and

poor Bennet, only five days after the sudden intrusion, which separated him from his only earthly comfort, and consigned him to the disgraceful cell of a wretched prison house,—was no more. He had gone “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

His wife was reduced to that state of weakness, that during these unhappy proceedings, she was perfectly ignorant of what was passing. It was not until after her husband had been quietly and decently buried, that she came to her senses. She anxiously sought from those about her, whether the sufferings which her beloved must be enduring, were not too much for his fortitude, forgetful that his freedom had been procured for him on the following day. When some days after, the Doctor hoped that her mind was sufficiently prepared to receive the awful truth, he cautiously disclosed it, and contrived it in answer to that heart-rending enquiry which she continually was making. ‘He is happy, I trust,’ said the Rector. A ray of hope passed suddenly through the mind of the afflicted woman, her eye resumed its

former brightness, and her whole features beamed out with the news which she had just had announced to her.

‘ Happy! happy! what, happy! away from me! happy in a miserable prison-house! Oh, sir, I cannot think this.’

‘ My dear madam,’ rejoined the Doctor, in the most sympathising accents, ‘ your husband, I trust, is happy; but be firm; the cares of this world are but for a moment, and those are most to be envied who are taken from them to rest in the bosom of their Maker. Your husband, I trust, is happy.’

‘ Would that he were indeed in heaven,’ cried the poor woman, ‘ gladly would I take his share of mortal woe upon this aching brow of mine. Oh, yes, come; all come; the pangs of poverty; come anguish; come all the trials of this world; I would endure them for him; his sacred head shall not suffer, if a woman’s cries, a woman’s tears, a woman’s prayers be not in vain—it shall not. Oh! sir, why do you shew kindness to poor wretches like ourselves? God has marked us out for ill-fortune to try her skill on, suffer her to wreck

her malice to the utmost, let us die here, we can endure it,——but, sir,——we *once* were happy.’——

Here the afflicted woman was totally overcome by her feelings, a violent fit of hysterics followed, which it required some time to assuage. Tears, however, at length afforded some relief. The Doctor again assayed to fortify and subdue her mind to receive the awful truth. He intimated to her, that there was sufficient hope held out to this world from a better, to buoy up the most calamitous condition in life, and to render it eventually comparatively happy. She seemed resignedly to acquiesce, and taking the opportunity, he at last said, ‘Your husband, my dear woman, is no more, it has pleased God to take him from his sufferings. RESIGNATION to his will alone can enable you to meet this like a Christian. *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.*’

‘Dead,’ ejaculated Mrs. Bennet, ‘have they killed my husband? have they murdered him, Oh, I cannot endure it all, now then, my heart must break.’

‘ Be calm, I pray thee, madam,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘ suffer not your feelings to lead you thus away.’

But comfort from the Rector’s voice was now of no avail, the cure was far beyond his spiritual appliances. The physician being summoned, found her in a most dangerous state, insomuch that he announced it as his opinion that the end must either be madness, or death. He prescribed the most powerful medicines, caused her head to be immediately shaved, and gave particular directions for her to be kept as quiet as possible. For days she remained in that condition, wherein it is difficult for the most experienced to decide, whether life or death is ultimately to prevail. They evidently were contending for a supremacy. Hardly any nutriment passed her lips until about the fifth day, when she appeared to revive a little, but no sooner did her senses return, and the thought of her husband cross her mind, than the last blow appeared heavier than the preceding. For several weeks she continued in this distressing state, and evinced not the slightest knowledge

of what was passing, nor was any hope entertained of her recovery. The Doctor determining that no expense should be spared to save her life, were it possible, called in another physician to consult with his own. Whether a different treatment was adopted, and one more adapted to the patient's constitution, or whether time affected the change, we know not; but however it pleased God that she should live. She daily made approaches to convalescence, and by the kind ministrations of the venerable Rector, who was unremitting in his attentions, gradually became *resigned* to her afflictions. From him she acquired the conviction that we must all submit to God's will, whether he chooses to visit us with prosperity or adversity, and that whatever he wills, be it joy or sorrow, is, however imperceptible to our limited faculties, meant for a blessing.

‘ Sir,’ said she one day, ‘ I can now bear my woe, I feel that God has enabled me to bear it, I seem to have sufficient courage again to brave the trials of the world; but yet, kind sir, remember that I am childless, I *once* was

a mother, a few years have stripped me of those which would even now have been a prop to my misery. I *once* had a husband, but now I am a——widow, left alone'.—

‘ My dear Madam,’ interrupted the Rector, ‘ *thou art not alone*, God is with thee. “ Let thy widows trust in me,” said he; and believe me, never was a firm trust placed in vain upon the mercy of God, he is more than husband, or children, and can do for us more than we are able to ask or think.’

‘ That, Sir,’ answered Mrs. Bennet, ‘ am I well aware of; had it not been for his mercy, I could never have endured this trial, but I humbly trust I may have come out of the furnace thoroughly purified; one of us must one day have left the other, and thank God that I am the one deserted. I can better bear the separation. Oh, Sir, my husband at best was but misery’s wreck. The constant assaults of cruel fortune could never harden his mind, or guard it against the attacks of future infelicity; but every blow which fell upon him, rendered him less able to bear the following, and gradually hastened him to his grave. I trust, Sir, he is happy, and if so, why should I repine ?

Mrs. Bennet every day improved, both in the body and mind, and after some months was in a comparative state of convalescence. Through the instrumentality of a friend of the Doctor, she procured a small annuity, by which means, together with a school, the superintendence of which she undertook, she was enabled to pay off the whole of her husband's debts, and to become a living monument of one of our noble hero's works, and an evidence of the love which the Almighty manifests to those who submit to his visitations with RESIGNATION.

THE EFFECT OF THE GOSPEL.



THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
B. HOGGINS
NEW
YORK
1898

THE EFFECT OF THE GOSPEL.

IT is truly wonderful, thought Dr. Truman, as after several visits he, one morning, approached the residence of the old gentleman, (Mr. Tremain,) who a short time back had given himself up to so great despondency—it is wonderful when we consider the certain effect which the Gospel obtains upon the impulses of men. Even in infancy its effects fall touchingly upon the heart,—yea although free from *actual* sin, when ‘the inward and spiritual grace’ is imparted from the hands of the Deity, and the heavenly seed infuses itself into the soul, and springs up with the Christian’s growth, and strengthens with his strength. Thus fortified with this preventive grace, and the co-operative assistance of the Almighty,

he becomes an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven ; the way is opened by which he MAY be saved. And through the instruction of the pious parent, he becomes enabled to encounter the hardships which dog the passages which he is destined to tread ; and to prepare himself for another and a better world. Oh ! who can forget those hallowed moments, when the parent instilled into the tender ear the inspired love from above ; dropping, like the dew into the expanding bud,—those lessons of holiness, imparted, not by force, or harshness, but by the tender influence of a Mother, and in the fond and cherished hope that her instructions, like the living spark, would burst forth into action and ardour, and eventually realise that sacred wish which she fondly trusted to be registered in heaven. Who, thought the Rector, could forget that sacred time, when the soul bursting forth to fix its hold and obtain a purchase upon some object, was turned by a kind and gentle voice to God. What a scene of interest unto the memory is presented by those early days, when the heart first opened to receive the seeds of piety ; when it knew no

sin, and only burned to obey and evidence its love, its respect, its duty towards those unto whom by nature's ties it felt bound so closely. The young earth in the days of creation could not have received the glorious light of heaven, by which her beauties uprose from the void and darkness with which they were environed, with greater manifestations of joy, than often will the child those religious lessons, which first turned its eyes from its naturally evil nature to that state which its Saviour wrought out amid the sufferings and tortures of the cross. It is no imagination, it is no false representation to tell of the effects of the Gospel upon the conduct of children. How often, continued the Rector, still in pleasing meditation, had he seen in the Infant School which had been formed by his own hand, its little members, so youthful in years, exhibiting outwardly and touchingly the effect which religious instruction had upon their minds; could any thing be more moving, more likely to soften the proudest heart than to see these *infants*—yes *infants*, on their little knees with hands uplifted, with piety impressed, with the

mark of Christianity beaming on the front, pouring out their praises and prayers to the great Jehovah ! Only those who have them under their care, or have witnessed the interesting scene, can adequately feel and appreciate the loveliness of our religion, which while it deals out bold and awful condemnations against the more hardened delinquent, passes over the heart of the younger Christian, like the breath of the soft south, leaving those seeds of piety which one day will grow up and bring forth to the delighted eye that full and perfect fruit, alone pleasing to the Almighty. The sun shining in the firmament, emitting his powerful rays, and chasing away the hoar frost or the morning dew ; the moon shedding her silvery beams, lighting the late traveller as he journeys onwards to his destined haven ; the countless stars in the deep black sky, bodying forth their brilliancy over the works of creation, and shedding thereon the beauty and deep softness of heaven itself, are faint emblems indeed of the Gospel, as in beautiful mild strains it strikes upon the ear, and makes its way to the heart, dispersing the callous

film, and shewing its effects, not according to the beauty and grandeur that belong to human admiration, but in that inward purity and regeneration, which we are told the angels themselves rejoice to gaze upon. Oh! what is there that the Gospel cannot achieve? The works of superstition and idolatry crumble into dust, when with fervour and well-directed zeal the announcement from on high strikes upon their brittle sides, like the trumpet of the journeying Israelites upon the wall of Jericho. But the Gospel not only hurls to the ground all that is meretricious and unhallowed, but it builds up in their places all that is sacred and of eternal worth. Our churches,—temples wherein the poor man can join with the rich in offering up the welcome sacrifice of a contrite heart; our Infirmarys and Asylums, receiving into them all those who stand in need of the nourishing and healing hand of the compassionate; these, great God! are Christianity's works—these the results of the effective means of the Gospel dispensation. Throughout the whole range of Christendom, order and uniformity are marked in the actions

of the people. Every thing is characterized with the blessed effects of the Gospel. Indeed what should we be, unredeemed by the glad tidings of salvation? The blood of beasts would be shed, and the dry carcass offered to Deity as a sacrifice for sin. We should break into the tabernacle of life, and murder,—that dark and harsh name,—would become familiarized in the mouths of a lost, degraded, and blood-thirsty race. Anarchy and rebellion would brood over the nations, and cover us with that inundation of wretchedness, the horror of which idea can only be compared with that of the deluge, when God no longer held the winds in his fist, but bid them urge the seething tumultuous billows over an abandoned world. Oh! thanks be to God, glory and praise to his blessed name, for accepting the sacrifice of his Son for guilty man, and for sending down his Gospel, which brings with it “*life and immortality to light*,” and which even in this state of being, diffuses a new life throughout the whole frame. What inheritor of the kingdom of heaven has not felt this heavenly glow passing through him—has not

experienced the working effect of the Gospel in his heart? It is divinity that stirs within him. Alas! his own natural powers and strength, however he may try, even as wise and good pagans of yore, to exalt himself above himself, are of too earthy and degrading a nature to move the soul to purity; that naturally is defiled; but since the mission of salvation, by the blessed effects of the Gospel, it is washed and cleansed. And the love that glows within a human being, what is that? naturally a base and filthy lust, but only let the Spirit pass over it, and very soon it becometh chaste, and pure, and hallowed. Instead of, as now, bringing forth sin, it yields all that is holy and affectionate. And the heaving breast and the contrite tears excited by some holy impulse, or some celestial theme, what are they? Oh! they are indicative of God's Spirit, they are the overflowings of a kind and virtuous heart, they shew that the original hardened nature is subdued, and that more tender influences have arisen. Indeed the Gospel's effects are wonderful. In all ages and stations man is startled by its announce-

ment, as it whispers in pleasing accents the glorious works which it every where achieves, and the prospect of glory which, through no illusive vista, it holds out to its faithful followers.

While such thoughts as these were occupying, and being duly arranged in the mind of the Rector, we say arranged, for no man better knew how to discriminate between reverie and contemplation, he found himself already at the gate which led to the domicile of Mr. Tremain, he was ushered into the study of the once despondent invalid, by an old domestic ; but how changed did he find the patient ! Instead of the solemn melancholy which latterly had brooded over his mind, there might be recognized an evident, though internal cheerfulness, which diffusing itself throughout his manner, at once bespoke the effect which the Doctor's attendance had had upon him. As soon as he beheld his visitor he rose from his chair, and welcomed him in that hearty simple manner, so truly significant of the English heart, and so opposed to that frivolous excess of ceremony which marks the character of some of our con-

tinental neighbours. Mr. Tremain entered at once on some of the leading topics of the day, which compelled, from their nature, that degree of interest, which is proper to the bosom of those who wish for the welfare of their country. All reserve and restraint, unto which formerly he had been so habituated, was now thrown off; his whole manner was changed, his habits, his temper, in fact if we may be permitted the use of a common expression, he was another man; not that, gentle reader, we would insinuate that the change produced the slightest laxity of manner or morals. He was not transferred from the hypochondriacal patient, into the outrageous libertine; nor did he throw off altogether that religion whose misapprehended hues not long before hung like a cloud upon his brow; oh no, he did none of these; but from a dejected victim to which his false lights had gradually reduced him, he became exalted into the sincere and consistent Christian. He had learnt from the Doctor's kind ministrations, which for a length of time were regular and continued, to apply to his soul the gospel tenets, and to embrace humbly,

but eagerly, those offers of mercy which they tender to every child of despair; often prevailing on him to grapple with the enemy, and take fast hold of that anchor which secures for him, after the blasts of a troublesome world shall be hushed, and the agitations of life shall cease, the kingdom of heaven. As the disorder of the mind became thoroughly alleviated, his body, as if out of very sympathy, recovered its pristine vigour, and that in a wonderful manner, rescued, as it were, from that immediate grave into which it was descending. Nature resumed her course, the functions of life, the animal spirits, yea, every thing connected with his health appeared to bloom afresh. And as we often see first the green bud, and then the leaf peeping *again* from the bare stalk in some mild winter, evidencing at once the health of the plant, and the congenial air which tends to cherish its existence, so did the mind of Mr. Tremain, in the green winter of his age, develop those manifest tokens of weal which can be only thoroughly enforced and ripened by the genial rays of the gospel, which, when they descend upon the heart,

emit that ineffable light which shines throughout the whole tabernacle of dust, and consecrates it to the glory and love of the Deity.

In this evident and unequivocal change which had taken place in our patient, we are very far from mistaking or seeking that the reader should ascribe it to any *extraordinary* operation of the godhead, although we do with the greatest confidence aver, that the *ordinary* means of the gospel, brought about the happy change, which progressively took place under the auspices of the Rector. We are aware and grieved to tell the awful truth, that many do impiously take unto themselves the credit of having effected works which solely are in the power of God to achieve ; that many do assume to themselves an *extraordinary* faculty, even going so far as to lure the fanatic and enthusiast into a belief that they are enabled to impart the efficacy of faith—that men by an hallucination of the brain, or by the more pitiable infliction of insanity, should consider themselves inspired, we are at no loss to conceive possible. But that any individual, evidencing in his outward conduct, and the

occupation in life which he holds, that he is otherwise sane, assuring his brethren that by a particular act of Providence, he has received an extraordinary infusion of the Spirit, or by whatever other term he may choose to couch the miracle, we, with scripture on our side, but without harbouring the slightest feeling, save that of pity, have no hesitation to stamp him in our minds as an impostor. We are persuaded, glorious as the gospel is in its influence, that it never now-a-days, effects that sudden conversion so little to be trusted ; that glimpse so unwarrantable, or that infallible state from which the enthusiast has asserted he can never fall. We believe, on the contrary, that its best workings are progressively wrought upon the creature, which gradually subdue his fallen nature, discover to his startled perception his bosom sin, and regenerate his life and conduct. It is this movement of the understanding which justifies him through faith in the eyes of his Maker. We believe that the seed is first sown, which requires time to bring the fruit to perfection, and which might be analogously compared to :

a tree; first the blade, if we may so call it, then the tender sapling, then the tree and the blossom, and after that the full fruit upon the tree. We can never admit that any instant change, productive of lasting good, can be a mode by which, in these latter times, the gospel works. Our minds reject such fanatic marvels, and that despite the zeal and assurance with which many of our brethren would anxiously have us to believe in them. Scripture fully discloses to us that the effect of the gospel is progressive and gradual, and that the heart of man is so hard—rendered so by the nature which we have inherited from Adam, that it does verily resist the influence of the word. Were it not so, how comes it that whole congregations are not converted by the preaching of the gospel? We are constrained to confess that upon the hearts of *some* men, few we confidently hope, the gospel has little or no lasting effect; how comes it then, we ask, that its influence is irresistible, as some pretend and are desirous of having it believed? We could never have been exhorted by the Apostle to receive the Holy Spirit into our

hearts, had we not the power to resist him. Nor would St. Paul have first fed the Corinthians with milk, had they been sufficiently strong to have partaken of the more substantial aliment; which circumstance furnishes a clear proof to us at least, that the effects of the gospel are of a gradual and progressive nature. So at all events did they shew themselves upon the mind of Mr. Tremain, who was supplied with that spiritual food which eventually wrought the change to which we have elsewhere alluded.

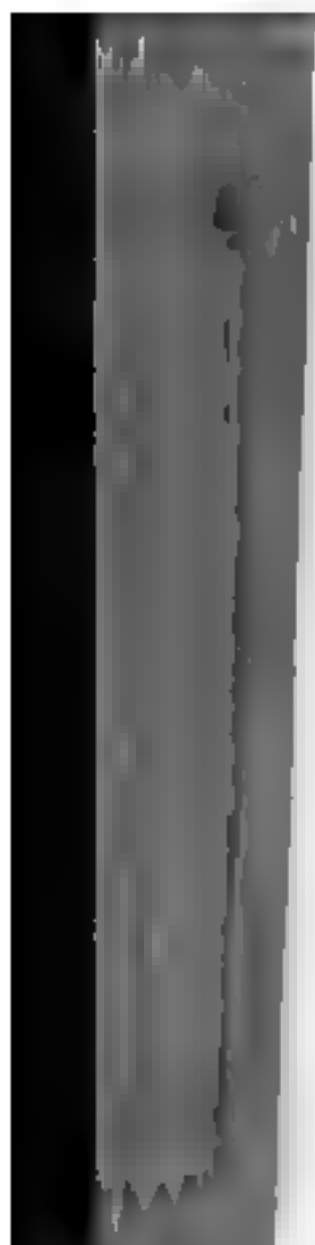
It is no uncommon circumstance for the mind of man to feel heavy and depressed, lowered as it were in its own conceit, when it first perceives the state of degradation to which it is reduced by nature, and the latent sins which, from its wicked tendency, it readily conceives, till opportunity favoring, they burst out into actual commissions. At this time despondency will inevitably lay hold of the awakened sinner, unless religion step in and avert the destruction. The mere consciousness of sin, which sooner or later forces itself into the mind of every man, torments beyond

description, and beats down every placid emotion which would vainly endeavour to oppose and to allay the internal conflict. The man who lives without God in the world, whose thoughts are unhallowed by the slightest touch of religion, has that continual gnawing at his soul, incompatible with serenity, and which must derange the whole mental economy, so burdened with the severest of all pressures. Indeed, such a mode of existence not seldom terminates in the awful condition in which the Rector found Mr. Tremain; and why is this? simply because sufferers will not have recourse to the only true remedy “which giveth life to them that have it.” Under the influence of the soul’s dejection they will not drink at that font, whose waters alone can refresh and purify; in short, they disregard the truths of the gospel, and refuse to embrace them. They are unwilling to apply to their souls the healing antidotes which those good tidings afford, and thus does the remembrance of their sins become grievous, and the burden of them intolerable. Such cases as these had often chanced to fall under the Doctor’s notice, but hitherto not one where

circumstances permitted, without his having suggested and applied that consolation, which those who can be prevailed upon to resort to, and stick fast by the gospel, for a certainty secure.

Mr. Tremain in particular, long continued a living monument of the gospel's effects, and of the benign manifestations of our venerable hero. The whole family were inducted into a new state of being, and peace was infused through the bosom of every individual, whilst before, to that degree of wretchedness were they brought from witnessing their father's sufferings, that his departure would have been as much a release to them as to himself. But God determined otherwise; by his all-wise and unerring counsel, mercy was shown at a time when least expected. By the gospel's means, a thorough reformation was effected, and one, which no other hand or power could accomplish but his, who has assured us that if we ask we shall receive, and if we firmly rely upon the merits of the Redeemer, whether we be tried by a lingering ordeal of woe, or taken from the world with but little warning, we shall be sharers of the joys which are reserved in heaven for the children of God.

THE EFFECTS OF SIN.



THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

THE Reader who has perused the first volume of this work, cannot have forgotten the state of suspense in which the Doctor had left the family of the name of Hopkins. Their son, be it remembered, had been wounded by a Frenchman in a duel. When we referred to the circumstance, the extent of the injury was not known. Mr. Hopkins hastened to the continent, and found the youth severely, but not mortally wounded, only what the professed duellist would call ‘winged,’ having received the ball of his antagonist in his left leg. As the good-meaning sire entered the chamber where his son was lying, having been accustomed to the comforts of an English home, he

felt completely astounded at the scene which presented itself. The wounded man was reclining upon a bed in one corner of the room, which indifferently appeared to serve the uses of a dormitory and a sitting room. A huge curtain flung down from the ceiling its voluminous fold, which, when it was considered requisite, enclosed the bed from view. The only covering which the floor could boast of, consisted of a little sand ; and the furniture, if such it could be called, was of the most ordinary and poverty-stricken kind. A rough-spoken uncouth damsel introduced Mr. Hopkins to the apartment, which was already occupied and nearly filled, since it was a small room, with persons of that cast and appearance, commonly yclept the shabby genteel. These were smoking, and swearing, and laughing, as if excited by some cause of merriment. When the father passed into the apartment. The eyes of the son immediately lit upon the old man, and he almost involuntarily lifted himself up in bed to receive him. A mutual embrace followed, neither could withhold their tears. ‘ Only tell me, my son,’

demanded the Father, in broken accents, ‘are you mortally wounded.’

‘Otherwise, indeed, my Father! I have but a slight graze, which the surgeon here assures me will soon be healed.’

‘Did you but know,’ continued the old man, ‘of the sorrow which you have caused your parents, your poor mother, who only just returned from abroad when I left home, had immediately to be conveyed to bed, where I fear she has been confined ever since, and,’—here the tears of the afflicted parent again poured down his venerable cheeks, and his utterance was completely choked, which the Frenchmen observing, made a few rough comments and jeers, when one of them, apparently a little more accessible to the ‘milk of human kindness’ than the rest, exclaimed,

‘Oh! mon dieu! allons, allons mes compagnons.’ Upon which they retired, leaving the Father and the Son alone.

Presently the surgeon came and dressed the wound, and to the joy of both, announced that in a day or two, the patient might be removed. Not to dwell upon the matter, we will only

add, at the specified time they found themselves on the road home, when peace for a while was partially restored.

One would have thought that a reasonable mind would have been satisfied with this incident, and received it as a lesson to be more wise for the future; but not so with John Hopkins. Even experience, the fool's wisdom, was of no use to him. The seeds of dissipation had been too thickly sown, and the harvest was not yet in. France had corrupted him, nothing would induce him to settle quietly with his family; a mother's tears, a sister's prayers, a father's threats were of no avail—ruin was his doom. In vain did Mr. Hopkins try to persuade him to follow the business, from which he had amassed so large a fortune; every endeavour to arrest the progress of ruin, was to no purpose. The glass trade appeared to him not sufficiently *respectable*. His education disqualified him for so mechanical a pursuit, and as a climax—He positively refused every offer which was held out to him by his indulgent father. He would be nothing! but he became something, and in a very short time

. the disgrace and the destroyer of his family.

Having lived in France, and being an idle man, a man upon town, with, as it was supposed, a large fortune, at least in expectancy, distinguished moreover by what he considered a notable and proud mark—a scar, which indicated his nice *honour*, he soon found himself in a *set* which were after his own heart. Extravagance, gambling, rioting, and drunkenness, were the pursuits of this *rouè*, besides indulging in other bad passions, the satiating of which was his object. Home to him had lost its charms, he looked upon it as the dullest of all places. In vain did his sisters try to amuse him, in vain his mother intreat of him to make himself content, and lavish tokens of affection on him. He would not be persuaded to his good. Like most fond mothers, Mrs. Hopkins was blind to his follies; she it was who continually supplied his empty purse; she it was who paid his gambling debts, which he easily persuaded her were *bonâ fide* debts of honour; she it was who quieted the father's discontent, and appeased

wrath, even when it inferred the correction and consequent amendment of her eldest-born. Yes, she it was, who by these means only accelerated the catastrophe of their ruin. Alas! how many over-fond mothers do we see blinded by love, unable to descry their children's faults, apparent to the rest of the world, till they make themselves fearfully responsible for the sins and crimes of the deadliest die.

There gathered about John Hopkins, as carrion flocks over the dead, the lowest and most determined set of gamblers, who were bent upon fleecing their victim. From the smallest stakes he rose to larger and larger,—but no matter. Whatever the amount, they all went the same way, into the hands of those who were resolved to make a harvest at his expense. There were times when the dreadful thought would cross his mind with the pang of a nightmare, that he was being made the dupe of foul-play. But immediately he shook off the suspicion as he would a viper. So admirably did they comport themselves and adjust their proceedings. So wise did they play their cards, with that *sang froid* and off-

hand sort of manner, proper to sharpers, that his suspicions were no sooner excited than they were removed. They would allow him to pocket a small stake, with the view of encouraging him, and enticing him to play on, but they invariably took care shortly to win it back with interest. Night after night went on, and each opportunity brought with it fresh losses to this unhappy young man. It was impossible for it to last long—it could not. But he was completely in their power. Already he owed them large sums of money. Willingly did they cash his I. O. U's, and to any amount—they knew their man. Ah! little did his mother surmise the extent of his debts at this time. The interest of her fortune was already involved to satisfy his daily demands; what then was next to be done? she could not resist—the principal was placed at his mercy. The allowance which Mr. Hopkins gave to his daughters, was also greedily seized upon by this inveterate gambler; yea, it was literally wrenched from their hands, so cunningly did he plead poverty as his excuse; but more, he would actually mortgage the little

income which served for the ornaments of their apparel;—those elegances of dress which the sex so delight in, and which it is cruel to deprive them of. But love of kindred, ‘the compunctious visitings of conscience,’ are unknown to the fated gambler. Let all who enter upon that dreadful career, reckon in the end, to own a heart harder than the nether millstone.

The pitiable, the almost disgraceful appearance which his sisters cut, had no influence on John Hopkins. Indeed, so hardened had he become, that we verily believe at this time, he would have taken a part of their food to satisfy his prodigality. To what a state of mind was he reduced! When he came to reflect, in the very few solitary moments which he possessed, the thought of what he was, and what he might have been, was sufficient to damp the few sparks of hope that at intervals, though but seldom, would rise in his bosom; a worm might have crushed him; conscience sat upon him heavily, his spirit became literally broken; a constant application of brandy alone kept him alive; draught after draught was

eagerly quaffed, as the only cordial to nerve him for the gambling-table.

Oh! thou fatal spirit of gaming, what fiend is more terrible than thee? What art thou like? Surer than the spark which is applied to dry and combustible matter, is thy hellish work! Like Fame, thou acquir'st new strength by progression!

*' Monstrum, horrendum, ingens : cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.'*

Oh! thou art more deadly! The viper's sting, under which sits cool poison, is mild to thy virulence, thy father is the Devil, but thou art ten times more wicked! How many female hearts hast thou caused to bleed! how many mothers have sunk into their graves untimely! how many prison floors have held the bones of thy wretched victims. It is thou who art the origin of the foulest crimes which Satan in his most malignant mood can tempt men to commit. Suicide! theft, murder, forgery, heart-breakings, in their ten thousand modifications, are all thy children! Wildered by thy bad suggestions, thy malesuada wiles,

men are rendered accessible to imaginings of unknown horror—thou causest more deaths than any fell disease, and yet thou art permitted to exist ! O rare laws,—equitable laws !

After young Mr. Hopkins had sacrificed the whole of his mother's fortune, the selfish devil within aimed at the great savings which the industry and skill of his father had scraped together from a lucrative business. His wife was continually asking for money ; his daughters, urged on by their brother, multiplied their applications to an enormous extent. What could the poor old gentleman do ? he had not nerve strong enough to resist their intreaties, he preferred living peaceably and quietly during the remainder of his life, to standing out against their solicitations, a course which he apprehended would occasion some kind of schism in his family. Bill after bill came in, which for his honour's sake he instantly paid, but the gambling debts were kept entirely in the back ground. Nobody, not even their owner, knew the whole extent of them. Day after day brought fresh losses ; day after day additional causes of

grief to his distracted mind. Ruin had long with a ghastly eye looked him in the face, but he was unable to encounter her terrible and hideous glare. He shrunk from the truth, for ' 'twas of aspicks' tongues ;' but alas ! it was all in vain, the crisis of his worthless existence had arrived. The rascal crew of sharpers had utterly fleeced him. He now premeditated every crime ; in the morning, he would resolve, upon waking, at once to put an end to his existence ; at evening, when his spirits by drugs and brandy were stimulated, forgery was the idea he loved to dwell upon. A terrible end awaited him. And what awful catastrophe does not make a meet close to the gamester's career ? Is not sudden death or ruin, and certain degradation, the inevitable consequence ! Once begin to satisfy the idolatrous worship of the gaming table—the auri sacra fames, and—alas ! that hideous idol which presides will never cease till she degrade humanity to a level with the foulest aspect of hell. No man ever escaped in one shape or another, the consequences ; no man ever will. Like a train of gunpowder, when

a spark is applied to the minutest particle at one end of it, the whole is sure to ignite, so let the spark of gambling once affect the volition, and all the unboly passions are in immediate conflagration; social affection becomes degraded to selfish ends, love turns into revenge and cruelty, the pleasures of home grow insipid, the soul feels itself polluted, the reason totters, the mind seeks refuge in distraction, and, as a climax, death in all its horrors too often supervenes.

The various devices which this young man's associates resorted to, in order to swindle him out of his property, we cannot, were we even inclined, here dilate upon. Their plots were too base and villanous for us patiently to record, or for the reader to endure the relation. When the gang of swindlers found that he had lost all he had to cast away, they repaired to his father's residence, and demanded payment of him; and to that degree did they threaten the old man, that for his own safety he was at last compelled to cash them. Oh, monstrous, most of these promissory notes were forged: others were for double the amount

which they ought to have been. These things of course, reduced the family considerably. They were necessitated to remove themselves from the house in which they had theretofore resided, to one considerably smaller. Their late mansion soon after was offered for sale, together with the costly furniture. They only fetched half their value. The family now were obliged actually to fix upon some plan to meet the necessary expences of housekeeping. Their credit was lost, their happiness of course with it. Unaccustomed poverty, with her usual accompaniments, wretchedness and despair, stared them in the face ; all these things, however, had no kind of effect upon the cause of their misfortunes ; he was too hardened to give hope of a change, too fallen in the scale of humanity ever to rise ; his honour, which at one time he had boasted of so largely, was now lower than the dust ; he had no principle left ; and as for his feelings, that true and honourable feeling which ought to have evidenced itself in contrition and compassion for his kindred, alas, it rested not in his bosom. His crimes had reduced his body as well as his

mind ; he was now but a wreck of what he was, a walking skeleton, emaciated to a degree, his eyes were sunk and reddened. The infirmities of old age seemed overtaking *the youth*. He heeded not, he was tired of his existence ; gladly would he have cut that thread by which his life was now held together, but he dared not ; startled at the deed, his resolution failed him, the horrors of the next world instantly burst upon him, when he entertained the idea ; even the spirits which he drank down, could not madden his resolution to the requisite point. Finding himself utterly incapable to accomplish his deadly purpose, like other men so reduced, he vowed revenge upon his plunderers. We know not whether it would have been better had he fulfilled the first suggestion of his evil nature, than to have made the fiendish motive of revenge his scape-goat. He appeared determined,—he swore that he would sacrifice one and all of them. But what was it this young man did, before he brought his act to second his resolves ? How can we tell the horrid TRUTH ! one's blood almost curdles in the narration, but we nerve

ourselves, in order to show in what horrors gambling will eventuate. If the recital, (please God,) avert a single ruin, we are more than recompensed for the task we recoil from. His Father resolved to pay no more bills, or to hold himself further liable for any payment, but the youth was not of age by one month, the father could not resist, in vain did his parents implore, in vain did they point out to him the misery to which they were reduced through his villany but to no purpose; he would when he left the house, laugh at their woe, yea, he would with a fiendish smile, cry out to himself, poor creatures, in the most contemptuous tones imaginable.

But what did he do before he stamped himself murderer? He swindled his own father out of the last shilling he possessed, and stole from his sisters the little earnings, which they by parsimonious industry had obtained. A forged check was presented by the son himself at the bankers, and forthwith cashed. Perceiving the son, they entertained not the slightest suspicion; nor was the deed discovered until the father went to the bankers himself, to draw out to discharge his rent. Judge of his

amazement, when he was informed that the last shilling had been paid into the hands of his son a few weeks previously. The poor old man would have dropped instantly on the floor, had not some of the clerks, perceiving his consternation, run round and caught him. For some time he was insensible : no sooner did he come to himself, than another fit succeeded ; a doctor who had been sent for, bled him copiously, and after a short time he again revived a little, sufficiently so to return to his abode—home no more. But how could he disclose to his wife what had happened ? she herself was at the point of death. Her heart had long been breaking. The wretched father was likewise considerably reduced in health, but still for his daughters' sake, he bore up against the shock as well as could have been expected. The bankers having by some unwitting expression of Mr. Hopkins, ascertained all the circumstances, behaved with the greatest liberality. They would however have persuaded the swindled parent to allow them to prosecute his son, as being the remedy most likely to save him from utter destruction.

‘What,’ said the poor man, with tears bursting from his eyes, and perspiration at every pore, (Reader, allow us to remark, *such words have been spoken,*) ‘prosecute my son, my only son! oh, no, never, he may beggar me, but I will never appear against him in a court of justice. He would have inherited my wealth, but now must inherit my misery and wretchedness, and if they only afflict him with a tenth part of the severity with which they visit me, he will have his reward.’

The bankers said every thing in their power to prevail upon Mr. Hopkins to change his determination, but it had no effect, he persisted in being left the sufferer. During these sad reverses and misfortunes, it is not to be supposed that our venerable hero was absent in his attentions upon the family, his visits now were of daily occurrence. By his means, and influence over some of his friends, Mr. Hopkins was enabled to open a little shop, which could ill meet their expences; however it afforded them the necessaries of life.

It was in such vocations that Dr. Truman’s nature blazed out; his soul loved as it were to

expatiate itself in benevolence, and he approved himself the greatest friend which Mr. Hopkins and his family in this time of their tribulation were possessed of. Many of their former friends dropped their acquaintance in their adversity. Not so Dr. Truman, he assiduously administered every thing which might contribute to the comfort of these wretched people, in that hour of their trial; it was indeed a sad hour: the once wealthy tradesman, who had retired with an ample fortune, amidst the luxuries of an English home; the once happy mother, rejoicing in the prospects of her only son; the sisters looking forward to the protection of an endeared brother. How were they now plunged from that state of calm and quietude! how changed the scene! Wealth, with the wings almost of a morning, had vanished; luxuries had fled; the mother's hope, erst so vivid, had been darkened like the sun by some terrible storm. But she could anticipate no ray of happiness to pierce the clouds of shame and agony. The sisters' protection was turned into anticipated orphanage. There they would be left on the highway of the world, exposed to

its wiles and seductions, and the whole family were cast upon a rock, like some mighty wreck, at the mercy of the wild waves, to play upon and dash to fragments.

Mr. Hopkins divulged the whole affair of the forgery of his son to Dr. Truman ; having first obtained his promise that it should go no further. The doctor coincided in opinion with the bankers, that the occasion presented the very best opportunity to stay the course of the impetuous youth ; but no, the old man would not listen to their counsel ; he preferred dying in his reduced state, overwhelmed by misery as he was, to being instrumental in sending his son out of the country. The shocking circumstance we have related, was kept from the knowledge of Mrs. Hopkins, wherefore we hardly know ; had it been told her, she would either have wholly disbelieved it, or have considered that some deeper trickery than that of her child had been at work. She all along felt, as undoubtedly was the case, that he had suffered himself to be led into the snare of the fowler ; and were he to return to her as the penitent prodigal, how gladly would

she have forgiven all that had passed. She would have devoted her days, yes, every moment of her existence, to promote his happiness, if he would only return to his home, and lead a quiet and reputable life. But alas! like the wildest animal of the forest, he had no home—his nights turned into days, and his days into nights, he went prowling about like an outcast and an exile.

It was now sometime since this young man had visited his family. As soon as he found that not one of them had any thing more to spare towards his excesses, he left them with as little concern as if he had no connection with their name and fortunes. His father and mother scarcely knew whether he was dead or alive. Happy had it been for them had he been dead, or had he never been born.

Mrs. Hopkins continued in a very weak state of health, from which, owing to their dreadfully depressed circumstances, there appeared no chance of alleviation. And how cutting was the reflection, that her own declining state, and all these accumulated woes, were brought on by one of her own children,

about whom for many weeks she knew little or nothing.

Matters for some time seemed to remain in this deplorable state, until the progress of events wound up the affairs of the family, and brought them to a crisis. The reader of the foregoing pages need not be told that Dr. Truman was chaplain of the jail. One day after passing through several strong portals and dreary passages, he was ushered into the same cell in which he had attended Harry Seymour. It was the ward wherein those who stood charged with blood-guiltiness were usually confined. A small lamp placed on a natural shelf of the earthy wall, cast a flickering light over the sad receptacle, and faintly illumined the table before which the prisoner was seated, with his forehead supported by his two hands, and weeping bitterly. The wretched captive raised his head as the door reclosed on its hinges, when judge of the Rector's surprise to behold the features of John Hopkins !

‘What,’ he exclaimed suddenly, thrown off his guard, ‘what can have brought *you* here.’

Then recovering from his momentary surprise, he added, 'Oh! I see—forgery.'

'Forgery!' echoed the keeper, who had taken his station near the portal, 'forgery! that youth, Sir, stands charged with murder—murder, do I say—of murders, Sir—two, three, or four of his friends has he sent ere their time to their last reckoning.' Having thus spoken he withdrew, shutting after him the door of the cell, with a force which resounded along the gloomy passages like thunder. The Rector and the prisoner were left alone.

For a length of time Dr. Truman was unable to say a word; he felt literally unmanned. The thought of the youth's mother came across him, the poverty to which the family was already reduced, the sure death-blow which the intelligence of their son's deeds would prove to Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. He trembled, he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and casting himself upon a stool, wept like a child. Never before had he met with so young a prisoner charged with murder. But it is impossible! hope whispered to him—there is some mistake; or at least passion, or the effects

of liquor must have directed his hand. He rose from the stool and fronted the prisoner,—who, however, whether willingly or otherwise, seemed determined not to heed his presence. By this time the Doctor had partially recovered himself out of the great excitement into which he had been so suddenly thrown. He spoke to the criminal—but he made no answer.

‘John Hopkins,’ resumed the Doctor, after a pause, gently laying his hand upon his shoulder, ‘I am here to offer you comfort, I am come to minister peace to your troubled conscience.’

The young man suddenly again raised his head and disclosed to the startled gaze of the Rector, his emaciated features. Oh ! they were horrible to behold ! his eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, and blood-shot to a degree, seemed to glare with inward emotions ; his hair stood erect ; he looked, if we may be allowed a classical allusion, like one of Chaucer’s grim ghosts, whom we are told inhabit the confines of Hades.

He sighed, and then with a kind of half yell, like the inarticulate expression of a maniac, once more dropped his head.

‘Come, come,’ said the Rector in a firm but soothing tone of voice, ‘tell me what has happened, that I find you within this prison; what makes your conscience sting you to this degree—you have a soul that may be saved alive—there is balm in Gilead for despair. Christ died for you, Sir. Your sins I fear are as scarlet. . . . Arouse ye, Sir—Repent, there may be yet peace. . . . Repent—and I tell you, as unto a dying man, Your sins may become white as snow!’ The manner in which these awful words were enunciated reanimated the prisoner, he fixed his ghastly eyes upon the reverend speaker, and though his countenance was wretched to excess, still a light, however faint, spread momentarily over it. The Doctor drew towards him a chair, and seated himself by the prisoner’s side, when suddenly the wretched man exclaimed, ‘How can the eyes of a murderer meet those of innocence. Sir, the crime of murder is on my soul and has brought me here, but I deserve the future, and am prepared to meet—’

‘Not eternity, young man,’ interrupted the Doctor with earnestness.

‘Hell! Sir, hell!’ rejoined the prisoner, as his countenance scowled almost with fury, ‘to offer peace to one of hell’s children is vain; if you would do me service, leave me to my solitude, leave me to these pangs, to these furies which lash my troubled soul! Leave me, Sir, to — die. But I cannot die, would that I could die, that my soul might flee at once to her destiny. Doctor, Doctor, leave me.’

‘Be calm, my friend, God may be merciful even at the eleventh hour to those who hear his voice.’

‘His voice I have heard,’ replied the prisoner, ‘once it whispered kind and gentle admonitions; but now it threatens terrors inexpressible.’

‘Sir, fear not,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father; Jesus Christ, the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.’

‘What! will He, He, He, a name my polluted lips dare not let pass,——will he propitiate the sins of a murderer, whose sins are of the deepest die? May be a parricide? Kind Sir, my—mo—ther! my mother! does she yet—does she yet live?’

As may be supposed, at this touching question, tears involuntarily started to the eyes of the Doctor, it was utterly impossible for him to restrain them. After a little pause, the Rector took his hand, and with a look that must have moved the most obdurate heart, made answer—

‘Thy mother, Sir, is alive, and if her prayers be heard by heaven, we have yet hope.’

‘Of what?’ demanded the prisoner.

‘Of mercy there,’ continued the Rector, ‘whose object is to show mercy to such as thou art.’

It would only be to harrow up the feelings of the reader, to describe any more of the touching scene which took place between the prisoner and the chaplain, They remained together above an hour, when to the inexpressible happiness of Dr. Truman, he found that he had partly gained his object. The youth was now inclining to penitence. The Doctor read a chapter from the Bible, that which contained the parable of the prodigal son, to which he attentively listened, after which he joined most fervently in prayer.

During the time the Rector was with him

he divulged to that reverend gentleman his crimes. Oh! gracious heaven! what a catalogue of sin! There was scarcely a crime in which he had not been a partaker. He confessed, as a climax of his iniquities, that with his own hand he had rid the world of three villains. The Doctor's blood curdled at his narration. At the prisoner's solicitation he promised to apprise his family of his situation, and engaged to return early the following morning. The change which, during the short time the Doctor was with him, had been wrought upon the mind and conduct of the prisoner was remarkable. He had before been wild and frantic in his discourse and behaviour. Now he appeared comparatively at peace; he evinced the tokens of unfeigned contrition; he desired a Bible and Prayer-book, which having been procured, he promised to employ himself in reading several passages, which Dr. Truman marked for him. He expressed himself resigned to the death which he was about to suffer. His trial would come on in less than a week, when the last curtain would fall over his course of wicked-

ness, and his awful end hold out to mankind even in this world, a terrible instance of THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

The Doctor, as he left the jail, could not help feeling the task which was allotted him, to be a most painful one. He could see cause to apprehend the most fearful consequences from abruptly making known to the parents the situation of their only son. But he had given his promise, there was no time for hesitation, it was not for him now to recede—he almost trembled. He learnt the full particulars of the deeds which the prisoner had committed, and with a slow step proceeded from the jail to the humble abode of the parents of the murderer. The shop was closed ! That the death of Mr. Hopkins had evened was naturally the first idea which struck the Rector ; however, he knocked, and was immediately admitted by the youngest daughter, who had seen him approaching the house ; without the interchange of a single word, for both their hearts were too full, the Doctor was led into a small back room. Oh ! the scene, which there presented itself !—will it ever be erased from the

memory of our venerable hero? it can never be. Mr. Hopkins, with his two daughters, were seated before a small fire, almost decayed to embers, with their eyes fixed upon the few remaining sparks, as they one after the other retired from their gaze. Upon their seeing the good man they burst into tears, unable to welcome him by any other tokens of affection. But these were most significant. For some time they remained in the same posture, dissolved in grief, and otherwise silent. The melancholy tableaux was broken by Mr. Hopkins, who looked round to find a chair for their reverend visitor; but there was not a seat, save those which they had just occupied. That very morning had seen almost their last pieces of furniture carried off to the pawnbroker's to procure for them a meal. Mr. Hopkins himself, was dressed in plain clothes, made of the coarsest materials, and the habiliments of the young ladies were of a like mean and ordinary description. When the Rector first entered, he had not noticed a bed in a corner of the room, on which, however, his eyes presently fixed in mournful observation. It did not

own the ornament or comfort of curtains, and he immediately recognized the object that was upon it. The reader need scarce be told that it was Mrs. Hopkins. The poor lady was not yet deceased. Her hand, cold like marble, was outstretched to receive the Doctor; her face was pale,—oh! it was deadly pale; she looked as if her winding sheet was wrapped around her; but she appeared not melancholy, at least not so melancholy as might be expected. Like a spark which will blaze out at the instant which precedes dissolution, the departing spirit appeared to have revived ere its final exit from this state of being. She discoursed freely, with the Rector, though in broken gasps. She said she felt happy that now she knew the worst. The Doctor heaved an involuntary sigh. She said that her greatest pain consisted hitherto in the nervousness of apprehension, but that now she was relieved. She partly confessed that by a long series of weak, misplaced, and SELFISH indulgences to her son, she had contributed in no slight degree to his ruin, and hoped that the sin would be forgiven her.

‘ Have you yet seen —— my ——boy.— Have you —— to-day, Doctor,’ asked the expiring woman.

How could the Rector answer, and yet again how could he lose the opportunity of breaking the awful news.

‘ Oh ! tell me, Doctor, quickly,’ continued Mrs. Hopkins, ‘ have you seen John to-day ? how does he endure the rough irons ? ’

This was a relief—the Doctor perceived that they knew all.

‘ Yes, my dear madam, I have conversed with your son, and not an hour gone by.’

Here the features and horrible countenance of the prisoner recurred to the mind of the Doctor, he averted his face to conceal his grief.

‘ No, not so, gentle Sir,’ said Mrs. Hopkins, ‘ if a woman can endure this woe, if a mother can bear a murderer—a murderer of men—a parricide——why should you tremble under it ? ’

When she had, in faint tones, delivered these words, the Doctor turned his head, and stooped to offer some comfort to the distracted parent,

to convey to her the delightful assurance that her son, though a murderer, was penitent. But he started with horror—the eyes he meant to have looked into with consolation became closed, and her jaw partially fallen. Dr. Truman seized her by the hand; it was cold—so cold, that death, he thought, must be upon it; he watched the pallid hue which overspread her countenance, without loosening his hold of the deadly hand; for several minutes he remained in this situation. The chamber of death was hushed—none ventured to stir to ascertain the event. Presently our reverend hero fancied that he felt the hand move in his grasp—and upon observing further, he found she had only swooned; the excitement had been too much for her. After her recovery, Dr. Truman, considering her weak state, deemed it best to say no more upon the subject, he beckoned her husband into the adjoining room, and reported to him the actual state of his son, assuring him that he was penitent. The old man appeared to be greatly relieved. The Rector having given his promise to return on the morrow after he had seen the prisoner,

was led to the door by Miss Hopkins, into whose hand he silently slipped a sovereign.

The remainder of that day, and the night that followed, were spent but restlessly by the Doctor. He could not relieve his mind of the idea of so young a man led on from crime to crime, hovering on the verge of eternity. He could not forget the situation of his parents so reduced, and the ill state of health of his mother in particular, these all arose to his thoughts to disturb his peace of mind; he grieved in his heart, and suffered severely from what he had gone through, and the apprehension of what further he had to witness and endure. He related the whole of the mournful circumstances to his wife and Julia. They united their sympathizing griefs to his, and fixed upon a plan which they hoped would tend to comfort these unhappy people.

Very early the next morning, the Rector, according to promise, repeated his visit to the prisoner; he found him broken down and low spirited, but much calmer than when he conversed with him the preceding day. He seemed resigned, and spoke calmly of the un-

happy death which awaited him. He told the Doctor, that during the night he had read over several times, all the passages which he had marked, and had derived considerable comfort from their perusal. He added that he had often been upon his knees. He said that it was impossible for him to sleep quietly, for if even, worn out by fearful meditation, sleep for a short time did overtake him, his dreams were terrible—awful—intolerable; he preferred to keep awake if possible, however preyed upon by a guilty conscience, and the tearings of remorse. The Rector remained with the penitent prisoner for above an hour, and then departed, to report to his parents the very favourable change which had taken place in their son; for he really had derived considerable benefit from the administrations of the venerable man.

When the Rector entered the miserable tenement of Mr. Hopkins, he found that some kind hand had already been there.

He was no sooner ushered into the room, where, as on the day before, these living objects of misery were collected, than he observed that

the death-couch of Mrs. Hopkins had been draperied with curtains. Several pieces of furniture were added, which contributed to throw an habitable air, and a degree of comfort over the apartment, which strikingly contrasted with its appearance on the preceding day. The Doctor made no inquiries, and it was not until some time afterwards, that by mere accident he discovered, that the fair Julia and her maid had sat up during the whole of the night, to fashion and finish the making of the curtains which, to the Rector's surprise, inclosed the poor woman, and it was the same good charitable girl who had redeemed the pieces of furniture which he saw in the room. Mrs. Hopkins appeared to be more composed; the Rector talked much about her son, and dwelt with considerable force on the favourable state of mind in which he appeared. The intelligence evidently caused her no small gratification. She even promised herself, she said, in a day or two, if she proved well enough, the melancholy consolation of visiting her son. The Doctor would have persuaded her against so rash an act, but to

no end ; she was determined. Her husband did all that was in his power to banish the idea of such an undertaking from her mind. No, she invariably made answer, this is one of the only wishes I have in this life, I have set my heart upon it, and feel that I should leave the world in comparative happiness, were I permitted my dying aspiration.

The Rector half apprehended the result. It might indeed, thought he, produce a further beneficial effect upon the prisoner ; such a thing was just possible, it might induce thorough repentance ; but what, on the other hand, if it had a contrary influence ? what, if such an interview should be the means of undoing all that had been wrought upon his mind ? He felt persuaded that the youth was in a critical state, and human resolutions at the best are inconstant. He doubted, moreover, the effect which the terrible excitement would have upon the mother. But he saw no help for it. He mentioned Mrs. Hopkins's intention to visit the prisoner, who appeared delighted at this evidence of his mother's undiminished affection for him.

The day of the trial was fast approaching, the Rector repaired to the house, not without entertaining hopes that Mr. Hopkins had by this time persuaded his wife against her intentions,—he was disappointed. The wretched but fond parent was already dressed for the purpose, nothing would dissuade her. The parting with her children and husband was terrible, she kissed them over and over again, and gave them her repeated blessings. She left them, as if conscious that she should see them no more.

When the Doctor arrived with Mrs. Hopkins at the jail, he made his way to the cell, to give the son notice of the Mother's arrival: the prisoner appeared even more calm than he had yet shown himself, he expressed himself warmly for the Rector's kindness, and declared that he was quite prepared to receive his mother.

The chaplain immediately returned to Mrs. Hopkins, and much to his regret, though hardly to his surprise, learned that she was bent upon the interview, for the sake of which she had come to the jail. The keeper led the

way, and she followed, supported with difficulty by the Reverend Doctor. The door of the cell having been unbolted, they made their appearance suddenly before the prisoner; he was dressed in the jail clothing, and as we have before observed, was considerably altered for the worse, both in form and features. So much indeed was he changed, that his mother doubted for a few seconds whether it was he; the son likewise could hardly recognize his mother: for a moment all was still: it was a moment of intense interest—of suspense. Suddenly, and at the same instant, they recognized each other.

Mrs. Hopkins screamed aloud, ‘ My son, my dear boy!’ ‘ My mother, my kind forgiving mother!’ burst from the pale lips of the prisoner. At the word they were locked in each other’s arms. The Doctor turned away from the scene, and perceived the keeper removing some tears which had escaped from his eyes; indeed, who could have resisted; the strongest heart must have bent, the proudest spirit must have yielded. For a length of time, mother and son remained in the same position; the

sobs of the prisoner echoed along the dreary passages of the prison house ; the mother was covered with his tears of penitence and affection ; the keeper rousing himself from his unwonted touch of sympathy, stood apart. The Doctor's face was covered with his handkerchief. Mrs. Hopkins appeared to have fainted ; her son was supporting her as well as his weakness would permit, but oh, horror, what was he clasping in his arms?—the cold corpse of his mother !

The surgeon of the jail was immediately called, who attempted to bleed her, but finding it in vain, he announced that she was no longer of this world. Happily for the son's peace of mind, he was quite ignorant of what had happened ; he believed that his mother had only fainted, and the Doctor did not consider it adviseable to undeceive him.

The state of the prisoner daily improved, under the prayer and instructions of our kind hero. He spent two hours every day with him, and how rejoiced was he to witness the gradual progress of his work. The youth was not only resigned to the awful death, which he

knew he must suffer, but he would hardly have accepted his pardon, even had that consummation been possible. He repeatedly declared that in this world he deserved much greater punishment than the gallows could inflict; and that he had no right to the quiet state of mind with which he was blessed through the gospel's means.

The morning of the trial arrived; the whole town, as is generally the case, was in confusion; some were looking forward with trembling excitement to the decision of the jury with respect to their friends, others with a determination which appeared to mock the pity and supplication of the more humane, were ready to prosecute those who had injured them, with the utmost rigour of the law. Wives were weeping for the situation of their husbands; children already were deploring the loss of their fathers. Parents were mourning over the profligacy of an abandoned child—all was anxiety—all was in a lamentable state of suspense. Every hour that struck, brought with it fresh trepidation. The time however arrived, the gates of the court were thrown

open to the pressing crowd, the javelin men were repeatedly called upon to do their duty, the rush was tremendous. Quiet at last was obtained, the proceedings were opened, one after another of the prisoners was called to the bar, some were sentenced to undergo different punishments, others, amid the sports of their accomplices, were pronounced 'not guilty;' and all hitherto appeared too hardened for the situation in which they stood.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the trial of John Hopkins commenced, when the usual notice for the introduction of the prisoner was given. As may be supposed, an unusual sensation passed through the court, this being the business which excited the greatest interest. Gamblers, and those of similar order, and of the lowest grade, had arrived to witness the proceedings, and a deep and impressive lesson must they have given them, if indeed such people, so reduced in intellect and heart, are to be moved.

When the prisoner was brought to the bar, all eyes were moved towards him; the jail clothes had been removed, and he was dressed

in a suit of black ; by his side was placed a chair and a glass of water, in case he should be fatigued from the length of the trial, (indeed we may say trials,) for had he by some unforeseen flaw escaped the first indictment, there were three more in reserve. After the charge was laid, the judge demanded of the prisoner whether he was guilty or not, he attempted to pronounce the word—guilty ! but so faintly did it escape his lips, that the court took it for a reserved silence, at the particular direction of his counsel. The trial proceeded, the evidence was too strong for even a chance of escape from the crime with which he was charged. It was clearly proved, that in cold blood he had murdered one whom he had been accustomed to call his friend. The jury had no occasion to retire to consult concerning the evidence, it was quite clear. They at once brought in a verdict of—GUILTY.

The judge demanded of the prisoner if he had aught to say, why sentence of death should not be passed ? The prisoner with a firm voice immediately answered.

‘ I have no defence to make, my Lord ; the

— decision of the court is just ; I am guilty and deserve to die.'

Saying these words the prisoner dropped his head, and concealed his face in his handkerchief ; till now every little emotion was visible, he stood the whole of the time, and now and then sipped the water which refreshed his parched lips. He took not the slightest notice of the people in the court, but gave his whole attention to the proceedings, at times he appeared perfectly satisfied with the evidence of the different witnesses, at other times he seemed as if he dissented. There was no very great hardness in his appearance ; when allusion to the dreadful act was made, tears were visible in his eyes, he was anxious and quite sensible of the situation in which he stood.

After the judge had placed the black cap upon his head, he commenced to pass sentence.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said he, 'young as you are in years, but old in vice, you stand there guilty of murder, I have no right to say of murders, because I have heard no evidence to convict you of aught, save the crime upon which you have been pronounced guilty, and

have so pleaded. Your time is now short in this world, therefore the greater necessity is there for you to employ the few remaining hours before you appear at that bar before which we must all stand. I doubt not but heaven will find you guilty, but I humbly trust that heaven may have mercy. In the whole course of my profession, I never yet met with one so young as you are, convicted of a similar crime. You were influenced by no heat of passion, no momentary impulse or strong emotion, but you spilt the blood of your fellow, when your mind was capable of reasoning, and time had been allowed to forgive him who had injured you. The only excuse I can find for you is, that your mind and heart must have gradually become so degraded by a series of crimes and debauch, as to have lost all those first impressions engrafted on them by your parents ; your mind must have been debased, your heart of stone.

‘ At eight o’clock to-morrow morning I order that you be hanged, and that your body afterwards be given up to the hospital of this town

for dissection, and may the Lord have mercy upon your guilty soul.'

When the judge had finished this touching sentence, the prisoner made a slight bow with his head, and was led by the officer to his cell, after which the remainder of the trials were brought forward.

The chaplain remained with this prisoner nearly the whole of the night. Though very much fatigued from the excitement of the previous day, he did not feel the least inclined for sleep. The night was passed chiefly in prayer, reading his bible, and in conversation with the Doctor. Towards four o'clock the next morning, entirely worn out by what he had undergone, he threw himself down upon the crib with which the cell was provided, and remained fast asleep, until the keeper entered the next morning with his allowance ; he ate, and afterwards appeared much refreshed by the little he had taken. His first inquiries were after the Doctor ; hasten him hither, said he, to the keeper, ' for he is my only comfort, he has done all for me, more than I could have expected or deserved. Had it not been for

that kind man, I must have been destroyed by a guilty conscience, but now I have hope and trust in God, who may through the merits of his Son, be merciful, as he was towards the thief on the cross, even at the eleventh hour. My kind Sir, if you wish to do me service, a wretch like me, one already dead, one condemned by earth and heaven, (for I know you can feel, though your office may have nerved you with apparent callousness,) I say, kind Sir, if you wish to do me service, then send for that kind man, bid him not forsake me, I have still a soul, though polluted, I have still a heart, though degraded, but yet can feel gratitude, and my prayer, my last prayer shall breathe for him.'

At this moment Dr. Truman entered the cell to perform the last services to the prisoner—it was now about seven o'clock, and but one hour remained before the execution. It is awful enough to think of eternity, when man is led there by the hand of nature, but oh! what must it be when hurried away from this mortal drama by the force of the laws of one's country? When on the bed of death, when the

last breath is almost drawn, we can then rejoice through hope, we can then cry out, thy will be done, O Lord ; but not so when condemned to die by an earthly tribunal. Oh, the mark of murder—the stain of blood remains sometimes for ever !

This solitary and affecting hour was not passed in vain, the prisoner gladly received the ministrations of the kind Doctor, and appeared quite resigned to the death he was about to suffer. Who has ever been in a town when an execution was to take place, and not observed the awful melancholy which passed over its inhabitants. Who has not observed the suspense in which they looked forward with anxious thrill to that dreadful moment, when the jail's bell was giving warning with its doleful toll, that the time was fast approaching for the culprit to be led forth and to suffer, by human laws founded on divine—death. A kind of sombre melancholy always pervades, an involuntary *ennui*, remains throughout the whole of the day, and inflicts its working even upon the most supine. So was it on this occasion.

It wanted now about ten minutes to the awful moment when the prisoner was led forth to the prepared scaffold on the outside of the jail. The crowd was immense, but as is generally the case, four times as many females as men pressed forward, anxious to gain a sight of the prisoner. Two officers led the way, after which followed the unfortunate man with the chaplain ; several officers belonging to the jail were in the rear, with the sheriff and other influential men of the town. The prisoner walked with a firm step to the place appointed for him by the executioner ; the chaplain offered up a prayer in which he appeared to join fervently. The greatest silence was preserved amongst the dense mass before the prison ; nothing could be heard but a few stifled sobs from the more affected part of the spectators. It was an awful moment !

The prisoner asked permission to address the people, five minutes was allowed him, when he stepped forward and spoke thus.

‘ My fellow mortals, doomed to die, but not in this disgraceful manner, hear a few words from one, who very shortly will be no more ;

and if I have one more prayer on earth, that I would wish to be answered, I would pray heaven to throw in my speech enough to induce you to give heed to my words. If an example have any influence upon your lives then take it from me. See here the EFFECTS OF SIN—see here the end of a GAMBLER'S life—see here a MURDERER. Guilty I pronounce myself before heaven and earth; I am guilty; I have been led on from crime to crime, from sin to sin, till I have purchased my own death. If there be any gamesters here present, if there be any one who is following the wretched path of sin in any shape, let him take warning, let him observe from me, how *very soon sin can overtake him*. If there be any PARENTS here, if there be any bearing that tender word of mother, look you to your children, one offence without correction leads to twenty more, and those to death. Take warning! And if there be any here whom I have offended, or done aught against, may they this moment pardon me, as I trust heaven will also do. Farewell! Farewell!’

The prisoner then turned round, and shook

hands with a few of those who surrounded him, and when he came to the chaplain, he said, ‘ May God for ever bless you, and reward your kind services ministered upon a wretch like me.’

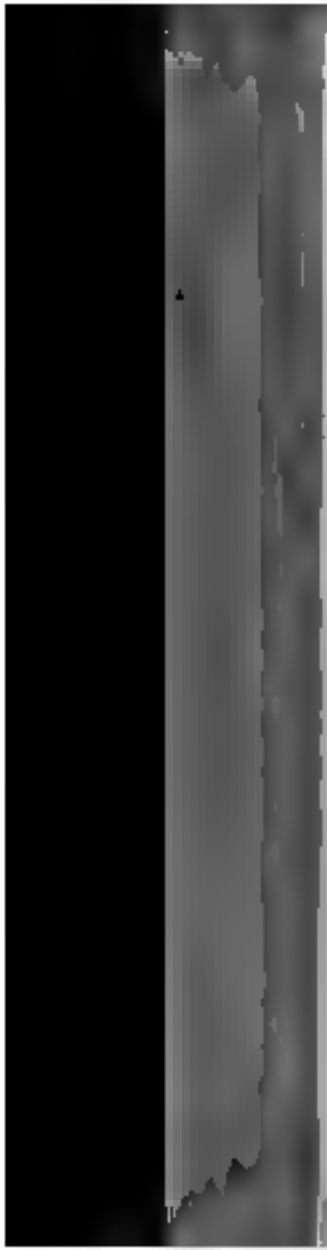
‘ May heaven have mercy on you,’ replied the chaplain.

Here the prisoner was so much overcome, that he was obliged to be led to the awful spot, The cap was drawn over his face, and the rope adjusted. Then the drop fell, and the murderer was launched into eternity with scarcely a struggle.

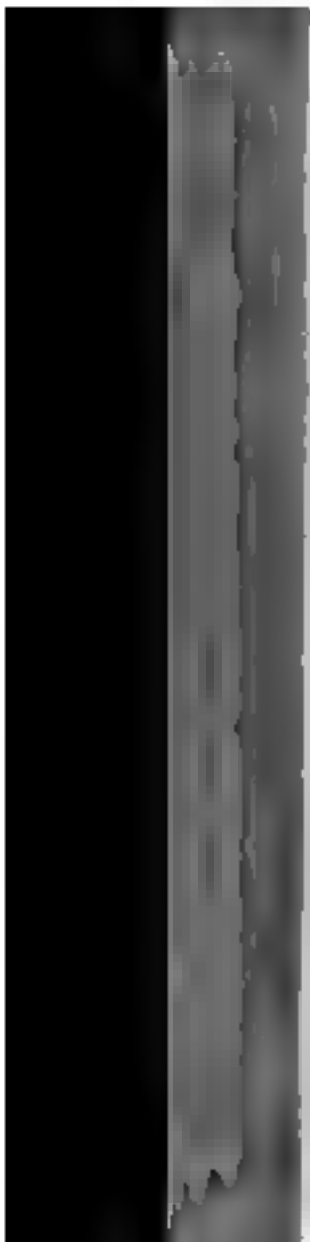
The end of his family was most dreadful to narrate. The mother, as we before have narrated, died in the cell of the prisoner; the father, with the eldest daughter, were, shortly after the trial, sent as lunatics, to the asylum in the neighbourhood; and the two younger children became chargeable to the parish.

Thus have we seen to what evil and ruin one profligate child, unheeded and unconverted, can bring a family. And we verily believe that misguided affection is the cause of the destruction, temporal and eternal, of more than

half of those young men whom sin hath entangled at the present day. Wisely indeed has Solomon said, that *he that spareth his rod, hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.*



THE CONCLUSION.



THE CONCLUSION.

IT is painful to bring pleasure to an end; especially when that pleasure has afforded us the delight of bringing the mind into action. And yet all things must arrive at the same conclusion—the end. Whether we look upon the works of art, or those of nature, we must observe how necessarily subject they are to dissolution. The world, we are told, by words which cannot err, must one day be brought to a close, and *finis*, that mortal motto, must be written upon the scroll when the earth shall be wrapped together, and the angel shall proclaim, that time shall be no longer. But there are many things which may come to an end before that awful and terrible day. The hand that guides our pen may be cold, the tongue by which we express our sentiments may be

still; yea, future generations may moulder into their kindred earth, and wait for centuries till the trumpet blast shall echo through the vault, and the angel call to newness of life the long buried slumberers. This *may* be. We presume not to tell with all the exactness of arithmetical calculation, the times and the seasons when these mighty things shall come to pass. The enthusiast is continually, like a false astrologer, fixing the time for the consummation of all things. In days of yore we heard that this year, or the next, or the one following, was to witness the end of the world: and yet the world, like God's own church, against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail," still exists, braving the tempest, and smiling on the storm.

The idea of the end of any thing, brings with it something of awe and chill. What would have been the feelings of some proud-hearted Roman, after having left his amphitheatre, to be suddenly told that his city, the glory of ages, and the envy of empires, was shortly to be no more? What would the high-minded Theban have thought, yea, have felt, had he

been told that the hundred gates which inclose his city, were to be laid even with the dust? Or the dweller of Jerusalem, a city rendered so holy by the works of the Lord; that shortly it would become, with its sacred temple, an heap of stones? Or the inhabitants of Babylon, of Palmyra, of Nineveh, of the celebrated Troy or Carthage, had they been told that a few ruined walls and broken cisterns would be the only marks by which travellers could trace their former grandeur? The very idea of the end of their boasted cities in ruins would have been sufficient to have brought low the pride of their hearts. Oh! who could have thought that any thing but a burning world could have destroyed the imperial city of Rome? What traveller has passed the sad monuments of decayed greatness, their proud trophies mouldering into dust, without dropping the silent tear over the scene of desolation, and murmuring within his cast-down soul, ‘So sets the sun of earthly majesty to rise no more for ever.’ Oh! we require the scene of a Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage, to picture to us the sad dis-

solution of departed greatness, or a Bonaparte resting upon a rock, on his solitary island, looking around upon the world which he would have conquered, but now its slave, to make us feel the thrill of departed greatness, and the end of majesty. But what are these ends to that final end, the end of all things ! what are they to death ! they are but as the fluttering of the feeblest songster to the expanded wings of the eagle as he soars upwards to the sun. Death, whether with warning or without, whether with the first cold touch or the instant dominion, must come to all. We require no proof of this ; we witness day after day, man going to his long home, we see our churchyards crowded with our brethren, we lose from our domestic circle those whom nature's ties hath bound so closely ; every thing around us reminds us that our end in this wild earth must come at last. The day gradually falling into the night, the leaves falling from the trees, the clouds passing over our heads, the melancholy toll, yea all, impart that touching lesson which fixes itself upon the mind, and continually

reminds it that our end must come. We can hardly agree with the poet when he uttered that striking passage,

‘All men think all men mortal but themselves.’

The idea may be fine, but we cannot believe that God is so unmindful of his creatures even while in depravity, as not some time or other to give the warning voice. We know that man is heedless and full of forgetfulness, unmindful, too often, of his preparation for eternity ; but doubtless God strikes a note of warning upon the human heart, before death hurls his dart. The extinction of a fellow mortal is a sufficient warning ; and what is the corpse of a relative,—of the dead body of a wife, or child, or father or mother ? What were Adam’s thoughts when he beheld his son Abel lifeless upon the ground ; was his mind as much afflicted at the loss, as impressed with the conviction that he too, shortly would be like the son ? He must have, on that day, when he beheld his own son a victim to his disobedience, thought of sin and trembled : he must for ever after have trod the earth in the

solemn remembrance of that day's deed, and have looked forward continually to his own approaching death.

We cannot imagine men unmindful of their end altogether. The greater part of their days may be passed in remissness, but let even a temporary ailing visit them and the opportunity of serious thought arrives: and what if the visitation be of a more urgent nature? Who can say, when upon the bed of languishing, that no thought of the grave has been conceived, or no idea of eternity entertained? And if man were never so reduced, there are prognostics which force themselves upon his mind, though they may not be immediately followed, which tend to awaken the soul, and represent to her that her release must come. We do not mean to say, that as a general rule, all men are warned by a sort of talismanic influence; but we do assert in confidence, that the still small voice, does, during some time of man's life, remind him, that he, like all other men, is mortal, and that he must return to the ground; for out of it was he taken. And what is the voice but the Holy Spirit of God

pouring into the reluctant ear of man his mortal destiny? His voice will be heard. Whether man's degraded nature disregards the summons, remains with the creature to answer; but its influence may be in different tones and in divers manners upon the hearts of all of us, and if at one time it whisper that our present engagements are evil and destructive, it warns at another that our bodies, pressed down by sin and misery, are fast hastening to the tomb. It tells us, in short, that we **MUST DIE**. With this impression, the slightest change in our constitution makes us look "with fear and trembling" to our latter end: we feel that this must come; yes, we **ALL** feel it, whether it be the man in sin or the man of God, he feels that he **MUST DIE**. No man ever yet in his wildest flight of imagination affirmed that his body was immortal, ill constituted minds have doubted in their degradation the immortality of the soul, but never the mortality of the body. They have seen; they have felt that death is certain. They have viewed sometimes in the most poignant grief, the cold shell after the soul hath left for better regions. They

have seen the empty seat, once occupied by their dearest possessors, and witnessed the earth close over the mortal tabernacle of the flesh, and it gradually yielding up itself to corruption; yea, in their own flesh they have felt the cold touch of the tyrant laying his hand upon them as he passes to more immediate objects—the slightest accident—the reverse of fortune—the little ailing—the passing scene; yea, all and every thing which floats upon the mind, leaves that sediment upon the surface which continually warns it of its latter end—the conclusion—the finis——DEATH. But it is a grand consideration that the sting of this tyrant has been drawn, and the victory of the grave gained through the mercy of the Redeemer, “O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?” These are the words which bring with them solace to the mourner when mingling his tears with the dust. The occasion upon which they are generally read may tend to reduce the mind from its usual buoyancy; but despair is far from being the consequence: on the contrary, the mind of the Christian glows with this and

the accompanying sentences, and the soul takes to her the peace which seemed lost for ever; and that at a time when she refuses to be comforted by any other means, because her friend, perhaps her only friend—is *not*.

When Adam transgressed, an eternal death was to be the result, a death which brought with it eternal misery: the Saviour interposed, and the eternal death was changed, if we may be allowed so to speak, to the temporary separation of the body and soul. And what now is the affliction which commonly goes by the name of death,—mere inanimation for a while, till the trumpet blast shall proclaim the time of the complete victory over the grave. The separation now is temporary, it is not for ever. We need scarcely tell what it is, we desire not to bring up all the horrors of the grave; we wish not to lead the reader to the tomb's mouth, or bid him raise the coffin-lid to see what now is death; it is enough to know that there is that in the living body which never dies—the SOUL, the body is only that which protects her awhile in this life: it may crumble away, corruption may get the supremacy, dis-

solution may let fall the strong ligaments which unite the flesh, the spirit then may take her flight through the open chinks, and then what remains?—a corpse—a shell without a kernel—a body without a soul—DEATH! Thus it lies inanimate, motionless, the creatures of the grave play upon it in exulting liberty, the winds drive the particles as they become disunited, but, gentle reader, fear not this, HE who “holds the winds in his fists,” gathers up the scattered fragments, forms, with the like power as at creation, the body above the soul in that glorious shape, which neither death, nor life, nor sin, nor woe can ever harm. What then, we ask, becomes of death’s power over the grave? The earth pressed down over the once mortal, cannot now contain its victim, for God speaks, and the dead hear his voice and “come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.”

Reader! we may have digressed from our subject, in having said so much, but if death be not THE CONCLUSION of all things in this life, we know not what is. We have few more

words to say to you ; we trust for a short hearing : it may perchance bring comfort to the soul when she needs it the most ; not now, for at present, we trust she is at peace. We only have to bid you remember that when the tyrant becomes a visitor at your domestic circle, he appears as a conquered foe, no longer able to keep his victim, but only to produce that change which gives the sincere Christian eternal life. The hearty believer feels this : he is subject to the tyrant without fear and trembling : the consciousness that he is about to leave a frivolous world, teeming with chances and changes, for one that is eternal and heavenly, enables him to resign himself in placid acquiescence to the hands which introduces him to the grave. And if, gentle reader, your living earthly hopes be torn from you, instead of you from them, REMEMBER THE RESURRECTION, the time when death's sting shall be drawn, and the grave's victory completely obtained. With this truth you will be able to stand over the remains of your fondest love, we say not without a tear—impossible,—but with meet and holy firmness, and rejoice not as a man without

hope, but as one in humble reliance, trusting in the saving merits and soul-comforting declaration of our Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die,"—that is, never suffer eternal death:—then you will feel that the separation is not for ever, and know right well "that the corruption shall put on incorruption, that the mortal shall put on immortality, and that death shall be swallowed up in victory."

You will look forward with joy,—it may be through tears,—to the time when "the dead shall be raised incorruptible," and the spiritual body upon eagle pinions, scorning the low grovellings of earth, rise to its God, and enjoy the redemption purchased by Jesus Christ. Thus is it, at the time of the resurrection, that the victory is actually gained, because then the grave cannot any longer hold the slumbering myriads that are contained in it. We know,—we have felt for the time, that it is woeful to the heart to lose those whom we love; but what is our misery in comparison with the hope,

that the then unconscious mass shall throw off all that is earthly and sordid,—we say what is this dejection of the heart, before this hope? it is even as the chaff before the wind, which is driven to unknown regions. It is even like water which is spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up. It is this hope which animates the dying spirits of the Christian, and rekindles the mouldering embers, till they burst forth into the pure and holy flame. Alas, gentle reader, it is this trust in the Redeemer's promise which enables us to walk with a firm tread, and a heart of joy rising out of woe, to the grave of our friends, looking forward to that time when the complete victory over the grave shall be gained. To that time, the time of the resurrection, when the graves shall be opened, when the captives shall be set free, when each of us in a spiritual form shall emerge from the low prison-house, in all the joy and beauty of loveliness, with the hand of Deity visibly upon the new body, without the impairment of sin, with no longer a brittle case about the soul, liable to sin and misery, but a glorious body, a spiritual body, fash-

ioned after the Redeemer's own glorious body. It will be thus when it will shake off the trappings of the dust, when it will rid itself from the winding sheet, and burst from the shroud, it will be then when it can cry out, " O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? " I have trod wild earth's range, I have drank of misery's cup to the very dregs, I have brought my soul low even to the dust, my brow has been crowded with care, my body has been consumed by disease, my days have been darkened by sin, I have felt death's cold touch, I have witnessed my friends around my pillow in silent agony, I have gone through the separation of body and soul, I have breathed my last breath, I have gone through the ceremony appointed for the dead, I have been confined in the bowels of the earth, I have seen corruption, my bones have bleached uncovered by the dust, my dust has been scattered by the winds, but now, through the mercy of my God, my bones are collected, my flesh is formed anew into shape and symmetry, I am become a living creature, death now hath no more dominion over me. So

shall we be able to cry out at the resurrection, “ O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?” but let it never be forgotten, that “ they that have done good shall go unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” Alas, at the uniting of the body and soul, either rewards are bestowed, or punishments are inflicted. But the Christian fears not the separation or the future; for he looks forward to the one as to the necessary change, which leads to the enjoyment of the other.

In a word, then, kind reader, ‘ Death is certain, and judgment sure:’ we cannot avoid either of them. To the believer, death is no horror, the judgment no fear. No horror, because the eternal death is conquered, in which victory, he will be a partaker; and no fear, because through the love of his Saviour he is prepared for the judgment, and his weakness through the same love, is perfected in strength. If then you would be at peace in this world, if you would be calm in death, and if you would be happy in the next world, think of and prepare for ETERNITY; and through

the mercy of the Saviour, you will obtain the prize.

In the foregoing pages we have observed, that it is painful to bring pleasure to any end, which pleasure is felt in proportion to the pleasing interest of the work. This we have experienced in bringing this small undertaking to THE CONCLUSION. In writing it, it has given us a relief and a rest, from the more arduous duties in which the mind is at present engaged, and it has given us that opportunity of bringing forward those qualities and virtues, which we not only pray for in ourselves, but would happily have extended to every Christian minister. If the reader of the past pages have experienced only half the pleasure, which the author has had in writing them, his wishes will be in a great degree gratified. And if any knowledge has been gained, or any good effected, then will those wishes not only be realised, but his object obtained and his prayers fully answered

But before we write that chilling word FINIS, we must not dismiss our *dramatis per-*

sonæ, without some little account of the situation in which we leave them.

It may be customary to lead the hero of a tale to some melancholy or eventful end, but we shall part with our's still fresh and vigorous, daily increasing in activity towards his noble cause, daily evincing his love which he bore to his heavenly master, and daily bringing lost sheep to the standard of Christianity. We leave Dr. Truman as an example for his brethren in the church to follow; we leave him in this world of woe, for God in his own appointed time to take to his heavenly mansions: we leave him like a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid, and as a beacon to direct those who have been shipwrecked upon the rocks and quicksands of this mortal pilgrimage. How long he may continue at the post to which he is now bound, we cannot tell; but, from the maxims and resolves of those who have it in their power to reward his labours, and who profess to act upon the principle of bringing forward those who have devoted their all, to the profession which they have embraced, we should trust not long; if so be, he will

have this consolation that rewards await him in the world to come, which fade not away, and which are as eternal as the heavens.

We part with our heroine Julia, after having obtained her soul's wish ; the being left to pay that debt to her foster parents on which, from the very commencement of feeling gratitude in her bosom, she resolved. How long she will resist the advances and the intreaties of her devoted lover, we know not, but we have seen sufficient of her, to rest assured, that no earthly inducement will change her resolution, till she has kept that promise which she so sacredly made in her own mind. And it will depend entirely upon circumstances, whether you, gentle reader, will hear any further account of our venerable hero, Dr. Truman, or our beautiful heroine, Julia ; call the facts real, fictitious, or what you please, they are natural.

THE END.

L. AND G. SEELEY, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

